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Best Authors

VOLUME VIII

Comprising Numbers

Twenty-two, Twenty-three, and Twenty-four

of

SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS

Philadelphia
The Penn Publishing Company
1914

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PART FIRST

BEST SELECTIONS

For Readings and Recitations

NUMBER 22

SOME SENTIMENTS FROM PROFESSOR SHOEMAKER'S NOTE-BOOK.

LET it be your art rather to contribute to the joy of the world and to the love of truth than to obtain its applause or its treasures.

As true oratory can only proceed from a soul of sympathy and inspiration, so its teaching can only be effective under him who conveys its principles with faith in them and a motive to impart them.

When the man is made the orator is almost complete. Language and voice are the easier attainments.

Expression must be an echo of the state of the mind, and the mind is never twice in the same state; therefore the expression cannot be true and twice alike.

You can say what nobody else can say. You can do what nobody else can do as yourself. You can never do what he does whom you would imitate.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh! that home of the soul in my visions and dreams.
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow.
And the River of Life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh! how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

BY THE ALMA.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Contributed by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, Vice-Principal of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.

YOU have found me out at last, Will, sit down beside me here—
It is not quite so hard to die when one we love is near:
You and I have known each other, since we ran about the glen,
When as boys we played as soldiers, and wished that we were men.

* * * * * *

But hark! I hear the roll of drums, and at that stirring sound
The Angel of the Battle spreads its dusky wings around;
I must tell you of the battle tho' my breath is failing fast,
For within my dying spirit sweeps the rousing battle blast.

Well we scrambled through the vineyard, and we swam across the stream,
Above, from out the battery's smoke we saw the lightning gleam;
A few fell by the river, but we reached the further banks,
And then we halted for a space to form our broken ranks.

Sir Colin passed along our line, our grand old Highland chief;
He spoke, his words were few and stern all soldier-like and brief:
"Now, Kilties, make me proud of this my Highland plumed brigade,
We are going into battle but let no one be afraid;

"Don't stay to tend the wounded, if any man shall shirk
I'll have his name placarded upon his parish kirk."
His parish kirk—at these two words the grim heights passed away
And there, in all its quiet peace, our little village lay.

There were the well-known streets, and there the kirk upon the hill,
With the lowly graves of the loved and lost, around it calm and still—
That sight we ne'er may see again, there rose a smothered sob,
Along the line there seemed to pass, a deep and passionate throb
Of eager yearning for the strife, each heart was all aflame
With courage high, to fight or die, for the dear land at hame.
We moved a little forward, then again against our will,
We had to halt, for all this while, the Russians on the hill,

For us had true and deadly aim, each volley left its track,
And our faint-hearted shouted that we might as well fall back.

Sir Colin heard the coward cry, and quick and fiery souled,
His pride flamed into fury, his voice like thunder rolled,
As to the cry, he answer sent, a loud and thundering "No—
Better that every man should be upon the dust laid low
Than that we now should turn our backs to the proud exulting foe!"
Still for a space we halted, still around the bullets flew,
And even as the moments fled our wild impatience grew.
At last the word was spoken, the long-looked-for signal made.
"Forward Forty-second" was all Sir Colin said,
But the visage of the veteran bore that strange and living light,
Which bespeaks the soldier's rapture, at the coming of the fight.
As a steed bounds with his rider when at last he has got aim;
As a stemmed up river rushes when it bursts toward the main,

As flies the unleashed hound or as 'scapes the caged bird,
So the Forty-second bounded when it heard its leader's word.

O Will! it is a splendid sight a plumed and plaided host,
'Tis beautiful at home in peace, but its grandeur shines the most,
When as then, in all the glory of its martial ardor dressed,
All swift and silent at the foe, the Forty-second pressed.
Our chieftain half restrained us, our headlong valor stayed,
Till we marched as firmly as we'd march when home and on parade.

On in a grand unbending line the plumes and tartan swept.
The bullets fell like hail, but still our stately step we kept.
Then when we felt the breath of the red-lipped Russian gun,
The deep tramp of a thousand men was as the tramp of one.
Before us loomed the foemen massed in columns dense and deep:
In a thin and slender British line, we climbed that deadly steep

As if it were some Highland hill our kilted lads upsprung.
While victory like an eagle poised, between the armies hung,
But victory favored not the dense battalions of the Russ,
For soon we saw her gracious wings would fall that day on us.
Before our fire those foemen dense began to thin and sway,
Till with a groan, a wailing moan, they scattered in dismay.
Then we watched our brave Sir Colin, and we saw a signal given,
And from all along our slender line a shout went up to Heaven—
That shout that comes from free-born breasts, which foemen dread to hear,
And the Russian eagles vanished, at a genuine British cheer!

Ah! war it is a glorious thing but a deadly thing as well:
One face it wears is bright as Heaven but one is dark as Hell;
Deep wailing from full many a home of Russian, Frank and Turk,
And in England many tears shall be the fruit of this day's work.
Ah! me—my pulse beats faintly, quicker and quicker comes my breath,

And chill and damp my forehead feels, damp with the dews of death.
Draw closer to my side, dear Will, and bend thine ear this way
While I send by thee a last farewell to dear ones far away.
My father—tell my father that I lie by Alma's side—
That I like a soldier fought—that I like a soldier died;
Tell him ('twill give his manly heart a strange and stern delight)
That I was first across the stream, and foremost in the fight.
That though my mortal wound I got so early in the day,
I stemmed it up and would not yield, but struggled through the fray.
My mother—would that I could bear her sorrow and sharp pain;
She'll dream at night that in the fight she sees her soldier slain;
She'll wake at morn, with heavy heart, her sorrow to renew,
Suppressed by day her tears will fall at even' like the dew.
But tell her to control her grief and wipe away her tears
When the joy-bells ring for victory and the air is rent with cheers:
When old Scotland 'mid her mourning for the wounded and the dead,

With calm and grand, yet tearful eyes, in pride uplifts her head,
That the Lion in her son's red blood, yet swift to battle leapt,
That thro' the long and peaceful years, he was not dead but slept—
That still above her bannered host goes victory like a star,
And as England's first in peaceful acts, she still is first in war.
And all my friends and comrades, some I know will weep my fall,
Tell them I ne'er forgot them, give my kindest love to all.
Then, Will, with all things under heaven I now am almost done,
The silver chord is almost loosed—Life's sands are all but run;
Sing to me "Auld Lang Syne," then repeat that sweet old psalm
You and I once learned together, in the Sabbath evening's calm.

JAMES DAWSON.

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

Permission of Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston, Mass.

THE communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn:

but he did not give it out. He laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory; yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population, eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins, and make them believe on the Lord and follow His footsteps. To-day—no, a long time before to-day—he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God in this manner that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us.

"For instance, Monday is prayer for temperance work; try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is fellowship meeting; we are invited

to a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here. Thursday is the day for the family relations, remembering the words 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger; husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' Friday the church is to be prayed for. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful earnestness was gone from their faces; they looked troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. The pastor said, after he had counted the ballots which had been distributed, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't; I hain't got the best of records, now, I tell you. I'm pretty well ashamed of myself, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. Monday I looked about me, to begin with. I'm amazin' fond of coffee, and it aint good for me; but it does set a man up good cold mornings to have a cup of hot, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks

call nervous, and I call cross, before night comes, and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it came hard. I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it.

"I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm going to stay stopped. Come to the dinner there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything; our folks always had it three times a day. I was reading the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they 're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be so that has dyspepsy. But come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and I didn't! I eet a piece right against my conscience: facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to.

"I tell you my conscience made music of me, and I said I would never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how it was. I started next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to, but I was busy and didn't seem to get a chance to get to it. I found

one sick and was so glad to see me I felt ashamed. Seemed as though I heerd the Lord for the first time sayin': 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother said to me before he came in from the shed, 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you've come.' Brethring, so was I. I tell you that day's work done me good.

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin', seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody; so I went round seein' folks that was neighbors and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she, ''Square Tucker's black ox is into th' orchard a-tearin round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well the old Adam riz up, then, you'd better b'lieve. That black ox has been a-breakin' into my lots ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's 'Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it ox-strong, as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship-meeting day, aint it, deacon!' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty

distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth—e—ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, broken by emotion, "I'll tell the rest out. Josiah Emmons came around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothing else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I believe my hope has been one of them that perish; it hain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day; I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me 'round to it."

Amos Tucker sat down. "Bless the Lord," said a still older man, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Well," said Brother Emmons, "when the next day came I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's; I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it came over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I just fetched the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt good, I called my wife.

"'Dear me,' she said, 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.'

"I didn't mind that, for women are always havin'

aches, and I was jest a-goin' to say so when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay a-bed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me such a look! Why, it struck right in! There was my wife that had worked for an' waited on me twenty odd years 'most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out an' fetched in the pail of water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up fryin' potatoes, and tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin'; I felt a leetle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothin' to my condition when I was goin', toward night, down the suller stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heerd Joe, up in the kitchen, say to Emmy:

"'I do believe, Em, Pa's goin' to die.'

"'Why, how you talk!'

"'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good-natered I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell you, brethren, I set right down on them suller-stairs and cried. I did, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up--jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, you know—but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they they'rn. Seemed

as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' short-comings than was agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curtin calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. As I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place came acrost me. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman.

"'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you looked real close at this goods—'taint thorough wove. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done such onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kept a-trippin' up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night came than I was a Thursday.

"I'd ruther lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours, and the heft of that is, it's because I aint used to it and I ought to be.

"This mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin' and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than practice. I

thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedders. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I: 'Good-mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang. I hemmed and swallered a little, and, finally, I said: 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedders.'

"'No, you don't,' sez she. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to have you come along with us and do ye good,' says I.

"'Look a here, deacon!' she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you knowed I never went to meetin'. We aint a pious lot, and you knowed it. We're poor'n death, and uglier'n sin. Jim drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now, what you comin' here to-day for, and talkin' so glib about meetin'. Go to meetin'! I'll go an' come jest as I please, for all you. Now, get out of this.'

"Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't. What she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her or hern to so much as think of goodness before.

"Then I went to another place—there was ten children in rags an' the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too, and I don't wonder. I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert them, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say, 'These ought

ye to have done, and not left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul. I came home, and here I be. I've searched me through and through. God be merciful to me, a sinner."

He dropped into his seat and bowed his head, and many another bent, also. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose and prayed as he had never prayed before—the week of practice had fired his heart. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow. Not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward." And they obeyed His voice.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

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IN sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;

Her eyes they shone with willful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes;

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath.
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,—
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took
bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the
night;
And swift I steered, and safely struck shore, and by
God's rood
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of
Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke abroad a misty
way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad
the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He
could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from
Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the
strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the
glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I
stood
And saw amid a throng of maids, a little scarlet
hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses
flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to sub-
due.

"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks
are red as blood."
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's scar-
let hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a
girl;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me in
a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the
flame;
I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not
speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath ev'ning, as I sauntered o'er
the beach,
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up
my speech,
I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the
wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's
hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I
stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused
or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that
downward rolled
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of
gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear:
She started up, and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then, in whispers more subdued,
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child;
But since you are so stubborn,—no, no; I never could,
Unless you guess what's written inside my scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quoth I, with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches, small, crosswise, meandering.

"There's nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth.
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

HJALMER HJORTH BOYESEN.

RURAL INFELICITY.

HE had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction and change cars at a depot.

So I found them—a cozy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travelers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face; she became uneasy, and directly she asked:

"Philetus, I act'lly b'lieve we've went and took the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been deceivin' us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old man.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:

"Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbreller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered:

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbreller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbreller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on your boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse!" he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke your leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was pale as death as she straightened back and whispered—

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbreller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our

family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting again! It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbreller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed: and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle:

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye ag'in rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye haven't, 'cause yer blind! I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest

him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human-natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying:

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to your destruction, I sha'n't say a word. Only when your throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye sha'n't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking:

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by—

He nodded—

She nodded—

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder. M. QUAD.

WORK, WORK AWAY.

Contributed by the author, Virgil Alonzo Pinkley, Director of the Dep't of Elocution and Oratory in the College of Music and Oratory, Cincinnati, O.

GOOD advice for every one;
Work, work away.
Soon the race of life is run;
Work, work away.
Seize the moments as they fly,
Let your hopes mount ever high,
Keep this motto always nigh;
Work, work away.

Let no obstacles affright;
Work, work away.
Soon will fall the shades of night;
Work, work away.
All our days are but a span,
Be then busy while you can,
Rest not under idle ban;
Work, work away.

Though the road be hard and rough,
    Work, work away.
Every road is rough enough;
    Work, work away.
Life has much of light and love,
There is rest and peace above,
Guide us all, thou Heavenly Dove!
    Work, work away.

RECEIPT FOR HASH.

HASH iz made out ov kast-off vittles, homogenius, abormal, and at times uneak in its natur. Hash haz dun more to push the human family than enny other kind ov mixt phood. It will be impossisible to lay down enny specifick rule, to kreate this abstruse, and at the same time, gentle phood. Ennything that will chop fluently will produce hash. No one has taken out a pattent yet for the production ov this promiskious viand. Hash requires but little cooking, but may be compared to a foundered horse —goes the best when it is well warmed up. For the kreashun ov hash, tallent is ov more importanse than genius. Finally, hash may be likened unto the human family—from sum stand points it iz fair, from others it iz bad, and from all suspishus.

JOSH BILLINGS.

A GOWK'S ERRANT AND WHAT CAM' O'T.

Contributed by Robert McLean Cumnock, A. M., Instructor in Elocution at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

IN the village of S——, Perthshire, lived Willie Waddel, wright-joiner, coffin-maker, etc. A donce, honest, hard working chiel' was Willie. A neebor o' his had occasion to be owre ae mornin' at Dauvid Grant's, and fan him in a sair state about the loss o' a coo that had choked hersel' wi' a neep thro' the nicht.

Dauvid had two or three acres o' lan' about twa miles frae S——, and was thocht tae ha'e some bawbees i' the bank, and tho' he had only himsel' and Janet, his wife, tae keep, yet the loss o' coo was a gey serious maiter.

After he had heard o' Dauvid's lamentations, and had set aff on the road hame, he thocht tae himsel' he micht mak' a guid lauch ower puir Dauvid's misfortin'. It was the first o' April; and if he could manage to send Willie Waddel ower tae Dauvid Grant's wi' the strachtin'-board on a gowk's errant, garran him believe Janet was deid instead o' the coo, it would be a gran' joke. It was nae sunner thocht upon than it was wrocht upon. As soon as he got to S—— he gaes awa' up tae a we widden erection Willie had dignified wi' the name o' the warkshop.

"Weel, Willie, what are ye thrang wi' the day?" quo' he, as he entered.

"No muckle," says Willie; "jist makin' a wee chair for Sandy MacGregor's youngest ane."

"Ye'll hae tae let that stan' the noo then, I doot, an' tak' in han' wi' a job that's in a greater hurry, but ane ye'll no like sae weel, I'm thinkin'."

"Od, it'll be a queer job I'll no like the noo, and wark sae slack. Let's hear what it is, man."

"Weel, ye'll tak' yer strauchtin'-boord and gae a wa' ower tae Dauvid Grant's. He's fau' in wi sair loss, pure man, och, hon', death's aye busy."

"What!" cries Willie, "is Janet dead? What was the maiter? What did she dee of?"

"She choked herself."

"Losh, that's extraordinar'. Dauvid will miss her sair; she was a clever-handed woman was Janet. I'll awa ower this meenit," and, throwing down his hammer, he hurried tae the hoose, and bade his mither mak' his parritch and get oot his Sunday claes as soon as possible, as he was wanted in a hurry at Dauvid Grant's. Away he gaes, wi' his boord ower his shouther, and wi' nae mair idea he was gaun a gouk's errant than the man i' the mune. When he got tae the hoose he set the boord doon at the door, and steppin' in got Dauvid takin' a reek o' the pipe.

"Who's a wi' ye the day?" quo' Willie.

"Jist middlin; but tak' a sate an' rest ye."

"I'm real vexed tae hear o' yer loss. Ye'll miss her sair, I hae nae doot."

"It's a bit hard job for me, but I maun try an' thole. Ye ken we're tell't tae bear oor trials wi' patience."

"I'm vera glad ye tak' that view o't, for I was feart ye micht brak doon a'thegither."

"Hoot, Willie, there's nae fear o' that. I maun look oot about an' see an' get anither, for I canna well want ane."

"'Deed, that's true enough, but ye'll no' be in a hurry for awhile."

"Od, I dinna ken; the sunner the better, I think. I dinna see ony use o' pittin' aff time; in fact, I hae my e'en on ane already, but I am feared she's a wee ower auld."

"I would na thocht they were sae easy gotten," says Willie.

"Man, when ye hae twa or three bawbees i' yer pouch, ye can get pick an' waie o' them. Sae, I'll tak' time an' see I get a guid ane when I'm at it."

"Weel, Dauvid, I think ye micht let the ane ye hae decently awa' afore ye think o' fillin' her place."

"I dinna see hoo that wad mak' muckle difference; hooever, I was jist intendin' tae howk a hole in the yaird this afternin' an' pit her in't. Ye see, I canna sell her noo, folks are sae strict."

"Dauvid Grant! dae ye no' think burnin' shame o' yerself tae speak tae me in that manner, and ye an elder o' the kirk? But I'll no' let the maiter rest like that; I'll awa' tae the minister an' gie him an account o' yer conduct, ye auld shameless heathen." And wi' that he oo at the door. The minister saw him comin', and said,

"Well, William, what's the matter?"

"There is something wrang. I wish ye wid come

awa' over tae Dauvid Grant's, for I think he's gaen oot o' his judgment."

"What is wrong with David?"

"Weel, ye see, his wife Janet is deid; she choked hersel' thro' the nicht, an' I was sent for tae gae ower wi' the strauchtin'-boord. Well, when I gaed in, judge o' my surprise when he began tellin' me he had the thochts o' gettin' anither wife as soon as possible—in fact, he has his e'en on ane a'ready; and when I telt him he micht aye get the ane he had awa' first, od, if the man did na' tell me he would pit her in a hole in the yaird if he could na' sell her. But he's demented; his grief has turned his brain, I think."

"David's wife dead! I'm surprised that I had not heard of it. I'll get my hat and go along with you," said the minister. When they got back they found Dauvid steppin' thro' the floor, perplexed at Willie's proceedings.

"I'm grieved to hear of your sad affliction," the minister began, "and I am surprised you did not send for me."

"I canna' understandin' what ye're makin' sic a work aboot. It's me that'll hae tae bear the loss, an' I wus na thinkin' o' havin' ony bother aboot it," said Dauvid.

"After what has fallen from your own lips, I see there is no use trying to reason with you. I am sorry to think such a man as you are—a member of my church—I will call a meeting and have you expelled," said the minister.

"Ye can ca' a meetin' o' the Presbytery gin ye like, for onything I care."

"I shall stay here no longer to be insulted!" cried the minister, when he was stopped by Willie.

"Od sir, ye canna' richty leave the hoose until we come tae some kind o' an understandin'. Ye see, I has broucht ower my strauchtin'-boord, an' I'll awa' an' get some o' the neebors, an' get her laid oot in a respectable an' Christian-like manner."

"Strauchtin'-boord for a coo! Lay her oot in a Christian-like manner! What on earth does the man mean!" said Dauvid.

"What dae I mean! Yer wife lyin' deid here, an' you hae the impudence tae speer what I mean?" said Willie.

"My wife dead! Hae ye ta'en leave o' yer senses, man?"

"I'm afraid there's some mistake here. Is your wife dead, David?" said the minister.

"Gouid be thankit, no, sir; at least she wasna' twa hours syne."

"And where is she?"

"Oh! she gaed awa' ower tae her brother's. Ye see, Nelly, the doctor that was waitin' on the lady's cam' hame. The lady's deid and left Nelly sax hunner pounds, so Jane gaed awa' ower tae hear o' the news. But wha' sent ye here wi' the boord?" quo' Dauvid.

"Od, Peter Low cam' up tae the shop this mornin', an' telt me tae come awa' wast wi' the boord, as ye had met wi' a sair loss."

"Did he say Janet was deid?"

"Noo, he didna' jist say that when I mind, but of course I thoucht it could be nae ither body."

"I see it a' noo!" cried Dauvid, fa'in' into a chair roarin' an' lauchin'. "Low was ower here this mornin', an' I was tellin' him aboot the death o' a coo, an' the rogue has gaen and made a gowk o' puir Willie ower the head o' it. Did it never strike ye, Willie, that this was the first o' April?"

"Never until this minute!" exclaimed Willie. "Weel, that cow's the gowan. Od, he has sent me a gowk's errant, an nae mistak'."

"Good-bye, good-bye," cries the minister, rinnin' oo' at the door, and they heard him lauchin a' the way tae the manse.

"Weel, Willie," observed Dauvid, "ye hae done me mar guid than onything I hae got this while. But dinna look so sheepish, man; there's nae harm done. I'm thinkin' o' gaun ower tae Janet's brither's, an' ye'll come awa ower wi' me, and see Nellie."

After some coaxin' Willie consented tae gae wi' him, for he had a soft side tae Nellie, and was na ill tae persuade.

On the road Dauvid wid stop every wee bit and ejaculate, "Strauchtin'-boord for a coo! Dacency and Christianity!" and syne roar as if he was gaun intae a fit. At last Willie told him, unless he'd compose himsel' an' not say a word aboot it when they gaed tae the house, he wadna' gae anither fit. At last Dauvid promised to say nothing about it. When they got there Willie was puzzled what tae

dae wi' the boord, for he had brought it wi' him as it was a bit on the road hame. However, he got it smuggled in ahint the door, an' in they went. Willie got a hearty welcome frae the old folks and a kind glance from Nellie.

After they had got their dinner, an' Nellie an' Willie close thegither in the corner, wi' his han' in hers, the servant lassie cam in runnin' an' cryin'.

"O mistress, wha's deid? wha's deid? because I was ahint the door for the besom, and there's a strautchin'-boord there."

Dauvid, wha was twistin' in his chair wi' a face like a nar'wast win, burst out wi' a roar o' lauchin' an' screeched an' yelled an' cried, "O Willie! hae mercy, an' let me tell them, or I'll burst."

"Tell them, an' be hanged tae ye," says Willie, i' the pet. "As well tell them noo, for they'll soon hear on't at any rate."

After Dauvid had telt them the story ye could hae tied them a' wi' a strae, an' Willie caught the infection an' lauched as loud as any o' them. Willie left for hame, wi' mony kind invitations no tae be a stranger among them, which he took adventage of, an' at last got Nellie for a wife.

He's noo in Dundee, in a big way o' daein an' tae a' accounts Nellie's six hunner pounds hae doubled itself. His customers are sometimes surprised when he gaes for the strautchin'-boord to see Willie turn red i' the fac and Nellie fa' intae the lauchin; but they dinna a ken what you an' me kens.

THE LOST PUPPY.

Contributed by the author, Henry Firth Wood, New York.

SAY! little Pup,
What's up?
Your tail is down
And out of sight,
Between your legs;
Why, that aint right.
Little Pup,
Brace up!

Say! little Pup,
Look up!
Don't hang your head
And look so sad,
You're all mussed up,
But you aint mad.
Little Pup,
Cheer up!

Say! little Pup,
Stir up!
Is that a string
Around your tail?
And was it fast
To a tin pail?
Little Pup,
Git up!

Say! little Pup,
Talk up!
Were those bad boys
All after you,
With sticks and stones,
And tin-cans, too.
Little Pup,
Speak up!

Say! little Pup,
Stand up!
Let's look at you;
You'd be all right
If you was scrubbed
And shined up bright.
Little Pup,
Jump up!

Say! little Pup,
Bark up!
Let's hear your voice.
Say, you're a brick!
Now, try to beg
And do a trick.
Little Pup,
Sit up!

Say! little Pup,
Chime up!
Why, you can sing—
Now, come with me;

Let's wash and eat
And then we'll see,
Little Pup,
What's up!

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Contributed by Thos. C. Trueblood, A. M., Professor of Elocution and Oratory at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

AWAY! away! cried the stout Sir John,
While the blossoms are on the trees,
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern seas
That never was found till now!
A good stout ship is the "Erebus,"
As ever unfurled a sail.
And the "Terror" will match as brave a one
As ever outrode a gale!
So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the little hills and the valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen,
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one,
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright
And flamed like a midnight sun.

There was naught below, save the fields of snow,
  That stretch to the icy pole;
And the Esquimau, in his strange canoe,
  Was the only living soul!
Along the coast, like a giant host,
  The glittering icebergs frowned,
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain
  And crashed with a fearful sound;
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
  Looked down from the frozen heights,
And the stars in the skies, with their great wild eyes,
  Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James
  And even the stout Sir John
Felt a doubt, like a chill thro' their warm hearts
    thrill,
  As they urged the good ships on.
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
  Where even the tear-drops freeze.
But no way was found, by a strait or sound,
  To sail through the Northern seas;
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
  And they sought but they sought in vain,
For no way was found thro' the ice around,
  To return to their homes again.
Then the wild waves rose and the waters froze,
  Till they closed like a prison wall;
And the icebergs stood in the sullen flood
  Like their jailors, grim and tall.
O God! O God! it was hard to die
  In that prison house of ice!

For what was fame, or a mighty name
  When life was the fearful cost;
The gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James,
  And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
  As the weeks and the months passed on;
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame
  And looked on that fated crew;
His chilling breath was cold as death,
  And it pierced their warm hearts thro';
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
  Came over their weary eyes,
And they dreamed strange dreams,
Of the hills and streams
  And the blue of their native skies,
The Christmas chimes
Of the good old times,
  Were heard in each dying ear,
And the dancing feet, and the voices sweet
  Of their wives and their children dear;
But it faded away—away—away,
  Like a sound on a distant shore,
And deeper and deeper grew the sleep,
  Till they slept to wake no more.
O, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child,
  They will weep and watch and pray.
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain
  As the long years pass away.
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James,
  And the good Sir John have found
An open way to a quiet bay,

And a port where we all are bound;
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore
That circles the frozen pole,
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep
That can hold a human soul.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about;
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

A ROMANCE IN WORDS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED.

GEOFFREY, surnamed Winthrop, sat in the depot at Chicago, waiting for his train and reading the "Tribune," when a squadron of street Arabs

(incomparable for squalor) thronged from a neighboring alley, uttering hideous cries, accompanied by inimitable gestures of heinous exultation, as they tortured a humble black-and-tan dog.

"You little blackguards!" cried Winthrop, stepping outside and confronting them, adding the inquiry, "Whose dog is that?"

"That audacious Caucasian has the bravado to interfere with our clique," tauntingly shrieked the indisputable little ruffian, exhibiting combativeness.

"What will you take for him?" asked the lenient Geoffrey, ignoring the venial tirade.

"Twenty-seven cents," piquantly answered the ribald urchin, grabbing the crouching dog by the nape.

"You can buy licorice and share with the indecorous coadjutors of your condemnable cruelty," said Winthrop, paying the price and taking the dog from the child. Then catching up his valise and umbrella, he hastened to his train. Winthrop satisfied himself that his sleek protégé was not wounded, and then cleaned the cement from the pretty collar, and read these words:

"Leicester. Licensed, No. 1880."

Hearing the pronunciation of his name, the docile canine expressed gratitude and pleasure, and then sank exhausted at his new patron's feet and slept.

Among the other passengers was a magazine contributor, writing vagaries of Indian literature, also two physicians, a sombre, irrevocable, irrefragable

allopathist, and a genial homœopathist, who made a specialty of bronchitis. Two peremptory attorneys from the Legislature of Iowa were discussing the politics of the epoch and the details of national finance, while a wan, dolorous person, wearing concave glasses, alternately ate troches and almonds for a sedative, and sought condolence in a high lamentable treble from a lethargic and somewhat deaf and enervate comrade not yet acclimated. Near three exemplary brethren (probably sinecurists) sat a group of humorous youths; and a jocose sailor (lately from Asia) in a blouse-waist and tarpaulin hat was amusing his patriotic juvenile listeners by relating a series of the most extraordinary legends extant, suggested by the contents of the knapsack, which he was calmly and leisurely arranging in a pyramidal form on a three-legged stool. Above swung figured placards, with museum and lyceum advertisements, too verbose to be misconstrued.

A mature matron of medium height and her comely daughter soon entered the car and took seats in front of Winthrop (who recalled having seen them on Tuesday in February, in the parquet of a theatre). The young lady had recently made her début into society at a musical soirée at her aunt's. She had an exquisite bouquet of flowers that exhaled sweet perfume. She said to her parent:

"Mamma, shall we ever find my lost Leicester?"

Geoffrey immediately addressed her, saying, as he presented his card:

"Pardon my apparent intrusiveness; but, prithee, have you lost a pet dog?"

The explanation that he had been stolen was scarcely necessary, for Leicester, just awakening, vehemently expressed his inexplicable joy by buoyantly vibrating between the two like the sounding lever used in telegraphy (for to neither of them would he show partiality), till succumbing to ennui, he purported to take a recess, and sat on his haunches, complaisantly contemplating his friends. It was truly an interesting picture.

They reached their destination ere the sun was beneath the horizon. Often during the summer Winthrop gallantly rowed from the quay with the naive and blithe Beatrice in her jaunty yachting suit, but no couquetry shone from her azure eyes. Little Less, their jocund confidante and courier (and who was as sagacious as a spaniel), always attended them on these occasions, and whene'er they rambled through the woodland paths. While the band played strains from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and others, they promenaded the long corridors of the hotel. And one evening, as Beatrice lighted the gas by the etagere in her charming boudoir in their suite of rooms, there glistened brilliantly a valuable solitaire diamond on her finger.

Let us look into the future for the sequel to perfect this romance, and around a cheerful hearth we see again Geoffrey and Beatrice, who are paying due attention to their tiny friend Leicester.

LITTLE BLACK PHIL.

Contributed by the author, Hon. C. E. Belknap, ex-Congressman from the Fifth District, Grand Rapids, Mich.

IT was during the summer of '63 with the Army of the Cumberland in Tennessee, marching every day through valleys and over hills, that, one night when nearly all my command were on picket duty, I concluded to make myself a cup of coffee, and built a small fire for that purpose in the thick woods a few rods distant from the line. The fire burned brightly, lighting the shadows of the forest. Busy with my pleasant duty, I forgot all else for the moment, but was startled by the crackling of the twigs and rustling of the leaves on the ground just outside the range of light. My saber for convenience had been hung on the projecting limb of a tree, but grasping the revolver from my belt, I stepped out of the light of the fire. The country was full of stragglers, and danger lurked behind every tree. When away from the glare of the fire my eyes caught sight of the queerest little "Nig" I had ever "met up with." He had the advantage of me, and had he been an enemy, might have had my scalp dangling at his belt. With a pair of eyes as large as turnips, with open mouth showing teeth white as ivory, he stood in rags and tatters gazing at me. It is flattery to say that he was ragged. The rim of an old hat; a few strips of cotton, the remains of a shirt; the waistband, little else of a pair of trousers; there was not enough

clothing on him to even give dignity to rags. As he stood there motionless in the dim light of the fire, he looked like an imp from across the river. The blood in my veins grew chill, sending thrills up my back and causing my hair to stand erect. Gradually my courage came back. "Howdy, sonny?" "Right smart, massa," and the rim of a hat cut a circle in the air, as he advanced to the fire where the steaming coffee filled the air with fragrance.

Seated on one side of the fire on the ground, I took some hard-tack from my haversack and began the repast. Like a hungry dog his eyes followed every motion of my hand, his mouth watering for the dainty food Uncle Sam in his thoughtful care supplied the soldiers. I tossed him a hard-tack that he caught on the fly. It went between the ivories and in a moment disappeared, then another, and a third one until in desperation I passed the haversack to him and said "help yourself." He was hollow down to the heels. When he was satisfied, the haversack that contained my three days' rations was empty. The boy talked: "Yes sah, I guine jine de army. Old massa, he hoppin' hit up wid de Confedrits. Ise guine hitch myself to de Yanks, and go long wid you uns." Gradually the eyes closed, the head drooped, and, curled up before the fire, the boy was sleeping. I scraped leaves over him to keep off the cold dews of night, and an hour later when my duties were done, I lay down, wrapped in my blanket, to sweet slumber.

Daylight came, stirring the camps and army to new life. Out of the leaves came the most comical figure I had found in many a day. The boy hustled about, picking up wood to build the fire, brought water from the brook near by, thus earning his breakfast. The sight of him made the soldiers laugh and he laughed with them. "What's your name?" "Phil." "Phil what?" "Das all, jes Phil. Dats all de name I has. White folks can't 'ford to give two names to little nigga like me. I never had no Mammy, and I's foteen years old by dis a time." We took him along and like a faithful dog he trotted behind the regiment, now carrying my blanket, then filling my canteen at the springs with fresh water, and gathering wood for the camp fires at night around which the boys gathered to enjoy a song and dance given by the colored camp followers. The song of the negroes like their religion, was a wail from the soul, weird as the phantoms of night.

Down in the corrall, where the supply trains are packed comes the sounds of a religious meeting. The soldiers about their camp fires, fatigued by the day's duties, one by one are quieted in sleep. Then it is that Phil joins the meeting that continues long into the night. One prays: "O Hebbenly Lord, let me lib dat long dat I learn good manners, so dat when I dies I shall know what to say when I meet my Hebbenly Father!" and another: "O Lord, whar is my children to-night dat I left in bondage and whar is my wife dat I left and don gone off tramping in de army? O Lord! why is dis nigga so foolish?"

Just here Black Phil steps up near the fire and changes the programme. "You better look out dah, I's gwine to sing 'bout my gal," and the song interrupts the prayer of the homesick mule driver:

"A new pink dress my gal puts on,
Ho, ho, Liza Jane.
And followed off de fife and drum,
Ho, ho, Liza Jane.
De drum did beat, de fife did play,
Ho, ho, Liza Jane.
And my sweet gal did run away,
Ho, ho, Liza Jane.

O Liza went down de new cut road,
An' I went down de lane,
An' wid de solgers will climb de hills,
O get long, Liza Jane.

Although he often broke up the prayer meeting with the songs about his sweetheart, yet he had religious ideas and beliefs, firmly fixed in his mind and often expressed. "Las winter wen de cotton dun ginned an' de corn shucked, ole master Washington, de preacher, say we uns must hab a 'vival meeting. Den all the black folks come and hear him say what we got to do les de debble catch us. De preacher say dat hebben is a right smart big field full of 'simmon trees and 'possums, and de ground all kivered up with yams an' melons an' all round de field is high palins. He say white folks dats right

can go fro' the gate and black folks dats good can jump ober de palins, and black folks dats bad and lazy must stay outside de palins and de debble will chase dem round and round an' roast dem wid fire." Phil usually acted the rest of the story, rolling his eyes about, groaning, shuddering, then carefully scrutinizing his legs with reference apparently to their fitness for high jumping. Night after night the boys used the end boards of the wagons for Phil to dance on, the champion of the brigade. In appreciation of his services they clothed him in army shirt and trousers six sizes too large. From this time on Phil was fired with a new ambition, eagerly looking forward to the day when he could be a genuine soldier and own a musket. Then one of the good Christians of the company took Phil's education in hand, and about the camp fire tried to teach him the letters of his own name. P—H—I—L, only four letters, but what a task! Taps sounded and the teacher retired to his tent and blanket. Black Phil piled more brush on the fire and bent his woolly head over the piece of paper, scratching his chin, wrinkling his brow, rolling his eyes about, twisting his ungainly body as if troubled with the gripes. The new fuel on the fire burns up brightly, then after many moments fades nearly to darkness. Then at last he questions the letters: "Which ob you'uns is 'P,' any how?"

The days passed and after marching over mountains and through valleys Chickamauga was fought. During the battle Phil was seen helping a wounded

man off the field, then for three days his place about the camp-fire was vacant. A new position in Chattanooga was selected for defense and the men were hard at work with pick and shovel. The Confederate batteries to our front on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain on the right, sent whistling, shrieking shells over our heads. Officers standing along the line were on the alert for these noisy, unwelcome visitors, warning the busy workmen to get down out of range. A puff of smoke from the base of the mountain gave notice of the coming missile. "Down every one of you!" commanded the officer on duty. Just then I heard the familiar voice of Phil, gladness in every tone, "Here I is, Massa, here I is." I turned about to see him running at full speed toward me, his face fairly dancing with delight. Just at that instant a shell from a Rodman gun struck the hard ground well out to the front, throwing a cloud of dust into the air, bounding, it came tumbling end over end, striking the top of the earthworks, burying half a dozen men in another cloud of dust, whizzing past it touched the ground again at Phil's feet, lifting and hurling him into the air. I reached the spot where he fell in a moment, to be greeted with a smile and the words, "Lieutenant, I's a good nigga and I's guine to jump ober de palins." He never spoke again. That night when the firing ceased Will Beckley, the bugler, and I wrapped his remains in a blanket and carried them to a garden spot on the edge of the town. There in a grave we made by the side of a honeysuckle we

left all that remained of Black Phil. At the head of the grave Beckley placed a piece of board upon which he penciled "Here's Phil. He has jumped over the palins."

THE MEMORY-BRIDGES.

Permission of Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

BUSILY, busily, to and fro,
See them, the bridge-builders, come and go,
Gray-beards and binny-eyes, mothers and midges,
All of them busy a-building bridges.
High be they? Low be they?
Who can tell?
Each keeps his secret, and keeps it well.

Steadily, steadily, see them build,
Not one is idle of all the guild.
This one is planning and placing and plying;
That one is trusting and tracing and trying.
Strong be they? Weak be they?
Who is there
Knows if the bridges will break or bear?

Cleverly, cleverly, day by day,
Toil the bridge-makers, sand, stone, or clay,
Fashioning after their own designing,
Some for rejoicing and some for repining.
Ugly or beautiful?
Who can know
What is the pattern the bridges show?

Ceaselessly, ceaselessly, year by year,
Grow the abutment, the arch, and the pier,
Grow on the builder's brow wrinkles and ridges,
Caused by the rearing of memory-bridges.
Deep be they? Slight be they?
All may see
What sort of furrows these furrows be.

Finally, finally, each must tread
Over the memory-bridge he's made,
Over the deeds that are long past doing,
Over the faults that are left for rueing.
Light is it? Hard is it?
They may ken
Who've crossed the bridges from Now to Then.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

MARGUERITE.

Contributed by the author, Mrs. Evelyn Noble Schroeder, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

IT was Decoration Day, some years ago—that day which means so very much and whose name suggests so very little. Marguerite knew that it was "Decoration Day," but she could not tell what it meant. She did not understand the long procession, the music, the flowers, and all; she only knew that she had been sent to sell her flowers because it was some kind of a flower day. Daisies she had in her large basket—bright gold and white daisies; and she had a little bunch in her tiny hand which she held

out to passers-by as she said, "Daisies, fresh daisies, five cents a bunch?"

She stood at the foot of the beautifully-decorated soldiers' monument watching the crowd of people and the marching men with wide, wondering eyes. She did not know what it was all for. She knew very little, this tiny, ragged maid. Had you asked her name, she would have told you "Marguerite;" but she did not know she was named for the flowers she carried; she did not know that her hair was bright and sunny like their gold hearts; she did not know that they and her eyes were like the stars in their child-likeness, nor that the white petals were symbols of her own purity. She had not sold many flowers—she was so small and her daisies so simple that people scarcely noticed; but she did not seem to care—she was so busy with the new sights and sounds—and the child-soul was filled with a feeling she could not have told, and I doubt if we could express it for her, but I think she felt that there was something sweet and good in it all. I found this in her face as I watched her—for the little creature suddenly meant more to me than the ceremonies I had come to witness. After watching the drill of the uniformed men, she looked up at me wonderingly and said, "What does it mean?"

"It means, little one," said I, "that all this marching and music and this big monument trimmed with flowers, this great day of celebrating is for the brave soldiers who fought and died for our country, for **you**, and for me. Now, the men are going to put

flowers on the soldiers' graves, because they were brave men."

"Ah!" said she, with a satisfied little look, "I'll go too. Will you come?"

I grasped the heavy basket and took the little hand in mine, and we trudged on toward the city of the dead. She scarcely spoke on the way, but clung to the bunch of daisies in her hand, and said softly to herself and to her blossoms, "Papa was a soldier."

When we reached the quiet city she looked about with more wonder than ever in the blue eyes, and asked me were the people who lived inside the white doors angels, and I said, "Yes."

Pointing to the lot of the unknown dead, she said:

"Who is over there under all those little flags?"

I explained to her, and she said:

"He must be there; they never knew where he was killed. I think he is there," and she drew me away from the crowd toward the rows of graves with the flag at each head.

"I don't know which is his, but I'll put the daisies here by this little flag."

She knelt at the head of one grave and laid her bunch of daisies down tenderly, then the large eyes looked up straight through the sunlight and blue sky, and with the little hands clasped on her breast, said:

"Can you see me, papa? I'm your own little girl. If this isn't your bed, you can look down and know the flowers are meant for you, and know this is your little girl, and she loves you."

Then, looking at the basket, "I could cover this brown bed all over, couldn't I? There are enough left, but then, perhaps, these other soldiers haven't any little girl to give them flowers. I guess I had better put one bunch on every grave." So the little Saint Marguerite went about on her own small flower mission, and only regretted that her daisies would not go "all around," and then said:

"I hope they all know we are proud of them."

As I looked at the hopeful face, I thought that if the soldier-father could not see his little one, the Great Father saw and blessed a new sweetness in life even in this tiny nature, whose true little heart had found the very deepest meaning of this Decoration Day.

MR. POTTS' STORY.

WHILE I was over at Pencador, the other day, I called on the Potts'. Mr. Potts is liable to indulge in extravagance in his conversation, and as Mrs. Potts is an extremely conscientious woman where matters of fact are concerned, she's obliged to keep her eye on him. Potts was telling me about an incident that occurred in the town a few days before, and this is the way he related it:

"You see old Bradley over here is perfectly crazy on the subject of gases and the atmosphere, and such things—absolutely wild; and one day he was disputing with Green about how high up in the air life could be sustained, and Bradley said an ani-

mal could live about forty million miles above the earth, if—"

"Not forty million, my dear; only forty miles, he said."

"Forty, was it? Thank you. Well, sir, old Green, you know, said that was ridiculous; and he said he'd bet Bradley a couple of hundred thousand dollars that life couldn't be sustained half that way up, and so—"

"William, you are wrong; he only offered to bet fifty dollars."

"Well, anyhow, Bradley took him up quicker'n a wink, and they agreed to send up a cat in a balloon to decide the bet. So what does Bradley do but buy a balloon about twice as big as our barn, and begin to—"

"It was only about ten feet in diameter, Mr Adler; William forgets."

"Begin to inflate her. When she was filled, it took eighty men to hold her, and—"

"Eighty men, Mr. Potts? Why, you know Mr. Bradley held the balloon himself."

"He did, did he? Oh! very well; what's the odds? And when everything was ready, they brought out Bradley's tom-cat, and put it in the basket and tied it in so that it couldn't jump, you know. There were about one hundred thousand people looking on, and when they let go you never heard such a—"

"There was not more than two hundred people there. I counted them myself."

"Oh, don't bother me! I say you never heard such a yell as the balloon went scooting up into the sky, pretty near out of sight. Bradley said she went up about one thousand miles, and—now don't interrupt me, Henrietta; I know what the man said—and that cat, mind you, a howling like a hundred fog-horns, so's you could a' heard her from here to Peru. Well, sir, when she was up so's she looked as small as a pin-head, something or other burst. I dunno how it was, but pretty soon down came that balloon a flickering toward the earth at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and old—"

"Mr. Potts, you know that the balloon came down as gently as—"

"Oh! do hush up! Women don't know anything about such things. And old Bradley, he had a kind of a registering thermometer fixed in the basket along with that cat. Some sort of a patent machine; cost thousands of dollars, and he was expecting to examine it; and Green had an idea he'd lift out a dead cat and scoop in the stakes. When all of a sudden as she came pelting down a tornado struck her—now, Henrietta, what in the thunder are you staring at me in that way for? It was a tornado—a regular cyclone—and it struck her and jammed her against the lightning-rod on the Baptist church steeple, and there she stuck—stuck on that spire about eight hundred feet up in the air."

"You may get just as mad as you like, but I am positively certain that steeple's not an inch over ninety-five feet."

"Henrietta, I wish to gracious you'd go upstairs and look after the children. Well, about half a minute after she struck, out stepped that tom-cat on to the weathercock. It made Green sick. And just then the hurricane reached the weathercock and it began to revolve six hundred or seven hundred times a minute, the cat howling until you couldn't hear yourself speak. (Now, Henrietta, you've had your put; you keep quiet.) That cat stayed on that weathercock about two months—"

"Mr. Potts, that's an awful story; it only happened last Tuesday."

"(Never mind her.) And on Sunday the way that cat carried on and yowled, with its tail pointing due east, was so awful that they couldn't have church. And Sunday afternoon the preacher told Bradley if he didn't get that cat down he'd sue him for a million dollars' damages. So Bradley got a gun and shot at the cat fourteen hundred times (now, you didn't count 'em, Henrietta, and I did), and he banged the top of the steeple all to splinters, and at last fetched down the cat, shot to rags, and in her stomach he found his thermometer. She'd ate it on her way up, and it stood at eleven hundred degrees, so old—"

"No thermometer ever stood at such a figure as that."

"Oh! well, if you think you can tell the story better than I can, why don't you tell it? You're enough to worry the life out of a man."

Then Potts slammed the door and went out, and I left. I don't know whether Bradley got the stakes or not.

MAX ADLER.

THE MASQUE AND THE REALITY.

Contributed by the author, Rev. William Rounseville Alger, Boston, Mass.

WHEN you and I desert the ranks
Of living men that shout along,
The stream will rush between its banks
With current just as full and strong.

No one will miss us in the least,
Though now we so important seem;
But quips and jokes will crown the feast
As if we still were in the dream.

And we shall molder in the ground,
While, ranged above our witless sleep
Which knows no more of sight or sound,
The stars their far-off vigil keep.

And knaves will plot, and fools will laugh,
And shallow crowds will drift and float.
And roystering throngs their cups will quaff,–
And our lone headstones none will note.

Aha! is this the rounding pale
To hold the haughty intellect
Whose eyes, where death and terror quail,
Eternity itself inspect?

Believe we yonder graveyard mounds
  Can, in their senseless space, enclose
The spirits which assert their bounds
  Further than widest cosmos flows?

The forms of dust which once we wore,
  Will there, indeed, be laid at rest,
Where grief and pain and burden sore
  Can never vex the patient breast.

But we ourselves, eternal souls
  Released from the encasing clod,
Assume our rank as perfect wholes
  Of the pure archetype in God.

Maintain we, then, a life serene,
  So long as on the earth we dwell,
And let no ills we meet demean
  The self that knows this miracle.

THE OLD WIFE.

BY the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bed-time cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered: "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather.
"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving heeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

* * * * * *

It was even so. The springtime in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

THERON BROWN.

CHARACTER OF LUCILE.

Contributed by Silas S. Neff, President of the Neff College of Oratory, Philadelphia.

———

She turned,
Smiled, and passed up the twilight.
He faintly discerned
Her form now and then, on the flat, lurid sky,
Rise and sink and recede through the mists; by and by
The vapors closed round, and he saw her no more.
Nor shall we; for her mission accomplished, is o'er.
The mission of genius on earth! to uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
The world, in spite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade and drag down and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius! to watch and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of genius on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all—born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her:—This was Lucile.

A power hid in pathos; a fire veiled in cloud,
Yet still burning outward; a branch which, tho' bow'd
By the bird in its passage, springs upward again;—

Through all symbols I search for her sweetness; in vain
Judge her love by her life, for our life is but love
In act. Pure was hers; and the dear God above,
Who knows what His creatures have need of, for life,
And whose love includes all love, through much patient strife,
Led her soul into peace. Love, though love may be given
In vain, is yet lovely. Her own native Heaven
More clearly she mirror'd, as life's troubled dream
Wore away; and love sighed into rest, like a stream
That breaks its heart over wild rocks toward the shore
Of the great sea which hushes it up evermore.
With its little wild wailing, no stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men, made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand 'round the Throne,
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow —

Are these worth nothing more than the hand they
make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave
dreary?
The sevenfold Heavens to the voice of the spirit
Answer, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit."

OWEN MEREDITH.

NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

I SHALL never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at an academy in B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked up to as sort of leader in matters of opinion as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the lookout for matters of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her

horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartly, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of —— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after a manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your lady means to make a milkman of you."

"Why not?" asked Hartly.

"Oh! nothing! only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!"

The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise

to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number—for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted of selling the milk of a fine cow of which

she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh! no,' said the old woman; 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that

could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks made his appearance, what a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set off with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

MY VESPER SONG.

FILLED with weariness and pain,
  Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,
  Sit and sing my doubts away.
O'er my broken purposes,
  Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song:
  "Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Let me to Thy bosom fly!"
  How the words my thoughts repeat:
To Thy bosom, Lord, I come,
  Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
  Dreaming I could hold them fast:
Now I can but faintly sing,
  "Oh! receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
  Like a child when night comes on:
In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
  "Leave, oh, leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
  Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
  "Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;"
Does the rhythm of the song
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or is this Thy perfect peace,
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"'Neath the shadow of Thy wing"?

"Thou of life the fountain art;"
If I slumber on Thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep,
Sleep and death alike are rest.
Through the shadows ever past,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note in silver bass,
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In Thy kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

"SCALLYWAG."

Contributed by the author, Miss Caroline B. Le Row, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM a scallywag—that is the truth of it.
Wouldn't believe it! Just look at me, then!
Kind of you, mister, to speak in that way to me,
But I don't belong with respectable men.
Quite a good coat and a face that looks honest?
Yes, but the coat was a present I got,
Give by the warden what keeps the State Prison,
Found in the cellar among an odd lot.

And as for the face—I've no wish to deceive you;
'Tisn't my fault,—I can't help it, you see.
S'pose it's the look that I had when a boy, sir,
Thought I'd a lost it,—'taint no good to me.

Now there's that chap who I left in the prison,
  Him as give me the coat when my time was served out,
He said 'twant no sense for a square lookin' feller
  To go back on himself and be knocking about.

P'raps after all I haint jest got the rights of it,
  But it seems as if life was a hard row to hoe.
You see the fact is that I git clean discouraged;
  Luck's all dead agin me,—I can't get no show.
What did I call myself? You ought to know, sir,
  What is the name that such duffers as you
Give to the fellers the world's turned its back on?
  You're an exception? There may be a few.

"Scallywag," sir, and it isn't the wust name,
  'Cordin' to my views, that's under the sun;
For a wag is next door to a wit, I believe, sir,
  And some think the angels in heaven like fun.
The "scally's" just "scaly," no more and no less, sir;
  It's hard on the fishes, and why it should be
Hitched onto us fellers and made so convenient
  For broken-down wretches I'm sure I can't see.

Ha, ha! You're a laughin'! That's my way of doin'
  When things all go wrong what's the use of a growl?
I've had troubles in my time, I know all about 'em,
  But a smile is a long ways ahead of a frown.

And it seems sort of funny when I've faced the music,
And tried to cheer up those who've whined on the way,
That when I'm out at elbows and down at the mouth, sir,
Not a man Jack among 'em has one word to say.

It's curious, kinder, when I've been so willin'
To shoulder the load of each man in the crowd,
That nobody's ready to lend me a hand, sir,
And don't take no notice I'm under a cloud.
I s'pose it's all right if a feller could see it,
But it comes kinder tough though, and sometimes I think
If good folks had feelin' for other folks' troubles
There'd be something to keep them from taking to drink.

But Lor! After that, sir, 'taint no use a talkin';
It's all up with a man when the liquor goes down;
But the comfort I get from a little black bottle
Can't be found nowhere else, sir, all over the town.
It's made me the scallywag you are a talkin' to,
For drink leads to doin' sech rascally things,
That the fust thing you know you're shut up in a buildin'
That's got what you'd like to have, sir, and that's wings.

Of course I'm a hopeless case, just as I told you,
  There can't be no chance for a loafer like me,
But I hate to see fellers as might have some show, sir,
  Jest go the devil, as I did, you see, kind sir.
If you'd please take the trouble to speak to 'em
  And help 'em to keep in the regular way
'Twould give me a lift, sir, at least in my feelin's
  And do me more good than I know how to say.

TEACHING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

From "Puck." Permission of Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers, N. Y.

"WHY, dear me, if it isn't almost three o'clock! I've got to start right off to Sunday-school! I have a class, you know! You'll come along, too, won't you, George? You must come! You need it sadly enough, goodness knows!"

This was Eva. Eva is sort of a seventh cousin of mine, with a charming home just out of town, and I was Sundaying there. Eva's papa has just gone in pretty vehemently on an iron mine up in Michigan; and, you see, I'm nursing Eva along, so to speak, till I see what that mine is going to do. So I said: "Why, I assure you, nothing could give me greater pleasure."

So we went; and I, with the accustomed modesty of my profession (the law), slunk into a back seat with the intention of quietly twirling my thumbs and otherwise utilizing the time.

But hark!—a stealthy tread—'tis the Superintendent!

"I am very much in need of another teacher; one of my teachers is away to-day, and won't you be good enough to take his place?"

"Well, I should rather say not!" I remarked to my inner self, while outwardly I stammered: "Why—thank you, sir—but, really—it has been so long since I had such a pleasure—that—really, I fear I could scarcely—do the subject justice."

But the Superintendent was quite sure, etc.; and after about five minutes of this fascinating debate, during which what seemed to me about a thousand eyes were feasting upon my glowing features—my temperature having gone from eighty-five to the neighborhood of eight hundred—my charming seventh cousin came swaying swan-like down the aisle, saying:

"Oh! do ask him to take a class; he teaches a class beautifully; only he needs a little urging!"

"O Sapphira, Sapphira! how the modern nineteen-year-old, brown-eyed Sunday-school teacher can leave you behind when she wants to!"

"You just take this lesson paper and ask the questions; they're all printed there, you see; and they answer them, and that's all!"

I looked toward the door, but two corpulent females stood there in protracted converse. To squeeze between them was impossible. The lowness of the lintel precluded a wild leap over their heads; the windows were closed and calked with cotton since the

winter. So I walked meekly down the aisle, my heart throbbing with religious emotion, and took my place before my class. There they sat—ten boys of them, waiting for the fray. I seized the lesson paper; there they were, just ten questions of them, waiting to be asked. With an impressive Sabbatical intonation I began dealing out the ten interrogations from left to right. Regarding the accuracy of the answers the brevity of my preparation did not permit me to form an authoritative opinion. Regarding their speed there could be no question; and hardly had I begun before I found myself at the last boy, and my last question used up. I looked around at the Superintendent to see if he showed signs of closing the office, but he appeared to be right in the midst of business hours and was holding a very cheerful conversation with my afore-mentioned Sapphiratical relative.

I gazed about at the other teachers; they were all deep in the instruction of youth. The time for folding your tents, like the Arabs, had evidently not yet arrived. It was safe to say that I'd got to ask that class some more questions. Bright thought! I'll begin at the other end. So I did, reading out the meagre words as slowly and lingeringly as possible. But there I was again at the last boy. I peered anxiously around. The Superintendent was still chatting with enchanting obliviousness; his able corps of assistants were still in the heat and din of the engagement.

"Boys," said I, striving as best I could to conceal my emotion, "how long does this last?"

"Till four."

I shot an eager glance at the ecclesiastical timepiece over my head; it was seventeen minutes past three.

"My good—" but I checked myself. I was way up in front, where everybody could see. I'd got to keep things moving, or there'd be no end of scandal. Calling up all the resources of a well-disciplined mind, I speedily hit upon another plan, and asked my ten precious questions all over again, making the boys answer in concert. This got rid of several minutes. It was now twenty-six minutes past three. An awkard pause; a moment of intense thought; then I had them answer, beginning at the last question and going backward. Then I had all the boys over twelve years of age recite in turn; then all under twelve. It was now nineteen minutes of four.

Then I began again at the first question, making each boy stand up and face the opposite wall, while he answered. Thirteen minutes and twenty-nine seconds of four!

"Boys," said I, beginning to warm to the work, "now stand up and answer these questions again, lifting your right foot off the floor as you do so; now your left foot; now both feet." Six minutes eighteen and nine-tenth seconds of four!

"Boys," said I, mopping my dewy brow, "I will ask you these questions again; and, as each one is called up, he must first stand on his feet and repeat his answer backward; and then stand on his head and repeat it sideways."

I had only, however, got as far as the fourth boy when the bell rang and the school closed.

This happened three months ago, but my physician tells me it will yet be a long time before I can endure any severe mental strain; and that I must not think of resuming the onerous duties of my profession. I tell you this is pretty hard, when I had such a fine start, with a nice, light office and upholstered swivel chair; and my letter-heads all printed and everything all ready for a case.

J. P. Lyons.

A NOVEL POEM.

"JANE EYRE," "Beneath the Greenwood Tree,"
And robed "In Silk Attire,"
Stood waiting for "Our Mutual Friend,"
And wished that he was nigh her,
For she in need of "Hard Cash" was,
And "Hard Times" did she dread;
He plays a game of "Hide and Seek,"
"He Cometh Not, She Said."

"The Wandering Heir" at last appeared,
"A Celebrated Case,"
He'd gambled "To the Bitter End,"
"Put Yourself in His Place."
"Good Bye, Sweetheart," I must away,
I've wrecked "A Noble Life."
'Never Too Late to Mend," she cried,
We'll yet be "Man and Wife."

"Oh, Love Me Little, Love Me Long,"
  "Not Wisely, but Too Well."
"The Romance of a Poor Young Man"
  He quick to her did tell,
And how he did "A Dark Night's Work"
  To gain a lofty station.
"A Noble Woman" should forgive
  "A Terrible Temptation."

"Twenty Years After" the above,
  "A Treasure Trove" he struck;
The "Golden Butterfly" was his—
  Folks said 'twas "Rare Good Luck."
"Great Expectations" came at last
  To realize his wishes.
He covered then his "Queen of Hearts,"
  With "Bread and Cheese and Kisses."

Up in "The Village on the Cliff,"
  Stands a "Bleak House" alone;
"Her Lord and Master" now he is,
  And this place is their home.
For "Her Face was Her Fortune," yes,
  And nearly he "Twice Lost" her;
He has been almost "Three Times Dead"
  To find out "What He Cost Her."

MR. KRIS KRINGLE.

Extract from "Mr. Kris Kringle," by permission of the author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and the publishers, George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Contributed by Charles C. Shoemaker, Manager of The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

IT was Christmas Eve. Above the broad river a long, gray stone house lay quiet; its vine and roof heavy with the softly-falling snow, and showing no sign of light or life except in a feeble, red glow through the Venetian blinds of the many windows of one large room. Within, a huge fire of mighty logs lit up with distinctness only the middle space, and fell with variable illumination on a silent group about the hearth.

On one side a mother sat with her cheek upon her hand, her elbow on the table, gazing steadily into the fire; on the other side were two children, Alice and Hugh; he on a cushion, she in a low chair.

The mother rose saying, "There will be no presents this year, Hugh; only—only more love from me, from one another; and you must be brave and help me, because you know this is not the worst of it. We are to go away next week, and must live in the town. You see, dears, it can't be helped."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it can't be helped, Alice."

"I don't want to go," said the girl.

"Hush," said Hugh.

"And I do want a doll."

"I told you to be quiet, Alice," returned the mother, a rising note of anger in her voice. In fact,

she was close upon a burst of tears, but the emotions are all near of kin and linked in mystery of relationship. Pity and love for the moment became unreasoning wrath. "You are disobedient," she continued.

"O mamma! we are vewy sorry," said the lad, who had been the less offending culprit.

"Well, well. No matter. It is bed-time, children. Now to bed, and no more nonsense. I can't have it, I can't bear it."

The children rose submissively, and the girl, pausing near the doorway, dropped a courtesy.

"That wasn't very well done, Alice. Ah! that was better."

The little fellow made a bow quite worthy of the days of minuet and hoop, and then, running back, kissed the tall mother with a certain passionate tenderness, saying, softly, "Now, don't you cry when we are gone, dear, dear mamma," and then, in a whisper, "I will pway God not to let you cwy," and so fled away, leaving her still perilously close to tears.

While the children were yet too young to recognize their loss the great calamity of her life had come to the mother. Then by degrees the wreck of her fortune had gone to pieces, and now at last the home of her own people, deeply mortgaged, was about to pass from her forever. Much that was humbling had fallen to her in life, but nothing as sore as this final disaster. At length she rose, took a lighted candle from the table, and walked slowly around the great library room. Returning to the fire-

side, she sat down and drew to her a basket of letters. With hasty hands she tumbled them over, and at length came upon a package tied with a faded ribbon; one of those thin, orange-colored silk bands with which cigars are tied in bundles. She threw it aside with a quick movement of disdain, and opened the case of a miniature, slowly and with deliberate care. A letter fell on to her lap as she bent over the portrait of a young man. For awhile, she steadily regarded the relics of happier hours. Then, throwing herself back in her chair, she cried aloud, "How long I hoped; how hopeless was my hope, and he said, he said I was cruel and hard. That I loved him no more. Oh! that was a lie! a bitter lie! But a sot, a sot, and my children to grow up and see what I saw, and learn to bear what I have borne. No! no! a thousand times no! I chose between two duties, and I was right. I was the man of the two, and I sent him away—forever. He said—yes, I was right, but, my God! how cruel is life! I would never have gone, never! never! There!" she exclaimed, and threw back the miniature into the basket, closing it with violence as she did so, as one may shut an unpleasant book read and done with.

"There!" she cried, "would to God I loved him less." And then, with strange firmness she took up a book and sternly set herself to comprehend what she read.

The hours went by, and at last she rose wearily, put out one candle, raked ashes over the embers, and, taking the other light, went slowly up to bed.

She paused a moment at the nursery door, where she heard voices.

"What! awake still?"

"We was only talking about Khwis," said the small boy. "We won't any more, will we, Alice? She thinks he won't come, but I think he will come, because we are both so good all to-day."

"No, no; he will not come this Christmas, my darlings. Go to sleep. Go to sleep," and with too full a heart she turned away.

But sleep was far from the children's eyes, and presently the quick ear of childhood was aware of other and less familiar sounds. Was it Kris Kringle? Oh! if he could only see him once, thought Hugh. He touched the sister asleep in her bed near by, and at last shook her gently.

"What is it, Hugh?" she said.

"I hear Khwis. I know it is Khwis!"

"O Hugh! I hear, too, but it might be a robber."

"I will look—I must look," cried Hugh, slipping from his bed. In a moment he had raised the sash, and was looking out into the night. The sounds he had heard ceased. He could see no one. "He has gone, Alice." Then he cried, "Mr. Khwis Kwingle, are you there? or is you a wobber?" As he spoke a cloaked man came from behind a great pine and stood amid the thickly-fallen flakes.

"Why, that is Hugh," he said. "Hugh!"

"He does know my name," whispered the lad to the small counsellor now at his side.

"And of course I am Kris Kringle. And I have

a bag full of presents. But come softly down and let me in, and don't make a noise or away I go; and bring Alice."

Said Alice, "If we go together, Hugh, and he takes one, the other can squeal. Oh! very loud, like a bear—a big bear."

"And," said Hugh, "I will get my gweat gwandpapa's sword." And with this he got upon a chair, and by the failing light of the nursery-fire carefully took down from over the chimney the dress rapier which had figured at peaceful levees of other days. "Now," he said, "if you are afwaid I will go all alone myself."

"I am dreadfully afraid," said she, "but I will go, too." So she hastily slipped on a little white wrapper, and he his well-worn brown velvet knickerbocker trousers.

They crossed the great warm library and entered the hall, where, with much effort, they unlocked the door and lifted the old-fashioned bar which guarded it. The cold air swept in, and before them was a tall man in a cloak half-white with snow. He said at once, "Oh! Hugh! Alice! Pleasant Christmas to you. Let us get in out of the cold; but carefully—carefully, no sound!" As he spoke he shut the door behind him. "Come," he said, and seeming to know the way, went before them into the library.

"Oh! I'm so frightened," said Alice to Hugh in a whisper. "I wish I was in bed."

"My sister thinks perhaps you are a wobber, sir; but I think you are Mr. Khwis Kwingle."

"Yes, yes, I'm Kris Kringle," and then, with much amusement, "and what do you mean to do with your sword, my little man?"

"It was to kill the wobber, sir; but you mustn't be afraid, because you're not a wobber."

"May we soon see the presents?" said Alice. "They did say you would not come to-night because we are poor now."

"And," added Hugh, "my pony is sold to a man, and his tail is vewy long, and he loves sugar—the pony, I mean; and mamma says we must go away and live in the town."

"Yes, yes," said Kris; "I know."

"He knows," said Hugh.

"Oh! they know everything in fairyland," said Alice.

"Was you evah in faywyland, sir?" asked Hugh.

"Yes."

"Where 'bouts is it, sir, and please how is it bounded on the north? And what are the pwincipal wivers? We might look for it on the map."

"It is in the Black Hills."

"Oh! the Black Hills," said Alice. "I know!"

"Yes, but you're not sleepy? Not a bit sleepy?"

"No, no."

"Then before the pretty things hop out of my bag let me tell you a story," and he smiled at his desire to lengthen a delicious hour.

"I would like that."

"And I hope it won't be very, very long," said Alice, on more sordid things intent.

"That's the way with girls, Mr. Kwingle; they can't wait."

"Ah, well, well. Once on a time there was a bad boy, and he was very naughty, and no one loved him because he spent love like money till it was all gone. When he found he had no more love given him, he went away, and away, to a far country.

"Well, at last he came to the Black Hills, and there he lived with other rough men."

"But you did say he was a boy," said Alice, accurately critical.

"He was gwowed up, Alice. Don't you int—inter—"

"Interrupt, you goosey," said Alice.

"One Christmas Eve these men fell to talking of their homes, and made up their minds to have a good dinner. But Hugh—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the lad, "Hugh!"

Mr. Kris nodded and continued. "But Hugh felt very weak because he was just getting well of a fever, yet they persuaded him to come to table with the rest. One man, a German, stood up and said, 'This is the eve of Christmas. I will say our grace what we say at home.' One man laughed, but the others were still. Then the German said,

> Come, Lord Christ, and be our guest,
> Take with us what Thou hast blest.'

When Hugh heard the words the German said he began to think of home and of many Christmas eves, and because he felt a strangeness in his head,

he said, 'I'm not well; I will go into the air.' Being still confused, he went over the hard snow and among trees, not knowing what he did; and at last after wandering a long time he came to a steep hillside. Here he slipped, and rolling down, fell over a high place. Down, down, down he fell, and he fell."

"Oh! make him stop," cried little Hugh.

"He fell on to a deep bed of soft snow and was not hurt, but soon got up, and thought he was buried in a white tomb. But soon he understood, and his head grew clearer, and he beat the snow away and got out. Then, first he said a prayer, and that was the only prayer he had said in a long time.

"Soon he found shelter under a cliff, where no snow was, and with his flint and steel struck a light, and made with sticks and logs a big fire. After this he felt warm and better all over and fell asleep. When he woke up it was early morning, and looking about, he saw in the rock little yellow streaks and small lumps, and then he knew he had found a great mine of gold no man had ever seen before. By and by he got out of the valley and found his companions, and in the spring he went to his mine, which, because he had found it, was all his own, and he got people to work there and dig out the gold. After that he was no longer poor, but very, very rich."

"I like that man," said Hugh. "Tell me more."

"But first," said Alice, "oh! we do want to see all our presents."

"Ah, well; that is all, I think; and the presents. Now for the presents." Then he opened a bag and

took out first a string of great pearls, and said, as he hung them around Alice's neck, "There, these the oysters made for you years ago under the deep blue sea. They are for a wedding gift from Kris. They are too fine for a little maid. No queen has prettier pearls. But when you are married and some one you love vexes you or is unkind, look at these pearls, and forgive, oh! a hundred times over; twice, thrice, for every pearl, because Kris said it. You won't understand now, but some day you will. And, Hugh, here are skates for you and this bundle of books."

"Thank you, sir."

"And these—and these for my—for Alice," and Kris drew forth a half-dozen delicate Eastern scarves and cast them, laughing, around the girl's neck as she stood delighted.

"And now I want to trust you. This is for—for your mother; only an envelope from Kris to her. Inside is a fairy paper, and whenever she pleases it will turn to gold—oh! much gold, and she will be able then to keep her old home and you need never go away, and the pony will stay."

"Oh! that will be nice. We do sank you, sir; don't we, Alice?"

"Yes. But now I must go. Kiss me. You will kiss me?" He seemed to doubt it.

"Oh! yes," they cried, and cast their little arms about him while he held them in a long embrace, loath to let them go.

"We are bofe wewy sorry for you, Mr. Khwis," said Hugh.

"Thank you," he returned, "I shall remember that, and now be still a little, I must write to your mother, and you must give her my letter after she has my present."

"Yes," said Alice, "we will."

Then Kris lit a candle and took paper and pen from the table, and as they sat quietly waiting, full of the marvel of this famous adventure, he wrote busily, now and then pausing to smile on them, until he closed and gave the letter to the boy.

"Be careful of these things," he said, "for now I must go."

"And will you nevah, nevah come back?"

"My God!" cried the man. "Never—perhaps never. Don't forget me, Alice, Hugh." And this time he kissed them again and went by and opened the door to the stairway.

"We thank you ever so much," said Hugh, and standing aside he waited for Alice to pass, having in his child-like ways something of the grave courtesy of the ancestors who looked down on him from the walls.

Long before their usual hour of rising, the children burst into the mother's room. "You monkeys," she cried, smiling; "Merry Christmas to you! What is the matter?"

"Oh! he was here! he did come!" cried Alice.

"Khwis was here," said Hugh. "I did hear him in the night, and I told Alice it was Khwis, and she said it was a wobber, and I said it wasn't a wobber. And we went to see, and it was a man. It was Khwis. He did say so."

"What! a man at night in the house! Are you crazy, children?"

"And Hugh took grandpapa's sword, and—"

"Great-gwanpapa's," said Hugh, with strict accuracy.

"You brave boy!" cried the woman, proudly. "And he stole nothing, and, oh! what a silly tale."

"But it was Khris, mamma. He did give us things. I do tell you it was Khwis Kwingle."

"Oh! he gave us things for you, and for me, and for Hugh, and he gave me this," cried Alice, who had kept her hand behind her, and now threw the royal pearls on the bed amid a glory of Eastern scarves.

"Are we all bewitched?" cried the mother.

"Oh! and skates, and sugar-plums, and books, and a doll, and this for you. Oh! Khwis didn't forget nobody, mamma."

The mother seized and hastily opened the blank envelope which the boy gave her.

"What! what!" she cried, as she stared at the inclosure; "is this a jest?"

"UNION TRUST CO., NEW YORK.

"MADAME:—We have the honor to hold at your disposal the following registered United States bonds, in all amounting to ———."

The sum was a great fortune. The Trust Company was known to her, even its president's signature.

"What's the matter, mamma," cried Alice, amazed at the unusual look the calm mother's face wore as she arose from the bed, while the great pearls tumbled over and lay on the sunlit floor, and the fairy letter fell unheeded. Her thoughts were away in the desert of her past life.

"And here, I forgot," said Hugh, "Mr. Khwis did write you a letter."

"Quick," she cried. "Give it to me." She opened it with fierce eagerness. Then she said, "Go away, leave me alone. Yes, yes, I will talk to you by and by. Go now." And she drove the astonished children from the room and sat down with her letter.

"DEAR ALICE:—Shall I say wife? I promised to come no more until you asked me to come. I can stand it no longer. I came only meaning to see the dear home, and to send you and my dear children a remembrance, but I— You know the rest. If in those dark days the mother care and fear instinctively set aside what little love was left for me I do not now wonder. Was it well, or ill, what you did when you bid me go? In God's time I have learned to think it well. That hour is to me now like a blurred dream. To-day I can bless the anger and the sense of duty to our children which drove me forth—too debased a thing to realize my loss. I have won again my self-control, thank God! am a man once more. You have, have always had, my love. You have to-day again a dozen times the fortune I meanly squandered. I shall never touch it;

it is yours and your children's. And now, Alice, is all love dead for me? And is it Yes or No? And shall I be always to my little ones Kris, and to-night a mysterious memory, or shall I be once more

YOUR HUGH?

"A letter to the bank will find me."

As she read, the quick tears came aflood. She turned to her desk and wrote in tremulous haste, "Come, come at once," and ringing for the maid, sent it off to the address he gave. The next morning she dressed with unusual care. At the sound of the whistle of the train she went down to the door. Presently, a strong, erect, eager man came swiftly up the pathway. She was in his arms a minute after, little Hugh exclaiming, "O Alice! Mr. Khwis is kissing mamma!"

THE LAND OF NOD.

Contributed by Mrs. Henry G. Allen, New York.

COME cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
  Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
  To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
  Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together
  Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands,
  Your hands like the leaf of a rose;
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
  That never an atlas shows.
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
  On the South and East by dreams;
'Tis a country ideal, where nothing is real,
  But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
  Those eyes like a bright blue-bell;
And we will sail out under star-lit skies
  To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our barque shall sweep,
  Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
  And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along
  To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
  That Beautiful land of Nod.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT: A STORY OF JAPAN.

Contributed by Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, Director of the Detroit Training School of Elocution, Detroit, Michigan.

IN the little Japanese village of Yowcuski, a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and the girls did not even know what they looked like except on hearing the description their lovers gave of their personal beauty.

Now it happened that a young Japanese one day picked up in the street a small pocket hand-mirror.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked at it, and to his intense astonishment saw the image of a brown face, with dark, intelligent eyes, and a look of awe-struck wonderment on its features.

"It is my sainted father. How could his portrait have come here? Is it, perhaps, a warning of some kind!"

He folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in a large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night he hid it away carefully in a vase, as he did not know of any safer place. He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, he said, "Women are curious, and then, too, sometimes they are given to talking."

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all

the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a look at his treasure.

Now, in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time he came in like this. At first she was satisfied at his explanation when he told her that he only ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was really quite natural on his part, but when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression, she began to wonder in her heart of hearts. And so Lili-Tsee fell to watching, and she noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house. She hunted day after day to see if she could find some trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing.

One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady, and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of the common in his putting the vase straight. The moment he had gone, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-glass out of the vase. Then the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why, the portrait of a woman, and she had be-

lieved that Kiki-Tsum was so good and so fond and so true.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. The same face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look.

She had no heart for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on, nursing the portrait, and at the same time her wrath. When later on Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing ready for their evening meal, and no wife. He walked through to the other rooms.

"So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me, before we have even been married a year! What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?"

"What do I mean? What do you mean? The idea of your keeping portraits in my rose leaf vase. Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it, the wicked, wicked woman!"

"I cannot understand."

"Oh! you can't? I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous villainous looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face, a hideous face."

"Lili-Tsee, what do you mean? That portrait is the living image of my poor, dead father. I found it in the street the other day and put it in your vase for safety."

"Hear him! He wants to tell me I do not know a woman's face from a man's."

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and the quarrel went on. The loud angry words attracted the notice of a Japanese priest who was passing.

"My children," he said, putting his head in at the door, "why this unseemly anger? Why this dispute?"

"Father, my wife is mad."

"All women are so, my son, more or less. You were wrong to expect perfection. It is no use getting angry; all wives are trials."

"My husband has a portrait of a woman hidden in my rose leaf vase."

"I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor, dead father."

"My children, my children, show me the portrait."

The priest took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it and in an altered tone, said: "My children, settle your quarrel and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is of a saintly and venerable priest. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face." He blessed the husband and wife, and then went away, carrying with him the glass which had wrought such mischief to place with the precious relics of the church.

GEORGE JAPY.

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

("Breaking Home Ties.")

IT hangs 'mong a hundred others
  And many grander far,
Yet it catches the eye from a distance
  Like a luminous guiding star.
And I feel as I pause before it
  A something stir in my heart,
Then I know while the tears are starting
  That this is the truest art.

To show the world how lovelight
  Transfigures the human face
The artist chose no goddess
  With a form of perfect grace,
But only a work-worn mother
  Whose boy is going away,
And written on her features
  Are the words she cannot say.

Her lot has not been as she wished it,
  Just a changeless round of care,
With none of life's refinements,
  With hardly time for prayer.
She is anxious he should escape it,
  Yet it seems that her very heart
Is torn by the bitter trial,
  Now the time has come to part.

The boy stands in awkward silence,
  Ashamed that he wants to cry,
Nor knows the depth of the mother-love
  From whose shelter he would fly.
I know that he has in the pockets
  Of his clothes that fit so ill,
Money she's saved and hoarded
  As only a mother will.

The boy will find in his future
  Many hard, homesick days,
Ere he's fitted to new surroundings,
  To city men and ways.
But I feel that mother's anguish
  When at last the time shall come
That the lad in the far-off city
  Ceases to sigh for home.

When, his horizon broadened,
  He feels he has no part
In the narrow life of the farm-house
  Which used to fill his heart.
Then many times the mother
  Will watch from that door, I trow,
Hoping to see her absent boy,
  Who comes so seldom now.

To-night as the twilight deepens,
  They will sit in that darkened room,
Each thinking of the future
  Of him who has gone from home.

But at sunrise on the morrow
  The farm work must be done,
And there's more for those remaining,
  Now that one is gone.

So then with a sigh the mother
  Will turn to her work again
And forget in the long day's labor
  A part of her bitter pain.
And the thrush will sing in the elm tree
  Beside the kitchen door,
Nor miss the cheery whistle,
  Which answered her before.

Ah, yes, the ties now broken,
  When he starts on an untried way,
No power can ever mend them,
  They are severed now for aye.
"O wizard of the paint brush,
  In your strangely potent spell,
You have woven more than fancy
  Or it were not done so well!"

FRANCES FORRESTER.

AH YET'S CHRISTMAS.

Contributed by the author, Paul P. Davis, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AH YET was only a poor little heathen, a twelve-year-old China-boy that ran errands and "did chores for his keep" at the boarding-house I patronized when I lived in San Francisco. It was not what

might be termed a fashionable boarding-house, but it was genteel, and, as the majority of California hotels generally are, it was comfortable and pleasant.

I soon made acquaintances, and among the most valued was the family of Dr Blake, which consisted of the doctor, a sterling man and skillful physician, his wife, and only daughter, Lilly, a lovely child of eight, who was the sunshine of the establishment, a general favorite, and the special care and idol of our little heathen, Ah Yet.

A word or two about Ah Yet. He was a "bright little cuss," as they say in the vernacular of the coast, about twelve years old. His parents were drowned at Sacramento in the flood of 1870, and he had drifted down to 'Frisco, where his "cousin," our cook, looked after him in an Oriental way; that was to ignore the child almost, but to occasionally see that his wardrobe was in order and to insist on his being in the house at eight o'clock evenings.

It was near Christmas, and little Lilly was almost wild with anticipations and plans. One day, meeting Ah Yet in the hall, she said:

"Oh! Ah Yet, Christmas is coming!"

"No sabbe," replied Ah Yet. "What you call um Clismus?"

Whereupon Lilly tried to tell the poor little heathen the beautiful story of the Babe of Bethlehem. I doubt if the China-boy was much impressed with the recital until our little missionary digressed from the story and endeavored to explain to the little

Celestial the custom of giving and receiving gifts. This seemed to interest him greatly.

"Wha' fo' you give um plesents?"

"Because," said Lilly, "we love our friends and wish them to know it."

"Allee same, me give plesent my fiend, him know I lubbee him?"

"Yes," said Lilly, "papa is going to have a tree in the parlor, and everybody in the house who wants to can hang presents on it."

Ah Yet said nothing, but his little black eyes glistened, and something very like a smile came over his yellow face.

A day or two later he met the doctor in the hall, and said, "Doctor, me likee talkee you."

"What is it, Ah Yet?"

"You ketch 'um Clismus-tlee for Miss Lillee?"

"Yes, Ah Yet."

"S'posin' Ah Yet ketch 'um plesent for Miss Lillee—you hang 'um on Clismus-tlee—you no tellee Miss Lillee?"

"All right, Ah Yet; you give me the present and I'll see that it gets on the tree without Lilly knowing it."

Ah Yet was satisfied. The day before Christmas he was very anxious, and hurried up his work so as to go down to Chinatown to buy "Miss Lillee's Clismus plesent."

Now, Ah Yet's cousin was very strict about the boy's being in the house in good season, and about half-past nine he went to the doctor's office and in-

quired if the doctor had sent Ah Yet anywhere. The doctor assured him he had not

"Him no come back—nine o'clock. Maybe he get hurt. Suppose um cable-car ketchee him?"

The doctor told him that probably the lad had stayed longer than usual, being attracted by the shop-windows. The cousin left the office, but grumbled: "No likee! Ah Yet heap good boy. No likee him get hurt."

About half-past ten a ring at the doctor's telephone interrupted our chat. The doctor answered it.

"Hello!"

"Is this Dr. Blake's office?"

"Yes."

"This is the Receiving Hospital. There is a little China-boy here who keeps asking for you. He has been badly hurt, and can't last long."

"I will be right down," said the doctor.

We called the cousin and went down to the Receiving Hospital, where we found poor little Ah Yet. He had been stoned by a crowd of hoodlums, and was sinking rapidly. When he saw us he brightened up.

"Doctor, you sabbee Clismus-tlee?"

"Yes, Ah Yet."

"Me ketchee plesent for Miss Lillee Clismus-tlee." Here he took a packet from the inside of his blouse and gave it to the doctor.

"You no forget Miss Lillee Clismus-tlee?" And the little life was ended.

We opened the packet. It contained some can-

died citron, nuts, and Chinese confections, some gaudy paper flowers, and a hideous doll.

The people at the boarding-house thought it an unusual thing that we gave the little heathen a Christian burial, but we thought Ah Yet's case unusual. What do you think?

SHYLOCK LENDS THE DUCATS.

Extract from "The Merchant of Venice." Arranged for a recitation and contributed by George B. Hynson, Principal of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shylock.—Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio.—Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock.—For three months,—well.

Bassanio.—For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock.—Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bassanio.—May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock.—Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio.—Your answer to that.

Shylock.—Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio.—Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock.—Oh! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argossy bound to Tripolis,

another to the Indies: I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other adventures he hath squandered abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats—I, think I may take his bond.

Bassanio.—Be assured you may.

Shylock.—I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio.—If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock.—Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the Devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Bassanio.—This is Signior Antonio.

[*Exit* Bassanio.

Shylock.—How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Enter BASSANIO *and* ANTONIO.

Bassanio.—[*After a pause.*] Shylock, do you hear?
Shylock.—I am debating of my present store.
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Antonio.—Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?
Shylock.—Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Antonio.—And for three months.
Shylock.—I had forgot:—three months; you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and let me see—But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Antonio.—I do never use it.

Shylock.—When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
—This Jacob from our holy Abram was
The third possessor; ay, he was the third—
Antonio.—And what of him? did he take interest?
Shylock.—No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest.
Antonio.—Mark you this, Bassanio,
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shylock.—Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Antonio.—Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shylock.—Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say.
"Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Antonio.—I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shylock.—Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Antonio.—This were kindness.

Shylock.—This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary; seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Antonio.—Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio.—You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio.—Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months,—that's a month before
This bond expires,—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock.—O, father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Antonio.—Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock.—Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently

I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Antonio.—Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bassanio.—I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Antonio.—Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

SHAKESPEARE.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Contributed by Mrs. E. Elterich, Clayton, Mass.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour,
But the morning dew must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
  The brook through the meadow flows
And over and over again
  The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
  Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
  May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
  Is never so rough to our feet;
And a lesson we once have learned
  Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
  And the heart to its depth be riven
With storm and tempest we need them all
  To render us meet for heaven.

HOW HEZEKIAH STOLE THE SPOONS.

Contributed by Mrs. M. Josephine Ashley, Columbus, Ohio.

IN a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horn"), and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however,

they had to pay over fifty cents! One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh! yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on airth are you all talking about? Ef you calkelate I'm going to pay four and ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't you're mistaken," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I guess I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door and the landlord ready "to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded

to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start."

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' agin it," drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be blowed ef I do, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I am goin' to get the valee on't it; and ef you calkelate I hain't you are mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, etc., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout eat—fetch on another grist on 'em. You" (to the waiter), "'nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is 'mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?" And

thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my devowers to this ere table, but just give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with; I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for a breakfuss and not git no compensashun?"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here I'm going to locate immediately and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says:

"How are yew, gents? I'm glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"P'int him out? Sartenly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew four and ninepence for a breakfuss, and I

calkelate I got the valee on't it! You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot."

"Go ahead! All aboard, driver."

The landlord stared.

THE HUNT.

Extract from "The Love Chase." Contributed by Miss Sara Sigourney Rice, Baltimore, Md.

WHAT delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!
Whose soul, in his task, turns labor into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!
Then the leap!
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it. Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.
And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent!

At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together!—What a pack!
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them—as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up!—enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music!
I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
But then's alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie.
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigor, health, and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbor's glass—where gladness sees itself
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!

THE GIFTS OF AGE.

HOW wilt thou cheer me, age, when, year by year,
The grace and joy of youth are passed away,
And thou has turned the bonnie brown hair gray,

Dimmed the clear eyes, has bid the red lips fade,
And the soft motion of the lithe, soft limbs
Into slow creeping, like the snail's, hast made?

How shall I cheer thee? I will crown thy head
With gleaming silver; for youth's timid sips
Of power give thee the best of all—the power
To comfort; seam thy softly faded face
With deep experience; make thy faltering step
Music most dear within thy dwelling-place.

What wilt thou bring me, age, when from my heart
Thou tak'st the light of youth, who gives the hours
Such brilliant, rapid flight; where all my powers
Shall, one by one, lose the fresh, vigorous play
That makes their excuse a pure delight?
Oh! how I dread to see youth pass away.

What shall I bring thee? I will bring to thee
Long hours of pure companionship, whose wide
And perfect happiness shall with thee bide
Long after earth has passed. I'll bring to thee
Fair memory's afterglow, thy husband's trust,
Thy children's love, thy friend's fidelity.

What canst thou give me, age, to make a life
With thee endurable? Then shall I know
The embers of the passions that now glow
And burn within my fervid heart. Canst thou,
The forerunner of death, find aught to ease
The dread descent foreshadowed on thy brow?

What can I give thee? O, thou doubting heart!
I'll lead thee gently to the welcome grave,
Where thou shalt leave thy body, passion's slave,
Worn out and useless lapped in dreamless rest,
Thy glowing spirit, as it bursts its cell,
Shall own, exultant, age's gifts are best.

A BIG ENOUGH FAMILY.

Contributed by Mrs. A. M. Baldwin, Groton, N. Y.

I THINK there was chilens enough,
  There was Kittie and Pomp and me;
A cat and a dog and a little boy
  Are a big enough family.
We used to have lots of fun, you bet,
  And now we have none at all;
There's something up-stairs in mamma's bed
  A little red thing in a shawl!

If I slide down the banisters,
  Jes' make a little noise,
A woman comes out and pats my head,
  And talks about good little boys.
She wears a white apron and cap
  And 'pears to own the house.
I wonner 'f she thinks a fellow like me
  'S got fur on his feet like a mouse?

They're all the time talking about my nose,
  It's broke on the bridge, they say,
And they were certain sure there'd be
  An accident there some day.

And when I look in the glass they laugh—
  It's funny, I suppose,
But nobody ever did that before
  When anything hurted my nose.

When papa comes in he says, "Hullo,
  You little rat! how's sis?"
He means that wiggly thing up-stairs
  The cook calls "Little Miss,"
That's got the puckers in her skin
  And squinties in her eyes,
And looks like a 'Gyptian mummy,
  Specially when she cries.

Her nose is ten times broker'n mine,
  Don't look like a nose a bit;
It's got little holes, but not any bone,
  And mamma keeps pinching it.
Jack Wilder's got a brother now
  'At can walk and pitch a ball.
Why didn't they get a child like that
  'Stead of that thing in a shawl?

Anyhow, I've got Pomp and Kit,
  They know a lot fer true.
They scoot when they see that woman come
  And that's 'zactly what I do.
She can't catch us, but when she says
  That baby's the image of me,
I wish that Pomp and Kit and I
  Was all the family.

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL.

FAREWEL, ye mountains! ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well;
Through you Johanna never more may stray,
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottoes and ye crystal springs,
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, but ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind;
Poor foldless lambs no shepherd now have you,
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfined;
For I to danger's field of crimson hue
Am summoned hence, another flock to find;
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast,
For who in glory did on Horeb's height,
Descend to Moses in the flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's sight;
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, her champion in the fight,
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,
He from these leafy boughs thus spake to me:
"Go forth! thou shalt on earth my witness be,

Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear,
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be dressed,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair.
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine!
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine,
For when in flight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror.
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliverance bring,
Relieve beleagured Rheims and crown the King."

The Heavenly Spirit promised me a sign,
He sends me the helmet, it hath come from Him.
Its iron fitteth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim. As with a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din.
The clanging trumpets sound the chargers near,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

THE SOUL OF THE VIOLIN.

Contributed by Edgar S. Werner, Editor of "Werner's Magazine," New York.

Scene.—A dingy attic room in a wretched tenement. A bit of candle stuck in an old bottle gives a faint, gloomy light; uncanny shadows move about the room; a rickety chair, a table, a pile of straw that serves for a bed. A man stands by the table lifting a violin from its case. He touches it as men touch the things they love best. He holds it against his hunger-wasted face, and talks to it as if it lived and understood all he said.

"IT has come at last, old comrade, it has come at last—the time when you and I must say good-bye. God knows I wish I could sell myself instead of you. But I am worthless, while you—do you know, my beauty? A Shylock down the street, the man who has all else I own save you, has offered me five hundred dollars if I will give you to him—five hundred dollars to a man who has not a coat to his back, a roof to cover him, or a crumb of bread to eat! Why do I hesitate? You are only some bits of wood and a few trumpery strings—not much for a man to starve for. I have only to run down the stairs with you—a few steps more—hand you over the counter—the thing is done; and I have five hundred dollars. I can leave this wretched, rat-ridden hole. I can have food to eat such as I have not tasted for a year. I can mingle again with the men I used to know. I can be one of them. Five hundred dollars! Why, that is wealth, wondrous

wealth! And all for you—you thing without a stomach. You cannot know hunger, you, body without a soul. Stay—am I sure of that?"

The man passes his fingers over the strings and bends his head to listen. The soft vibrations follow each other like sweet, half-forgotten thoughts.

"Your E-string is a trifle flat," says the man. "Well, it doesn't matter."

He rises hastily, possessed by a sudden determination, opens the case, and is about to thrust the violin inside, when he stops. A faint tremor of sound is still audible. It seems almost like a whisper of pain. The man lifts the violin again in his arms and lays his cheek upon it.

"What, old comrade, does it hurt you, too? Ah! I've wronged you. You have a heart. You can feel. I almost believe you can remember.

"Let me see. How long has it been? Twenty, thirty, thirty-five years. Think of that, old comrade. Thirty-five years! The average lifetime of man we have been together. And I knew you long before that. You were in a funny old shop, kept by a man who had owned you longer than I have. He would show you to the people who came, and allowed them to read your inscription, 'Cremona, 1731.' But he would not sell you. It is not probable that he was ever hungry. I loved you then, you inanimate thing of wood. I loved to hold you and hear you sing. I longed for you, as I had never longed for anything before. One day the old man sent for me.

"'Bring me your old violin,' he said, 'and you shall have the Cremona.'

"'To keep!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said the old man, 'to keep. For I am sure you will keep it. I'm old. Some one else will soon take possession here, and the Cremona might be sold into strange hands. I should not like that. I would rather give it to you.'

"So I took you home with me and sat up half the night drawing the bow softly over your strings. I was the happiest boy in the world, I think. I laid you where, if I waked in the night, I could reach out and touch you. I would not have taken a kingdom in exchange for you then. Ah! but then I was not hungry. What animals we are, after all!"

The man still held the violin against his cheek, passing his hands gently along the strings, and talking on in a dreamy way, as if he scarcely knew that he spoke at all.

"Thirty-five years! and we have seen the world together. We have tasted its sweets and its bitterness. Kings and beggars have listened to you, and both have loved you.

"Do you remember the night in Berlin, when we played the 'Dream,' and the beautiful woman in the box at the right threw a great red rose? It caught upon one of your strings—caught and hung by a thorn. And when I tried to release it, the blood-red petals fell in a shower at my feet. Then we played the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I'm sure you had a heart that night. I could feel it vibrate with the

quivering of your strings. There were tears in many eyes when we had finished, and she—I think the music had taken possession of her. For she rose, crying out:

"'No, no! It is not the last, the world is full of roses. See!' and she threw a great armful of white and red blossoms.

"I wonder if she loved me best, or you? It was in the time of roses, when she, the rose of all the world, lay dead. You must remember that, old comrade. When it was dark, when all the rest had gone and left her, we went to say good-bye. The world was full of roses then, and I heaped them over her. Then you sang. Oh! how you sang. I have always believed that her soul was borne away on the wings of your song, carrying the perfume of the roses with it. The next time we played, some one threw a rose and I set my heel upon it. What right had roses to bloom when she was dead?

"We have done badly since then, you and I. Someway, things ceased to seem worth striving for. And you have been dearer, because you were the only one who knew and understood. And yet I said you had no soul. Forgive me, old comrade! A man is not to be blamed for what he says when he's hungry.

"Ah, what a fool I am; maundering away to an old fiddle when I might be filling my empty stomach!"

The man sprang up, thrust the violin rudely into its case, closed the lid with a bang, seized it and

stopped, listening. The strings were quivering from his rough handling. He heard a sigh, faint as the farewell breath from the lips of a loved one dying. The man set his feet hard, took another step, stopped again. Then, suddenly, he clasped the violin in his arms.

"No, no, I cannot, I cannot. I will not! It may be folly; it is folly. It is madness. No matter. I will not do it, I'm not hungry now."

The man opens the case, lifts the violin again, and holds it in his arms as if it were a child.

"To think that I ever dreamed of selling you, my treasure! But a devil prompted me—the demon of hunger. It is gone now. I am quite content, quite satisfied. Come, sing to me, and I shall be altogether happy."

The man raises the violin and draws the bow.

"Ah! that E-string! There—so—that is better. Now we are all right. And we are happy, are we not? Sing to me of the rose and of her. See! she is in the box yonder, all among her blossoms. She is smiling and throwing us handfuls, red and white. We must do our best, our very best, when she listens."

The man's eyes kindle and burn. His pale cheeks flush. Starvation and rags are far away and forgotten things. He is again the master of music. The foul attic room has widened and brightened into a great, glittering amphitheatre, wherein thousands sit, breathless under the spell of that divine melody. The man's soul is breathing itself upon the strings;

and how they respond! They shiver with sobs; they vibrate with laughter; they shout in exultation.

"Hear! hear! my comrade!" cries the man. "Bravos! encores! Ah, we have conquered the world to-night. How the lights glitter! This is ecstasy—this is heaven!"

Wilder and wilder grows the music. Faster and faster flies the bow.

Snap! a string breaks. Snap! another.

The weird strains sink to a wailing, minor key. The arm that holds the bow grows unsteady. The wild eyes cease their feverish shifting and fasten themselves upon one spot at the right. The tense features relax into a smile. The voice is very low and very tender:

"One more rose, my beauty, my queen of all the world. The lights are growing dim. My sight is failing. I can see only you, only you."

Snap! The last string breaks.

Scene.—The same as at first. The candle, the chair, the table, the straw—yes, and the man, too. But he lies prone upon his face, and under him is a handful of wooden fragments, upon one of which is the inscription—

"Cremona, 1731."

Margaret Mantel Merrill.

THE BABIES ALL ARE GROWN.

THE tiny cradle is empty now,
For the babies all are grown,
And the mother's face wears a mournful smile
As she sits at her work alone
And thinks of the days, so long gone by,
When the house was full of noise,
And echoed and rang, from morn till night,
With the chatter of girls and boys.

They were all so merry and cheerful,
Those children of long ago,
That the house seems strangely silent
Now none of them come and go.
And there's never a sound of laughter
Nor a patter of lightsome feet,
Nor a rock of the little cradle
To be heard in the household neat.

It was not always tidy.
Sometimes 'twas a "sight to see"
In days when the shabby cradle
Was as busy as it could be.
Yet the weary, toil-worn mother,
Who never had time to rest,
Feels now, with a mournful heart-throb,
That those busy times were the best.

Now she can lie late in the morning,
  And she's plenty of time to sew,
And to read, and visit her neighbors.
  And then—why she could not go
To church on a Sunday morning,
  Because of the dinner to get.
But still, as she thinks things over,
  Her tired old eyes are wet.

For her heart was filled with love then,
  And now it is cold and drear
And empty, because the children
  She loved are no longer here.
They have some of them gone to Heaven,
  The others—ah! well-a-day,
They have surely forgotten mother,
  They have been so long away.

Yet oft when they're sad and careworn
  And weary with life's long war,
They would think it almost Heaven
  To see the old home once more.
To tenderly greet the mother
  Who has loved them so well and long,
And to rest in the worn old cradle
  While she crooned a lullaby song.

For the cradle is but a symbol
  Of the wonderful mother-care
Which broods through the whole of nature
  Like a sigh or a whispered prayer.

And there's never a care or a trial,
From birth to the world above,
So stern that it cannot be softened
By the balm of a mother's love.

ETHEL M. COLSON.

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME.

Permission of the author. Arranged and contributed by Mrs. Myrtle Koon Cherryman, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

I AM, or rather, was a minister, and was settled in an active, wide-awake town with a bright parish and a charming young wife. At first it was all delightful, but as my duties increased I found myself leading a double life—one for my parish, whom I loved, and the other for a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. It was then that on my wife's suggestion I looked for a double—some one who would pass for me and fill the many engagements I wanted to shirk. I found him. When he was discovered his name was Dennis Shea, and he was not shaved, had no spectacles, and his style of dress was not at all like mine; but these difficulties were soon surmounted, for, by application to the Judge of Probate, his name was soon changed to Frederick Ingham—my name. As for appearance, he was so much like me that by the united efforts of Polly and myself and a tailor he was made to look the exact image of me. Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches, which were to be his stock in trade:

No. 1.—"Very well, thank you; and you?" (This for an answer to casual salutations.)

No. 2.—"I am very glad you liked it." (This in response to a compliment on a sermon.)

No. 3.—"There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." (This for public meetings when called upon to speak.)

No. 4.—"I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room." (This when asked for an opinion of his own.)

Thus equipped, my double attended a number of conventions and meetings which I was too busy to notice and was very successful. He gained a good reputation for me, and people began to say I was less exclusive than I used to be, and that I was more punctual, less talkative, etc. His success was so great that one evening I risked him at a reception. I could ill afford the time to go, and so I sent him with Polly, who kept her eye on him, and afterward told me about it. He had to take a very talkative lady—Mrs. Jeffries—down to supper, and at sight of the eatables he became a little excited, and attempted one of his speeches to the lady. He tried the shortest one in his most gallant manner: "Very well, I thank you; and you?" Polly, who stood near his chair, was much frightened, as this speech had no connection with anything that had been said, but Mrs. Jeffries was so much engrossed with her own talking that she noticed nothing. She rattled on so busily that Dennis was not obliged to say anything more until the eating was over, when he said, to fill up a

pause: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." This again frightened Polly, but she managed to get him away before he had done anything serious.

After this my double relieved me in so many ways that I grew quite light-hearted. That happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes, and how delightful it was! But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, my double, undid me!

There was some ridiculous new movement on foot to organize some kind of a society, and there was to be a public meeting. Of course I was asked to attend and to speak. After much urging I consented to go and sit on the platform, upon condition that I would not be called upon to make a speech. This was agreed upon, and I went—that is, Dennis went, having been told to say nothing on any subject. He sat resplendent on the platform, and kept his peace during the preliminary exercises, which were rather dry. Governor Blake called the meeting to order, but as he really did not know what the object of the gathering was, he said that there were other gentlemen present who could entertain them better than he. Then there followed an awkward scene, for nobody wanted to speak, and every one that was called upon was either absent or unprepared; and finally a wretched boy in the gallery called out, "Ingham! Ingham!" The Governor thought I would respond, and as nothing had been said so far, he ventured to ask me, saying: "Our friend, Mr. Ingham,

is always prepared, and though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis' head. He rose and tried speech No. 3: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!"

Then he sat down, looking for his hat—for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis still confused, but flattered by the applause, rose again, and this time tried No. 2. "I am very glad you liked it." Which, alas! should only be said when complimented on a sermon. My best friends stared, and people who didn't know me yelled with delight. A boy in the gallery cried out: "It's all humbug!" just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4. "I agree in general, with my friend on the other side of the room." The poor Governor, doubting his senses, crossed to stop him, but too late. The same gallery boy shouted: "How's your mother?" And Dennis was completely lost, tried as his last shot, No. 1. "Very well! thank you; and you?" The audience rose in a whirl of excitement. Some other impertinence from the gallery was aimed at Dennis; he broke all restraint and to finish undoing me, he called out: "Any wan o' ye blatherin' rascals that wants to fight, can come down an' I'll take any five o' yez, single-handed; ye're all dogs and cowords! Sure an' I've said all his Riverance an' the mistress bade me say!"

That was all, my double had undone me.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

FALL IN.

Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, Toledo, Ohio.

FALL in, fall in, old soldiers,
  The reveille is heard,
And bivouac and picket
  Are at the summons stirred;
Fall in, that you may answer
  The roll-call sounding clear,
And when the Sergeant calls your name,
  Prepare to answer, "Here!"

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  And rub your sleepy eyes;
The mists of time are heavy
  Around you as you rise;
The friendships on the muskets sworn,
  Grow rusty as its lock,
Fall in, once more, touch elbows,
  As in the battle's shock.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  By whatever name you bear,
If you've made your march through Georgia
  If at Richmond you were there;
If on Lookout's lofty tablets
  You have writ your name in blood,
If you've turned your hosts at Franklin
  Pouring onward like a flood.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  You who recall that day
At Corinth, on the battle-field—
  The dead around you lay—
When Rosecrans rode down the lines
  To Fuller's old Brigade,
"I take my hat off in the face
  Of men like these," he said.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  You who from Red House Bridge
Moved on to Chickamauga
  When Thomas held the ridge—
Moved on with gallant Steedman
  That day he broke away
Like a lion from his covert,
  When he heard the cannon's bray.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  Perchance you followed well
At Kenesaw with Harker,
  And caught him when he fell;
Perchance you joined the wild, mad cry
  That through the army ran:
"McPherson and revenge!" then smote
  The foemen rear and van.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  A glory crowns you still
For marches under Sherman,
  For raids with "Little Phil;"

Though you swear by Grant, then living,
  Or by saintly Thomas, dead,
There are roses for each bosom,
  There are laurels for each head.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  Each day the lines grow small;
Each day a voice grows silent,
  Heard at the last roll-call;
A comrade's voice makes answer
  Where was heard a manly shout:
"Disabled in the service and
  Awaits his muster out."

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  A few more flying years
The roses will be blowing
  Above your lowly biers.
The roses and the ivy
  And the lonely myrtle climb
Above the sleeping millions
  Plumed and knighted in their time.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
  And fight your battles o'er,
Until above the last, low bier
  The wings of Freedom soar;
Stand hand to hand and heart to heart
  In Fame's eternal care,
Until the Great Reunion
  Unites you over there.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

THE MEETING OF EVANGELINE AND GABRIEL.

Permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Mass.
Contributed by Miss Daisy B. Allen, New York.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the Apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and country. . . .
And her ear was pleased with the thee and thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country
Where all men are equal and all were brothers and sisters.

* * * * * * *

Gabriel was not forgotten. . . .
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent.
Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
Thus for many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected. . . . When the world was asleep,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her
taper.
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the
city.
Wealth had no power to bribe nor beauty to charm
the oppressor,
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger.
Thither by night and by day came the Sister of
Mercy.
Thus on a Sabbath morn. . . .
. . . . she entered the door of the almshouse,
Something within her said "at length thy trials are
ended."
And with a light in her looks, she entered the
chambers of sickness,
Moistened the feverish lip and the aching brow and
in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead. . . .
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder
still she stood, . . .
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terri-
ble anguish,
That the dying heard it and started up from their
pillows.
On a pallet before her was stretched the form of an
old man.

Long and thin and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood.
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay. . . .
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld in a dream once more the home of his childhood.

* * * * * * *

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision,
Tears came to his eyes. . . .
Vainly he strove to utter her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips and laid his head on her shoulder.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness. . . .
All was ended now, the hope, the fear, and the sorrow.

* * * * * * *

All the dull pain and constant anguish of patience.
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own and murmured "Father, I thank Thee."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LEAP-YEAR MISHAPS.

Contributed by Miss Mary T Marshall, Philadelphia.

I HAVE always thought it strange that good, pious, well-meaning folks should always kinder look down on an old maid as if she was to blame for being born in a country where there are so many more women than men. If I had any voice in the matter I should want to be born out in Dakota, where women are as scarce as white black-birds, and a single woman needn't stay single a day longer unless she wanted to. The other day I got me an almanac and I saw that it was leap-year. What a thrill it gave me; my heart leaped right up in my mouth and I felt almost as much upset as when John Kenney come so near popping the question to me that he popped it to Sister Marthy instead.

As I got to thinking it over, I concluded it would be a sin and shame if I for one did not take advantage of the change; for Ringville where I live has fifteen old maids and twenty-four widows, and they can't get a single minister to come there to preach

even on trial, for fear all the women will want to marry him. I thought over all the unmarried men I knew; there was Major Webster, he had three wives and eleven children, and had lost a leg in the war; but then a one-legged man is better than none; half a loaf is better than no bread. The Major is deaf and uses an ear-trumpet to talk with and he has a deaf housekeeper, so one can't laugh at the other. Then there was Simon Snazer; he is an old bachelor, and so bashful that he used to stay out in the entry of the meeting-house, and bolt for home the minute the sermon was over, for fear that some of the female women would be put to sit beside him in the pew. He lived alone, and cooked his own victuals, and kept a cat and dog for company, and as I got to thinking it over I concluded that the poor fellow would be tickled to death to change his condition.

Then there was Abner Golding; his wife ran away with a sewing-machine agent, and left him a male grass-widower, with five small children and the rheumatics in his back.

Well I decided to take the Major first. I saw his deaf housekeeper going to the sewing meeting, so I fixed myself up and went over to his house.

The Major came to the door. "She ain't home," said he.

"I don't want to see her," said I, shouting into the trumpet he put up for me to talk into; "I want to speak to you."

"Got two," said he, "who has got two?"

"I want to speak to y-o-u," said I, standing on tip-toe and yelling so that the false bang on my forehead actually rose up.

"I owe you," said he. "It's a lie, I don't owe a sixpence."

"Let me come in and I'll explain," for just then I saw that Rimes boy coming up the road, and I knew he would listen, so I pushed right past the Major, he moving slowly with that wooden leg of his. "Major," says I, filling myself full of wind, "have you ever thought of marrying again?"

"Hey?" says he, pointing his trumpet at me.

"Do you want a wife?" says I.

"Where's my wife?" says he; "why, Mary Anne, you know there all dead long ago."

"Do you want another?" says I, feeling as if I'd give five cents if some one 'd take a pair of bellows and blow some breath in me.

"Want a mother," says he, "what do I want with a mother? I'm old enough to take care of myself I reckon."

"Land of compassion," says I, "who said anything about you wanting a mother? Would you like to change your condition?" and this time I screeched so loud that the plates rattled and my ears rung for a week. I had never before realized what a serious thing it was to court a deaf man. Just then the door opened and in walked that housekeeper of hisn, looking as mad as a hornet.

I suppose she had got wind of me being at the Major's, and come to see what I was about.

"Good gracious, Mary Anne, who'd ever thought of seeing you?" and she was as sweet as new milk though she hates me like all get out.

"I'm glad you have come, I can't make the Major understand nothing; I just come over to see if I could get some eggs." I hope the Lord as knows how lonely it is to be an old maid will forgive me for that fib.

"We have none," says she, and after a few more civil remarks I left.

Well I cut across lots to Abner Golding's. Abner has five small children; and the minute I went in they all rushed on me and daubed me with molasses and orange-juice, and wiped their fingers on my shawl and spoilt my fixes generally. Abner was all doubled up with rheumatics and walked with a cane, and the house smelled of arnica enough to choke you, and I made up my mind if ever I did come there to live I'd fumigate that house and see if I could improve it. Well, I stated my business to Abner and he smiled and says, kinder sly: "I'm sorry, but the widow Pendergast was here last week, and the first come first served, you know."

It didn't take me long to get out of there, I can tell you, and I made a bee line for Simon Snazer's. When I got in sight of the house I saw that the window blinds were all shut up. Could it be that Simon was dead or moved away and I not heard of it? I rattled at the gate but couldn't move a peg, and I had to climb over the picket-fence; and I tore the trimming off the skirt of my dress. I rapped at the front door,

ditto at the other, and I rattled at the latch, and I went to the barn and I yelled "Mr. Snazer;" only echo replied. I came back to the house and tried to shove up the windows; I dragged an old hen-coop from the back of the house, and I think I could have managed to histe the kitchen window, but just then I heard a voice, and looking up, I spied Simon, peeping through the attic window.

"You can go home," says he. "I sha'n't come down, I won't. You are the fifth woman here this week, and every one wanting to get married. I can cook my own victuals, mend my own clothes, and I dont want a wife. I am as happy as a clam. Go home; if I was going to get married I wouldn't marry an old maid that was bald-headed and lank as a fence rail."

And he slammed down the window. Well now I tell you, I was mad clean through, and I was still madder when his dog rushed out barking like all possessed, and followed me clean past where the sewing society was meeting, and all those women rushed out and saw me with Simon Snazer's dog following after me. Some of them had been there themselves, and they know what it meant. Now they are telling it all around that I have been trying to pop to Simon, but it ain't so, I never said a word to him, and I want the whole of them to understand it.

THE TEACHER'S DIADEM.

SITTING 'mid the gathering shadows, weary with the Sabbath's care;
Weary with the Sabbath's burdens, that she dearly loves to bear;
For, she sees a shining pathway, and she gladly presses on;
'Tis the first Great Teacher's footprints—it will lead where He has gone;
With a hand that's never faltered, with a love that's ne'er grown dim,
Long and faithfully she's labored, to His fold the lambs to bring.

But to-night her soul grows heavy; through the closed lids fall the tears,
As the children pass before her, that she's taught these many years;
And she cries in bitter anguish: "Shall not one to me be given,
To shine upon my coronet amid the hosts of heaven?
Hear my prayer to-night, my Saviour, in Thy glorious home above;
Give to me some little token—some approval of Thy love."

Ere the words were scarcely uttered, banishing the evening gloom,
Came a soft and shining radiance, bright'ning all within the room;

And an angel in white raiment, brighter than the morning sun,
Stood before her, pointing upward, while he softly whispered, "Come."
As he paused, she heard the rustle of his starry pinions bright,
And she quickly rose and followed, out into the stilly night;

Up above the dim blue ether; up above the silver stars;
On, beyond the golden portals; through the open pearly doors;
Far across the sea of crystal, to the shining sapphire Throne,
Where she heard amid the chorus, "Welcome, child; thy work's well done."
Surely 'tis her Saviour speaking; 'tis His hands, aye, 'tis His feet;
And she cries: "Enough! I've seen Him; all my joys are now complete."

All forgot earth's care and sorrow; all forgot the starry crown;
'Twas enough e'en to be near Him; to behold Him on His Throne.
"Not enough," the Saviour answered; "thou wouldst know through all these years,
If in vain has been thy teaching, all thy labor and thy prayers;

That from thee the end was hidden, did thy faith in me grow less?
Thou hast asked some little token, I will grant thee thy request."

From out a golden casket, inlaid with many a gem,
He took—glist'ning with countless jewels—a regal diadem;
Bright a name shone in each jewel, names of many scholars dear,
Who she thought had passed unheeded all her earnest thought and care.
"But," she asked, "how came these names here—names I never saw before?"
And the Saviour, smiling, answered, "'Tis the fruit thy teachings bore;

"'Tis the seed thy love hath planted, tended by my faithful hand;
Though unseen by thee, it's budded, blossoming in many lands.
Here are names from darkened Egypt, names from Afric's desert sands;
Names from isles amid the ocean, names from India's sunny strands;
Some from Greenland's frozen mountains, some from burning tropic plains;
From where'er man's found a dwelling, here you'll find some chosen name.

When thine earthly mission's ended, that in love to thee was given,
This is the crown of thy rejoicing, that awaits thee here in heaven."

Suddenly the bright light faded; all was dark within the room;
And she sat amid the shadows of the Sabbath evening gloom;
But a peaceful, holy incense rested on her soul like dew;
Though the end from her was hidden, to her Master she'd be true;
Sowing seed at morn and even, pausing not to count the gain;
If her bread was on the waters, God would give it back again;
If the harvest she had toiled for other hands than hers should reap,
He'd repay her for her labor, who had bade her, "Feed my sheep."

LYRIC OF ACTION.

Contributed by Austin H. Merrill, Instructor in Elocution at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

'TIS the part of a coward to brood
O'er a past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,

Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the
soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can re-bloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires,
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may
gain,
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in
vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the hearts's music be fled?
Still shines the fair heavens o'erhead,
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

FLOWERS.

Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Contributed by Miss Albertina Oakley, Instructor in Elocution at Hellmuth College, London, Canada.

SPAKE full well, in languge quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours—
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
  Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
  Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
  Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
  Tender wishes blossoming at night;

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
  Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
  Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us they are glowing—
  Some, like stars, to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
  Stand like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in spring's armorial bearing,
  And in summer's green-emblazon'd field,
But in arms of brave old autumn's wearing
  In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
  On the mountain-top and by the brink
Of sequester'd pools in woodland valleys,
  Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink,

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
  Not on graves of bird and beast alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes carved in stone.

In the cottage of the rudest peasant;
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Game of flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE TRAVELER AND THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Contributed by Frank W. Shoemaker, of The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. From "Ships that Pass in the Night."

COUNTLESS ages ago a Traveler, much worn with journeying, climbed the last bit of rough road which led to the summit of a high mountain. There was a temple on that mountain, and the Traveler had vowed that he would reach it before death prevented him. He knew the journey was long, and the road rough. He knew that the

mountain was the most difficult of ascent of that mountain chain called "The Ideals." But he had a strongly-hoping heart and a sure foot. He lost all sense of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope.

"Even if I faint by the wayside," he said to himself, "and am not able to reach the summit, still it is something to be on the road which leads to the High Ideals." That was how he comforted himself when he was weary. He never lost more hope than that—and surely that was little enough.

And now he had reached the temple.

He rang the bell, and an old white-haired man opened the gate. He smiled sadly when he saw the Traveler.

"And yet another one," he murmured. "What does it all mean?"

The Traveler did not hear what he murmured.

"Old white-haired man," he said, "tell me; and so I have come at last to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge? I have been journeying hither all my life. Ah, but it is hard work climbing up to the Ideals!"

The old man touched the Traveler on the arm. "Listen," he said, gently. "This is not the Temple of Knowledge. And the Ideals are not a chain of mountains; they are a stretch of plains, and the Temple of Knowledge is in their centre. You have come the wrong road. Alas! poor Traveler."

The light in the Traveler's eyes had faded. The hope in his heart died. And he became old and withered. He leaned heavily on his staff.

"Can one rest here?" he asked, wearily.

"No."

"Is there a way down the other side of these mountains?"

"No."

"What are these mountains called?"

"They have no name."

"And the temple—how do you call the temple?"

"It has no name."

"Then I call it the Temple of Broken Hearts," said the Traveler.

And he turned and went. But the old white-haired man followed him.

"Brother," he said, "you are not the first to come here, but you may be the last. Go back to the plains, and tell the dwellers in the plains that the Temple of True Knowledge is in their very midst; any one may enter it who chooses; the gates are not even closed. The temple has always been in the plains, in the very heart of life, and work, and daily effort. The philosopher may enter, the stone-breaker may enter. You must have passed it every day of your life—a plain, venerable building, unlike our glorious cathedrals."

"I have seen the children playing near it," said the Traveler. "When I was a child I used to play there. Ah! if I had only known! Well, the past is the past."

He would have rested against a huge stone, but that the old white-haired man prevented him.

"Do not rest," he said. "If you once rest there

you will not rise again. When you once rest, you will know how weary you are."

"I have no wish to go further," said the Traveler. "My journey is done; it may have been in the wrong direction, but still it is done."

"Nay, do not linger here," urged the old man. "Retrace your steps. Though you are broken-hearted yourself, you may save others from breaking their hearts. Those whom you meet on this road you can turn back. Those who are but starting in this direction you can bid pause and consider how mad it is to suppose that the Temple of True Knowledge should have been built on an isolated and dangerous mountain. Tell them that, although God seems hard, He is not as hard as all that. Tell them that the Ideals are not a mountain range, but their own plains, where their great cities are built, and where the corn grows, and where men and women are toiling, sometimes in sorrow and sometimes in joy."

"I will go," said the Traveler.

And he started.

But he had grown old and weary. And the journey was long, and the retracing of one's steps is more tiresome than the tracing of them. The ascent, with all the vigor and hope of life to help him, had been difficult enough; the descent, with no vigor and no hope to help him, was almost impossible.

So that it was not probable that the Traveler lived to reach the plains. But whether he reached them or not, still he had started.

And not many Travelers do that.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

Contributed by G. Hudson Makuen, M. D., Philadelphia.

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
That curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad.
Too easily impressed; she liked what'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,

The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Contributed by the author, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Pacific Beach, Cal.

THE floor had been swept and the furniture dusted,
The table white spread in the neat dining-hall;
The cakes on the pantry-shelf, pure snowy crusted,
And pies—custard, pumpkin, mince, apple, and all,
With pans full of doughnuts and cookies, were waiting
To fill up the table in splendid array.
The chickens and turkeys were quietly baking,
And all things were ready for Thanksgiving Day.

Once again Grandma Snow looked in at the baking,
While Grandpa looked anxiously out at the door,
Some tenderer thoughts in their bosoms awaking
Of life's holy mission so soon to be o'er.
At last all was done. By the fire brightly burning
They sat, those two loving ones, aged and gray,
And talked of the children now gladly returning
To father and mother this Thanksgiving Day.

"It's time they were comin', why, do you know, mother,
It seems but a day since the children were here?
A bright, noisy group, playing tag with each other,
And now they come home to us just once a year.
Little Mary will come, our dear little Mary—
Who'd think of our baby as going away

With a stranger; and Tom, from the distant prairie—
Ah! well, they'll be with us this Thanksgiving Day.

"And Dick, from down South, with his fine pretty lady,
I hope she won't scorn us and our humble home."
"And Florence," said Grandma, "will come with her baby,
And Susan, with all the dear children, will come.
Well, well! they will find us here ready to meet them,
We keep the nest warm when our birds are away,
And in the dear home of their childhood we'll greet them
At least once a year on the Thanksgiving Day.

"The years seem so bright since you brought me here, Peter,
Your love made them peaceful and happy and long."
"And May," said he, "you are dearer and sweeter
Than ever you were in the years that are gone.
We've come down the hill of life's journey together,
Through sunshine and shade, side by side, all the way,
Your lover, who told you his love by the river,
Is your true lover still on this Thanksgiving Day.

"When our last one left us, dear heart, how we missed her,
But now they're all settled in homes of their own,
Our life work is finished," he bent over and kissed her,
"In the empty home-nest we are waiting alone."
With his arm round her waist, her head on his shoulder,
His hand clasping hers in the old loving way,
They're roaming once more by the stream where he told her
His love long ago on a Thanksgiving Day.

He is telling it over, the sweet, olden story,
Forgetting the years and the sorrows between;
The sunlight creeps in with a halo of glory—
Creeps in through the window—unheeded, unseen.
There's a rumbling of wheels, and glad, happy voices,
Men, women, and children in festive array
Come up the long walk; how each fond heart rejoices
In this glad reunion on Thanksgiving Day.

His hand clasping hers, the aged couple sitting,
The room has grown chill, for the fire has gone out.
The kitten is playing with grandmother's knitting,
They heed not the children who gather about;
They heed not, they care not, for over the river
The dusky-winged angel hath borne them away.
Hand in hand, side by side, crossed over together,
Life crowned with eternity's Thanksgiving Day.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

A CLOCK'S STORY.

Contributed by Henry Dixon, Chicago, Illinois.

"THERE, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded, stupid carelessness."

"She—"

"She! You fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket-agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket-agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh! the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer,

"O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh! how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see it was a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn, old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket-agent came he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So after the second day they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train that never stopped at the poor-house.

DOT DUTCHMAN IN DER MOON.

Contributed by the author, E. Carson Thorpe, Pacific Beach, Cal.

[By looking closely, one may discover two girls' faces instead of the face of a man in the moon.]

I GOT soom leedle schokes to tells,
  Mit dot Dutchman in der moon,
Vot nods, und schmiles, und vinks hees eye·
  Heem got troubles, pooty soon.

Heem haf sooch roundt und jolly face,
  Dose schmile heem vas so schveet,
Heem vinks hees eye, und maken lofe
  Py effery girl heem meet.

Dhere mooters keeps dhem in at night.
  Und lock dhem in dher house;
But ouf der vas soom vinders dhere,
  Dot didn't mox nix ouse.

Heem beep in through der schingles,
  Und der vinders ouf der room,
Und effery girl her falls in lofe
  Mine dot Dutchman in der moon.

Heem catch old Hans a-napping,
  Und Gretchen's mooter, too,
Und maken lofe to Gretchen
  Mine oop-sthairs vinder through.

I grab my double-gun-parrel-shot
  Und point it at hees eye;
Heem looken schmart, und dells me "vait,"
  Und pooty soon, pym-py,
Heem tells me he haf got soom fraus,
  Two ouf dhem, in der sky.

"I pring dhem oud for you to see."
  He schumps a cloudt pehindt,
Und sooch a sight, py schiminy!
  I dhinks me I gone blindt.

For ven dose clouds gone py, I see
  Two girls, vot look so schveet,
Mine hat I dakes mine headt ouf,
  Und pows me to mine feet.

Now vat you dhinks, dose pooty girls
  Dhey locks dot oldt man oop,
Und dakes der front seat in der moon;
  Dot Dutchman's in der soup.

THEM OXEN.

A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Arranged and contributed by Miss Alice F. Raymond, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

LA! Sakes! I'll never forgit them oxen, no, never! Even if I live to be old enough to forgit my name, as some folks say you will, I shall never forgit them oxen. Ezekiel raised 'em hisself and

broke 'em in with his own hand, and if ever a man knew how to break in oxen it was Ezekiel Weeks, if I do say it myself. He used to say that they could move anything that was loose—it was wonderful the strength they did have, but long ago they went the way of all flesh, same as poor Ezekiel hisself. When Ezekiel Weeks first began to pay attention to me, them oxen was just in their prime, and Ezekiel hisself was just of age. Father was rether 'posed to our makin' a go of it and when finally Ezekiel he popped the question to me and I told him I was willin' if he could git father's consent, father he came right down flat on all our hopes with a great big "No!" That was in the spring, and it was the last I see of Ezekiel for a long time, but I didn't feel a mite worried, for at our partin' Ezekiel had simply 'lowed "we'd better wait awhile." In a little while we heard that he had bought a farm next to his father's and wos a setten' up for hisself.

One of the neighbors said that Ezekiel allowed as "them oxen had pulled everything he'd ever hitched 'em to yit, and he reckoned they could pull the mortgage off that farm."

The next fall father set about movin' his barn. Sias Brown had lent his oxen for a day and with father's yoke they thought they'd have no trouble.

Well, they set to work and got the barn around all right but about a quarter of a turn and there it stuck.

"If I wuz you," says Sias, "I'd go over and git Zeke Weeks' yoke," says he.

"No, I won't do it," says father, "not if I have to let the old barn stand right there."

But he didn't mean quite that, for the barn had got to be set straight now that work had begun, so after a good deal of scolding father sets out to get Ezekiel and them oxen.

I shall never forgit them oxen.

"Zeke," says father, "my barn's stuck and I want you to come over with them oxen of yourn and help pull it around."

"Squire Runson," says Ezekiel, "kin I have Keziah?" meanin' me, "'cause if I can't," says he, "my oxen can't move your barn."

"Well, if them oxen of yourn can move my barn alone you kin have Keziah," says he.

"Then they'll move it," says Ezekiel, "if it ain't took to root."

So Ezekiel he come over with them oxen of his. I shall never forgit them, never; and hitched 'em to the corner of the barn. Me and mother went out to look on.

Ezekiel made sure that everything was all right and then he took his place at the head of the yoke and gave the word for them oxen to start. As good old Parson Dunlow used to say, "It were a most critical period."

Them oxen bent for'd until they had the chain pulled tight, and then they bent to and pulled. Oh! I kin see 'em this minute.

"Hoy," says Ezekiel, "Hoy!" And then how they pulled; their eyes bulged out, their tails

straightened like pump-handles, you could fairly hear their bones crack. But I didn't know what them oxen could do.

"Hoy," says Ezekiel again, "Hoy!"

They was a pullin' together like one critter not givin' a hairsbreadth of slack and something began to creak.

"Hoy," says Ezekiel, "Hoy!"

And that time told the story. Them oxen seemed to double right up; their noses touched the ground, they fairly groaned. I reckon that effort would have been the last, but the creakin' suddenly growed louder and them oxen walked right off with that barn. I shall never forgit them oxen!

Father was never no hand to swear much, but he said "he'd be goshed if he'd ever seen the like."

And Ezekiel, after he had got that barn pulled around, he come and took me by the hand and says, says he,

"Kiziah, you're mine and them oxen have won ye!"

I never was so proud in my life, and father, as he was a man of his word, he allowed it were a fair dicker. No, I shall never forgit them oxen, as I said before, even if I should grow old enough to forgit my name, I shall never forgit them oxen.

HAGAR.

Permission of "The Cosmopolitan," New York. Contributed by Miss Florence Erwin, Canton, Ohio.

GO back! How dare you follow me beyond
The door of my poor tent? Are you afraid
That I have stolen something? See! my hands
Are empty, like my heart. I am no thief!
The bracelets and the golden finger-rings
And silver anklets that you gave to me,
I cast upon the mat before my door,
And trod upon them. I would scorn to take
One trinket with me in my banishment
That would recall a look or tone of yours,
My lord, my generous lord, who sends me forth,
A loving woman, with a loaf of bread
And jug of water on my shoulder laid,
To thirst and hunger in the wilderness!
Go back!
Go back to Sara! See! she stands
Watching us there, behind the flowering date,
With jealous eyes, lest my poor hands should steal
One farewell touch from yours. Go back to her,
And say that Hagar has a heart as proud,
If not so cold, as hers; and, though it breaks,
It breaks without the sound of sobs, without
The balm of tears to ease its pain. It breaks—
It breaks, my lord, like iron: hard, but clean;
And, breaking, asks no pity. If my lips
Should let one plea for mercy slip between

These words that lash you with a woman's scorn,
My teeth should bite them off, and I would spit
Them at you, laughing, though all red and warm
with blood.
"Cease!" do you say? No, by the gods
Of Egypt, I do swear that if my eyes
Should let one tear melt through their burning lids,
My hands should pluck them out; and if these
hands,
Groping outstretched in blindness, should by chance
Touch yours, and cling to them against my will,
My Ishmael should cut them off, and, blind
And maimed, my little son should lead me forth
Into the wilderness to die. Go back!

Does Sara love you as I did, my lord?
Does Sara clasp and kiss your feet, and bend
Her haughty head in worship at your knee?
Ah! Abraham, you were a god to me.
If you but touched my hand my foolish heart
Ran down into the palm, and throbbed, and thrilled,
Grew hot and cold, and trembled there; and when
You spoke, though not to me, my heart ran out
To listen through my eager ears and catch
The music of your voice and prison it
In memory's murmuring shell. I saw no fault
Nor blemish in you, and your flesh to me
Was dearer than my own. There is no vein
That branches from your heart, whose azure course
I have not followed with my kissing lips.
I would have bared my bosom like a shield

To any lance of pain that sought your breast.
And once, when you lay ill within your tent,
No taste of water, or of bread, or wine
Passed through my lips; and all night long I lay
Upon the mat before your door to catch
The sound of your dear voice, and scarcely dared
To breathe, lest she, my mistress, should come forth
And drive me angrily away; and when
The stars looked down with eyes that only stared
And hurt me with their lack of sympathy,
Weeping, I threw my longing arms around
Benammi's neck. Your good horse understood
And gently rubbed his face against my head,
To comfort me. But if you had one kind,
One loving thought of me in all that time,
That long, heart-breaking time, you kept it shut
Close in your bosom as a tender bud
And did not let it blossom into words.
Your tenderness was all for Sara. Through
The door, kept shut against my love, there came
No message to poor Hagar, almost crazed
With grief lest you should die. Ah! you have been
So cruel and so cold to me, my lord;
And now you send me forth with Ishmael,
Not on a journey through a pleasant land
Upon a camel, as my mistress rides,
With kisses, and sweet words, and dates and wine,
But cast me off, and sternly send me forth
Into the wilderness with these poor gifts—
A jug of water and—a loaf of bread—
That sound was not a sob; I only lost

My breath and caught it hard again. Go back!
Why do you follow me? I am a poor
Bondswoman, but a woman still, and these
Sad memories, so bitter and so sweet,
Weigh heavily upon my breaking heart
And make it hard, my lord—for me to go.
"Your god commands it?" Then my gods, the gods
Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.
Isis and good Osiris never gave
Command like this, that breaks a woman's heart,
To any prince in Egypt. Come with me
And let us go and worship them, dear lord.

Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara loves
The touch of costly linen and the scent
Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind
Her brow with golden fillets, and perfume
Her hair with ointment. Sara loves the sound
Of many cattle lowing on the hills;
And Sara loves the slow and stealthy tread
Of many camels moving on the plains.
Hagar loves you. Oh! come with me, dear lord.
Take but your staff and come with me; your mouth
Shall drink my share of water from this jug
And eat my share of bread with Ishmael;
And from your lips I will refresh myself
With love's sweet wine from tender kisses pressed.
Ah! come, dear lord. Oh! come, my Abraham.
Nay, do not bend your cold, stern brows on me
So frowningly; it was not Hagar's voice

That spoke those pleading words.
Go back! Go back.
And tell your god I hate him, and I hate
The cruel, craven heart that worships him
And dares not disobey. Ha! I believe
'Tis not your far-off, bloodless god you fear
But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow me!
Go back to Sara. See! she beckons now,
Hagar loves not a coward; you do well
To send me forth into the wilderness,
Where hatred hath no weapon keen enough
That held within a woman's slender hand
Could stab a coward to the heart.
I go!
I go, my lord; proud that I take with me
Of all your countless herds by Hebron's brook,
Of all your Canaan riches, naught but this—
A jug of water and a loaf of bread.
And now, by all of Egypt's gods, I swear
If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake
My feet would tread upon this bitter bread,
My hands would pour this water on the sands;
And leave this jug as empty as my heart
Is empty now of all the reverence
And overflowing love it held for you.
I go!
But I will teach my little Ishmael
To hate his father for his mother's sake.
His bow shall be the truest bow that flies
Its arrows through the desert air. His feet
The fleetest on the desert's burning sands;

Aye! Hagar's son a desert prince shall be,
Whose hand shall be against all other men;
And he shall rule a fierce and mighty tribe,
Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs will scorn
The chafing curb of bondage, like the fleet
Wild horses of Arabia.
I go!
But like this loaf that you have given me,
So shall your bread taste bitter with my hate;
And like the water in this jug, my lord,
So shall the sweetest water that you draw
From Canaan's wells, taste salty with my tears.

Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty gods
Will go with me, and my avengers be.
And in whatever distant land your god,
Your cruel god of Israel, is known,
There, too, the wrongs that you have done this day
To Hagar and your first-born, Ishmael,
Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and hiss
Like adders at the name of Abraham.

ELIZA POITEVENT NICHOLSON.

AN EASTER WITH PAREPA.

Contributed by Frederick Immen, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WHEN Parepa was here she was everywhere the people's idol. The great opera houses in all our cities and towns were thronged. There were none to criticise or carp. Her young, rich, grand voice was beyond compare. Its glorious tones are

remembered with an enthusiasm like that which greeted her when she sung.

Her company played in New York during the Easter holidays, and I, as an old friend, claimed some of her leisure hours. We were friends in Italy, and this Easter day was to be spent with me.

At eleven in the morning she sang at one of the large churches; I waited for her, and at last we two were alone in my snug little room. At noon the sky was overcast and gray. Down came the snow, whitening the streets and roofs. The wind swept icy breaths from the water as it came up from the bay and rushed past the city spires and over tall buildings, whirling around us the snow and storm. We had hurried home, shut and fastened our blinds, drawn close the curtains, and piled coal higher on the glowing grate. We had taken off our wraps, and now sat close to the cheery fire for a whole afternoon's blessed enjoyment.

Parepa said, "Mary, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four hours."

"Yes, four long hours!" I replied. "No rehearsals, no engagements. Nobody knows where you are!"

Parepa laughed merrily at this idea.

"Dinner shall be served in this room, and I won't allow even the servant to look at you!" I said.

She clasped her dimpled hands together, like a child in enjoyment, and then sprang up to roll the little centre-table near the grate.

The snow had now turned into sleet; a great chill fell over the whole city. We looked out of our win-

dows, peeping through the shutters, and pitying the people as they rushed past.

A sharp rap on my door. John thrust in a note.

"My Dear Friend:—Can you come? Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried at four."

I laid the poor little blotted note in Parepa's hand. How it stormed! We looked into each other's faces helplessly. I said, "Dear, I must go, but you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours. And poor Annie has gone!"

"Tell me about it, Mary, for I am going with you," she answered.

She threw on her heavy cloak, wound her long white woolen scarf closely about her throat, drew on her woolen gloves, and we set out together in the wild Easter storm.

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and sewed for me and my friends. She was left a widow when her one little girl was five years old. Her husband was drowned off the Jersey coast, and out of blinding pain and loss and anguish had grown a sort of idolatry for the delicate, beautiful child whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had loved and worked for Annie, her whole being going out to bless her one child. I had grown fond of them; and in small ways, with books and flowers, outings and simple pleasures, I had made myself dear to them. The

end of the delicate girl's life had not seemed so near, though her doom had been hovering about her for years.

I had thought it all over as I took the Easter lilies from my window-shelf and wrapped them in thick papers and hid them out of the storm under my cloak. I knew there would be no other flowers in their wretched room. How endless was the way to this East-Side tenement house! No elevated roads, no rapid transit across the great city then as there are now. At last we reached the place. On the street stood the canvas-covered hearse, known only to the poor.

We climbed flight after flight of narrow dark stairs to the small upper rooms. In the middle of the floor stood a stained coffin, lined with stiff, rattling cambric and cheap gauze, resting on uncovered trestles of wood.

We each took the mother's hand and stood a moment with her, silent. All hope had gone out of her face. She shed no tears, but as I held her cold hand I felt a shudder go over her, but she neither spoke nor sobbed.

The driving storm had made us late, and the plain, hard-working people sat stiffly against the walls. Some one gave us chairs and we sat close to the mother.

The minister came in, a blunt, hard-looking man, self-sufficient and formal. A woman said the undertaker brought him. Icier than the pitiless storm outside, yes, colder than ice were his words. He read

a few verses from the Bible, and warned "the bereaved mother against rebellion at the divine decrees." He made a prayer and was gone.

A dreadful hush fell over the small room. I whispered to the mother and asked: "Why did you wait so long to send for me. All this would have been different."

With a kind of stare, she looked at me.

"I can't remember why I didn't send," she said, her hand to her head, and added: "I seemed to die, too, and forget, till they brought a coffin. Then I knew it all."

The undertaker came and bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa, as if to say: "It's time to go." The wretched funeral service was over.

Without a word Parepa rose and walked to the head of the coffin. She laid her white scarf on an empty chair, threw her cloak back from her shoulders, where it fell in long, soft, black lines from her noble figure like the drapery of mourning. She laid her soft, fair hand on the cold forehead, passed it tenderly over the wasted delicate face, looked down at the dead girl a moment, and moved my Easter lilies from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illumined eyes sang the glorious melody:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take her to thy care."

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in all its richness and power and pity and beauty! She looked

above the dingy room and the tired faces of men and women, the hard hands and the struggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the Easter music of that day.

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft dark hair, and sang on—and on—"Take—oh! take her to thy care!"

The mother's face grew rapt and white. I held her hands and watched her eyes. Suddenly she threw my hand off and knelt at Parepa's feet, close to the wooden trestles. She locked her fingers together, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed aloud that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came back into her poor, dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond all interpretation or human speech. I led her back to her seat as the last glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and sorrow.

And I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with a greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of the angels.

That same night thousands listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies, and Parepa's own face was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the enthusiasm, but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odors of Easter flowers, the sea of smiling faces, and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim

light of a tenement window the singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenance of the poor on-lookers, and the mother's wide, startled, tearful eyes; I could only hear above the sleet on the roof and on the storm outside Parepa's voice singing up to heaven: "Take, oh! take her to thy care!"

MYRA S. DELANO.

DIVINITY.

Contributed by Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June), Editor of The New Cycle, New York City.

GOD of the granite and the rose,
  Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
  Through all Thy creatures out from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers;
  Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
  Its glory streams in stars and suns.
Oh, ye who sit and gaze on life
  With folded hands and pensive will;
Who only see amid the strife
  The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that like birds and bees and flowers
  The life that moves you is divine.
Nor time, nor space, nor mortal powers
  Your godlike spirit can confine.
God of the granite and the rose,
  Soul of the sparrow and the bee,

The mighty tide of being flows
  Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,
  An endless sea without a shore,
Till men and angels, stars and suns
  Unite to praise Thee evermore.

JOCK JOHNSTONE THE TINKLER.

Contributed by S. H. Clark, Instructor in Elocution at the Chicago University, Chicago, Illinois.

"OH, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
  Or down the King's Road of the cleuch?
Or saw ye a Knight and a lady bright,
  Wha hae gane the gate they baith shall rue?

"I saw a knight and a lady bright
  Ride up the cleuch at the break of day;
The knight upon a coal-black steed,
  And the dame on one of the silver gray.

"And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
  With many a clang of silver bell:
Swift as the raven's morning flight,
  The two went scouring ower the fell.

"By this time they are man and wife,
  And standing in St. Mary's fane;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
  A maid you will never see again."

"But I can tell thee, saucy wight—
  And that the runaways shall prove—
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
  As maiden charms or maiden's love."

"Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,
  Good faith some clinking there will be;
Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,
  If I winna turn and ride with thee!"

They whipp'd out ower the shepherd cleuch,
  And down the links o' the Corsecleuch burn;
And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
  To win his love or ne'er return.

"Fight first your rival, Lord Douglas,
  And then brag after, if you may;
For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord
  As ever gave good weapon sway.

"But I for ae poor siller merk,
  Or thirteen pennies an' a bawbee,
Will tak in hand to fight you baith,
  Or beat the winner, whiche'er it be."

The Douglas turn'd him on his steed,
  And I wat a loud laughter leuch he:—
"Of all the fools I have ever met,
  Man, I hae never met ane like thee.

"Art thou akin to lord or knight,
  Or courtly squire or warrior leal?"

"I am a tinkler," quo the wight,
"But I like crown-cracking unco weel."

When they came to St. Mary's kirk,
The chaplain shook for very fear;
And aye he kiss'd the cross, and said,
"What deevil has sent that Douglas here!"

"Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
And tell to me without delay
Where you have hid the Lord of Ross,
And the lady that came at the break of day?"

"No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
Have I beheld since break of morn;
And I never saw the Lord of Ross
Since the woeful day that I was born."

"How's this, how's this, thou tinkler loun?
Hast thou presumed to lie to me?"
"Faith, that I have!" the tinkler said,
"And a right good turn I have done to thee;

"For the Lord of Ross, and thy own true love,
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
Rade west away, ere the break of day;
And you'll never see that dear maid again:

"So I thought it best to bring you here,
On a wrang scent, of my own accord;
For had you met the Johnstone clan,
They wad hae made mince-meat of a lord."

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
  He wist not what to say or do;
But he strak the tinkler o'er the croun,
  Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

"Beshrew thy heart," quo the tinkler lad,
  "Thou bear'st thee most ungallantlye!
If these are the manners of a lord,
  They are manners that winna gang down wi' me."

"Hold up thy hand," the Douglas cried,
  "And keep thy distance, tinkler loun!"
"That will I not," the tinkler said,
  "Though I and my mare should both go down!"

"I have armor on," cried the Lord Douglas,
  "Cuirass and helm, as you may see."
"The deil may care!" quo the tinkler lad;
  "I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

"You are not horsed," quo the Lord Douglas,
  "And no remorse this weapon brooks."
"Mine's a right good yaud," quo the tinkler lad;
  "And a great deal better nor she looks.

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord;
  What I have taken I needs must give;
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
  For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
  Till the fire from both their weapons flew;

But the very first shock that they met with,
  The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
  And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
  Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
  Than Lord James Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know,
  That a tinkler's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,
  Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone;
And the tinkler bore him to the ground,
  With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

"O hon! O hon!" cried the proud Douglas,
  "That I this day should have lived to see!
For sure my honor I have lost,
  And a leader again I can never be!

"But tell me of thy kith and kin,
  And where was bred thy weapon hand?
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
  That ever was born in fair Scotland."

"My name's Jock Johnstone," quo the wight,—
  "I winna keep in my name frae thee;
And here, take thou thy sword again,
  And better friends we two shall be."

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
  That was a debt he could never owe;
He would rather die at the back of the dike,
  Than owe his sword to a man so low.

"But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
  And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
  And I'll knight thee on the field of fame."

"Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
  To think I'd change my trade for thine;
Far better and wiser would you be,
  To live as a journeyman of mine,

"To mend a kettle or a casque,
  Or clout a goodwife's yettlin pan—
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
  You'd make a noble tinkler man!"

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
  Answering with an inward curse—
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
  That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renown'd;
  In search of Lord Douglas they came;
And when they saw their master down,
  Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the tinkler wight,
  Like perfect tigers on their prey;

But the tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
  And made him ready for the fray.

"Come one to one, ye coward knaves—
  Come hand to hand, and steed to steed,
I would that ye were better men,
  For this is glorious work indeed!"

Before you could have counted twelve,
  The tinkler's wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the sward,
  And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The tinkler tied them neck and heel,
  And many a biting jest gave he;
"O fie, for shame!" said the tinkler lad,
  "Siccan fighters I did never see!"

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
  Till down his cheek the salt tears ran;
"I think the deevil be come here
  In the likeness of a tinkler man!"

Then he is to Lord Douglas gone,
  And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
  And bore him away to Henderland:

"Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
  Nor writhe beneath a broken bane,
For the leech's art will mend the part,
  And your honor lost will spring again.

"'Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
  I'm a right good tinkler as you see;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
  Or clout one, as my need may be.

"Jock Johnstone is my name, 'tis true—
  But noble hearts are allied to me,
For I am the Lord of Annandale,
  And a knight and earl as well as thee."

Then Douglas strained the hero's hand,
  And took from it his sword again;
"Since thou art the Lord of Annandale,
  Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

"I might have known thy noble form,
  In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
  And England by experience dear.

"We have been foes as well as friends,
  And jealous of each other's sway;
But little can I comprehend
  Thy motive for these pranks to-day?"

"Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
  'Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the Lord of Ross
  An hour before the break of day:

"For the Lord of Ross is my brother,
  By all the laws of chivalrye;

And I brought with me a thousand men
  To guard him to my own countrye.

"But I thought meet to stay behind,
  And try your lordship to waylay;
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
  By leading you so far astray;

"Judging it better some lives to spare—
  Which fancy takes me now and then—
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
  Than each with our ten thousand men.

"God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
  To border foray sound and haill!
But never strike a tinkler again,
  If he be a Johnstone of Annandale."

JAMES HOGG.

HIS SISTER.

Contributed by Miss Marguerite W. Morton, St. Paul, Minn.

I MET her on the stairs one night,
  And took her in my arms and kissed her.
Then, as she trembled with affright,
  I said, "I thought it was my sister!"

'Twas not the one I fancied; she
  Had just gone down and I had missed her.
But this one, laughing, said to me,
  "O Fred! it's you!"—It was my sister!

HILDA.

Contributed by James H. Rayhill, Instructor in Elocution at South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.

BENEATH the summer moon, the city lies
Bathed in a flood of light that rivals day,
Each columned temple and star-striking spire
Has now an added beauty, which the noon
In all its glory could not give.
The many fountained courts and colonnades,
The flowered lawns, and lofty dim-arched halls
Seem chosen haunts of soft-eyed dreamy Peace.
But on the ear there falls the measured tread
Of armed men; and from each moonlit spot
Is flashed the silver sheen of spear and shield
That know not peace; the mighty gates are closed:
And from the walls the weary warders watch.

Before the seaward gates a verdant plain
Extends in grassy billows to the shore,
From which in other days was heard the plash
Of waves upon the beach, or low-voiced cry
Of some sad sea-bird, and no other sound.
And thro' the plains a placid river winds,
Its banks enriched with fairy fretted ferns
And water plants, that whisper to the winds,
And bow before the stream that ripples by,
Half loth to leave the meadows for the sea:
Time was, the plains re-echoed with the shouts
Of children at their play, and on the stream
They sailed their masted toys from noon till eve.

A host now lies encamped beneath the walls:
Huge ships of war float at the river's mouth,
And all men deem the city near its doom.
How otherwise, when half its folks are slain,
And famine, hollow-eyed, broods in its midst?
Yet on this night, despite the silver moon,
The 'leagured folks have planned one more assault
Upon the camp outside, if by some chance
The God of battle might prove on their side,
And they might conquer this last time or die.

What tender partings are there this sad night!
Pale wives and famished children clasping hands
Of men half mad with hunger and despair!
See near the walls the youthful Sigurd stands.
His crest is ever in the battle's van—
His glittering helm now lies upon the ground
And he bare-headed, stands beneath the stars,
Heedless of all, except the dark-eyed maid
He clasps with loving arms, and on whose cheeks,
Tear-stained and blushing, he lets kisses fall
Like summer showers on a thirsting rose.
"Nay, sweet," he whispers "have no fear for me.
Have I not fought a hundred fights ere now,
And each time brought you back myself and love?
But hark! the tramp of men and clash of steel
Breaks on the peaceful night, and I must go—
Farewell, sweet Hilda, once again, farewell!"

Dim-eyed she watched the warriors slowly pass
And vanish 'neath the shadow of the gates

That groaned as if forewarned of coming woe—
Then to the battlements the women ran,
To watch with anxious eyes the battle-whirl;
For ere the camp was reached, the serried ranks
Of foemen hurried forth in strengthening lines
To meet this last assault of desperate men.
Sharp was the conflict, but the struggle short,
For worn and weak, the townsmen turned and fled
Leaving one-half their number on the ground.
In vain did Sigurd and his brother chiefs
Attempt to stem the tide; the men swept past
Like some tumultuous current to the sea.
Straight to the gates, they, panic-stricken, rushed,
And fearful that the foe was close behind
Shut the gates, nor waited to discern
If any comrades were without or not.

Retreating slowly, one heroic band
With Sigurd at its head, still faced the foe,
And scorned to turn; but cried upon the men
To rally once again and conquer yet.
This Hilda saw from where she watching stood
Gazing with scorn upon the hurrying men,
And thus with flashing eyes, addressed the crowd:—
"Are you so many now that you could spare
The friends you have shut out, or do you deem
You are so few you can no longer fight as hitherto?
Cowards, the foeman's steel had once no terrors for you.
Is his blade more keen, his arm more strong than erst it was?

Have you no shame to leave your chiefs outside,
While you in careless safety stand afar?
Open the gates there, warder, and let those
Who love their gods and friends now follow me."
Thus speaking she passed through the silent crowd,
Scorn on her lip and courage in her eye.
With spear and shield she hurried through the gates,
Nor paused to see if any followed her;
And wonder fell on all the weary folk.

Like to a star that shoots across the sky,
Bright for a while, then lost in utter gloom,
She darted o'er the plain engulphed
Within the struggling mass of raging men.
Heedless of all—save one—she forced her way
Until she found her Sigurd, worn and hurt.
No time for words had they; the battle storm
Raged hotly 'round them, and none heeded them
In the uncertain light and press of war
Whether it was a man or maid they fought.
In vain did Sigurd try to shield the maid;
For weary with the fight and many wounds,
His strong arm failed him, and his eye grew dim,
And with one last great stroke he reeled and fell.
Hilda beheld him, and with hasty hands,
Careless of all men, staunched his bleeding wounds,
But as she knelt, a man with dying hand
Hurled at a venture, through the empty air,
His hurtling spear, which struck the maiden's breast
And laid her dead in dying Sigurd's arms.

No city now lies on the widowed plain,
And through rank grass, the lonely river creeps
In silence to the sad deserted shore.
How many summer suns have risen and set!
How many winter winds have swept the plain
Since those two lovers were laid breast to breast!
The memory of the city has long since died;
But this bright picture of a woman's love
Shines down the vista of the years gone by
Dim with the gathered mist of human tears,
Like slanting sunbeams through the rain-cloud's gloom,
Or moonlight bursting through the screen of night.

PART SECOND

BEST SELECTIONS

For Readings and Recitations

NUMBER 23

RUTH PINCH'S HOUSEKEEPING—AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Adapted from Martin Chuzzlewit.

Tom Pinch was a manly, honest, young fellow, whose good qualities called forth the admiration of all who knew him. By an unfortunate circumstance, he was discharged from the architect's office in which he was employed, and similarly his sister Ruth lost her position as governess. With singularly happy hearts, they resolutely determine to overcome their difficulties together. They rent a small home, in which Ruth, with very little household knowledge, reigns mistress. The economical arrangements thus forced upon them prove to be both pathetic and amusing.

PLEASANT little Ruth! Cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet, little Ruth! To be Tom's housekeeper. What dignity! It was such a grand novelty. Well might she take the keys out of the little chiffonier, which held the tea and sugar, and jingle them before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast in the morning! Well might she put them up in that blessed little pocket of hers with merry pride!

"I don't know, Tom," said his sister, blushing, "I am not quite confident, but I think I could make a beefsteak-pudding, if I tried, Tom."

"In the whole catalogue of cookery there is nothing I should like so much!" cried Tom.

"But if it should happen not to come right the first time," his sister faltered, "but should turn out to be a stew, or a soup or something."

The serious way in which she looked at Tom, and the way in which he looked at her, and the way in which she gradually broke into a laugh at her own expense, would have enchanted you.

"Why, it gives us a new interest in the dinner," laughed Tom; "we put into a lottery for a beefsteak-pudding, and we may make some wonderful discovery, and produce such a dish as never was known before."

"I shall not be surprised if we do," returned his sister, laughing merrily. "We can't cook it into nothing, that's a great comfort; so if you like to venture, I will."

Well, she washed up the breakfast cups, chatting away the whole time, put everything in its place, made the room as neat as herself—you must not suppose its shape was half as neat as hers though, or anything like it—and brushed Tom's old hat round and round, and round again. Then she discovered, all in a moment, that Tom's shirt-collar was frayed out at the edge, and flying up-stairs for needle and thread, came flying down again, and set it right with wonderful expertness, never once sticking the needle in his face, although she was humming his pet tune from first to last. Off she was again—tying that compact little

chin of hers into a equally compact little bonnet, and inviting Tom to come and see the steak cut with his own eyes. So off they trotted, arm in arm, nimbly as you please. To see the butcher slap that steak, to see him cut it off, so smooth and juicy, was agreeable—it really was. Then back to the lodgings again, after they had bought some eggs, flour, and such small matters.

Ruth prepared to make the pudding. Ay, ay! That she did. First she tripped down-stairs for the flour, then for the pie-board, then for the eggs, then for the butter, then for a jug of water, then for the rolling-pin, then for a pudding-basin, then for the pepper, then for the salt. Horrified to find she had no apron on, up-stairs, by way of variety. She didn't put it on up-stairs, but came dancing down with it in her hand; it took an immense time to be arranged, having to be tapped, rebuked, and wheedled at the pockets before it would set right, and when it did—but never mind; this is a sober chronicle. Then there were her cuffs to be tucked up, and a little ring to pull off, and during all these preparations she looked demurely at Tom from under her dark lashes.

It was a perfect treat to see her—her brows knit and her rosy lips pursed up, kneading away at the crust, rolling it out, cutting it into strips, lining the basin with it, shaving it fine off around the rim, chopping the steak into pieces, raining down pepper and salt, packing them into the basin, pouring in cold water for gravy; until at last she clapped her

hands all covered with paste and flour, and burst into a charming little laugh of triumph.

"Where's the pudding?" said Tom, cutting his jokes.

"Where?" she answered, holding it up. "Look at it."

"That a pudding!" said Tom.

"It will be, you stupid," giving him a tap on the head with the rolling-pin and laughing merrily, when she started and turned very red. Tom, following her eyes, saw John Westlock in the room.

"I beg your pardon," said John. "Tom, come to my relief."

"Mr. Westlock—my sister. Sit down."

John was transfixed with silent admiration, but managed to hold out his hand to Miss Pinch, who couldn't take it, by reason of the flour and paste upon her own.

"I will sit down on condition that your sister goes on with her pudding," said the admiring Mr. Westlock.

"She will, on condition that you stay and help us eat it."

* * * * * *

Poor little Ruth was seized with palpitation of the heart; what the beefsteak-pudding would have come to, if it had not been by this time finished, astrology itself could hardly determine.

Well, the table was spread for dinner. The success of that initiative dish of hers was so entire, so unalloyed and perfect, that John and Tom agreed

she must have been studying a long time in secret, and urged her to make a confession of the fact. John was not fair though, for after luring Tom on, he suddenly went over to the enemy, and swore to everything his sister said. It was astonishing!

Tom! What a short-sighted Tom—to be so surprised to find that merry present of a cook-book waiting Ruth next morning, with the beefsteak-pudding leaf blotted out. John Westlock! Simple in thee! Oh! wicked, little Ruth! Dear Ruth! Sweet Ruth!

Brilliantly the Temple Fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and peeping out in sport among the trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth came toward it. Was anybody else there that she blushed so deeply after looking around, and tripped off down the steps with such unusual expedition?

Why, the fact is, Mr. Westlock was passing at that moment. The Temple is a public thoroughfare, and Mr. Westlock had as good a right to be there as anybody else. Why did she run away? Not being ill-dressed, why did she run away? The brown hair had fallen down beneath her bonnet, and had one impertinent imp of a false flower clinging to it, but that could not have been the cause, for it looked charming. Oh! foolish, panting, frightened, little heart, why did she run away?

John Westlock hurried after her. Oh! foolish,

panting, timid, little heart, why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming? "I felt sure it was you," he said; "I knew I couldn't be mistaken." She was so surprised. "You are waiting for your brother," he added; "let me bear you company."

Merrily the tiny fountain played, softly the whispering water broke and fell, as Ruth and her companion came toward it. But why they came toward the fountain at all is a mystery; for they had no business there, their coming anywhere near the fountain, was quite extraordinary. However there they found themselves. And another extraordinary part of the matter was, that they seemed to have come there by a silent understanding. Yet when they got there, they were a little confused at being there, which was the strangest part of all; because there is nothing naturally confusing in a fountain. We all know that.

"What a good old place it is," John said. With quite an earnest affection for it.

"A pleasant place indeed," said little Ruth. "So shady."

Oh! wicked little Ruth. They walked up and down a few times; they talked, of course. They talked of Tom. The more they talked the more afraid this fluttering little Ruth became of any pause: and sooner than have a pause she would say the same thing over again; and then she was ten thousand times more charming and irresistible than before.

She sat down. She never could have gone any

further. It was impossible to walk in such a tremble. He sat down—by her side, and very near her; very, very near her. Oh! good gracious! O rapid, swelling, bursting, little heart, you knew that it would come to this, and hoped it would.

"Dear Ruth! Sweet Ruth! If I loved you less, I could have told you long ago that I loved you. I have loved you from the first. There never was a creature in the world more truly loved than you by me."

She clasped her little hands before her face. The gushing tears of joy, and pride, and hope, and innocent affection would not be restrained. Fresh from her full young heart they came to answer him.

"Darling Ruth! My own good, gentle, winning Ruth! I hope I know the value of your angel nature. Let me try to show you that I do; and you will make me happier—"

"Not happier," she sobbed, "than you make me. No one could be happier, John, than you make me!"

It is of no use saying how that preposterous John answered her, because he answered her in a manner which is untranslatable on paper, though highly satisfactory in itself. He had hardly time to say this much—I mean, do this much—when Tom was seen. He was coming along as usual, staring about him in all directions. When Ruth saw his dear old face, she was so touched that she ran into his arms, laid her head down on his breast, and sobbed out, "Bless me, Tom! My dearest brother."

Tom looked in surprise, and saw John Westlock standing close beside him. "Dear Tom," said his friend, "give me your hand. We are brothers, Tom."

Tom wrung it with all his force, embraced his sister fervently, and put her in John Westlock's arms. There let the record stand!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done. The king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, can change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord!
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

EDWARD ROWLAND HILL.

THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERN BELLE."

FAIR sight! for a crew of Englishmen true,
When homeward their course they hold,
With sails bleached white by the tropic light,
And sheathing a-glitter like gold;
Fair sight! from the rails—when the topman hails,
"Land ho! on the larboard!"—to see
The green waves leap at the white cliff's steep
On the shore of the land of the free:
Fair music they make together,
The cliff and the climbing foam;
And it sounds in the bright blue weather
Like the wanderer's welcome home.

But when the east wind howleth,
And the great seas rise and rave,
Another sight is that belt of white
And another sound's on the wave;
Small welcome for 'wildered vessel,
When the billows, giant and gray,
Break—sworn on the sand her keel to strand,
And her ribs on the rocks to lay!
Oh! the silver gates on your island
Were liker the gates of hell,
In the mist of that winter morning
To the crew of the "Northern Belle."

We left New York for London
(And the wind left with us too!),

We thrashed our way through Atlantic spray,
  And ran the Channel through;
'Twas three on the morning of Monday
  When we let the anchors go
Ten cables or more from Kingsgate shore,
  To ride out the storm and snow;
Ten cables from where green meadows
  And quiet homes could be seen,
No greater space from peril to peace—
  But the savage sea between.

Yet a greater space to us had been grace,
  For still as we neared the shore,
The wild white roll of the waves on the shoal
  Roared round us more and more;
Roared out in a ring around us,
  You might see them fore and aft,
On ragged ledge and splintered edge,
  All mad to dash our craft;
While the weltering rocks, with their seaweed locks
  Awash in the whirling froth,
Stood up like slaves of the winds and waves,
  Waiting to wreak their wrath.

Not yet, brave ship! for the anchor's grip
  Is fast in the ooze and shell;
The gusts may shake, and the great surge break,
  But the iron holds her well.

* * * * *

'Twas ten of the day, and the vessel lay
  Stern on the snow-dimmed shore.

And now from the town they hurry down,
  For the cry is "A wreck!" "A wreck!"
(Ah! under their tread is the firm green mead,
  'Neath ours but the slippery deck.)
Kind souls! they shout! look! yonder comes out
  A lugger from off the land.
Brave crew and craft!—Ready fore and aft!—
  She will lend us a helping hand:
'Bout ship! so, so! she stays—yes! no!
  Port, port! ah, Heaven! that sea-
Gone—vessel and men while the heart beats ten!
  Gone—drowned, for their charity!

Rose from each lip on shore and ship
  A cry, a groan, a prayer;
While the nine hearts brave went under the wave,
  And their death-cry hung in air;
No seaman but felt his man's heart melt;-
  But the masts were down ere now,
And the raffle and wreck, scarce clear of the deck,
  Hung, fouling the larboard bow,
So we shouted at last, "Clear away that mast,
  Or else we are ill-bested!
God take those home! When our turn's come
  The dead can bury the dead!"

Thus all that day, in snow and spray,
  For dear life still we toiled;
And faint and few the bold words grew
  As nearer the breakers boiled;

And still, like a steed reined back at speed,
  The ship did plunge and rear;
While the burly main strove on in vain
  To crack our cable and gear:
Till the twilight gloom, like the earth on the tomb,
  Came over, and hid the town;
And the last we could see, they were busy a-lee
  Dragging the life-boats down.

Ah me! no boat in that surf could float,
  No oarsmen cleave a way;
No eye so bright as to pierce the night
  That on land and water lay.
Oh! leaden dark, that left no spark
  Of star in the wild, wet sky;
Not one pale ray to glimmer and say
  That God and help were nigh.
The timbers racked, the cables cracked,
  Wilder the waters dashed;
Ease her! no need—the ship is freed!
  She strove—she rose—she crashed!

Then settled and fell the "Northern Belle,"
  As one who no more strives;
But the foremast stood, good Canada wood,
  With nine and twenty lives.
If dreadful the day, as none can say,
  Oh! the night was terribler far,
As each man clung to the shrouds, or hung
  Ice-cold on the icy spar;

And hearts beat slow, as the night did go,
  Like a lazily ticking clock:
Till we longed to drop from the dripping top,
  Nor wait for the last sure shock.

Then, while she did grind, we called to mind
  Each one his own home-place,
New Jersey towns, and Connecticut downs,
  And the pleasant meadows of maize.
We thought of brothers, and wives and mothers,
  With whom we should never be;
Of our babies playing, or perhaps a prayer saying,
  For "daddy," far off at sea;
And we said prayers to mingle with theirs,
  And held for the daylight still,
Which came anon, when hope was gone,
  As God's best mercies will.

For, soon as the clouds, like great gray shrouds,
  Let out the Lazarus-light,
We looked to land, and saw on the sand,
  Good God! a cheery sight;—
Seven noble men (Christ save them, then!)
  That would not see us drown,
With oars in hand, the life-boat manned
  (The life-boat dragged from the town);
And they gave us a cheer we could plainly hear,
  Which we answered with aching throat:
Ah! then, dear life! to watch the strife
  Between the storm and the boat.

* * * * *

"Now, now! ah, now! Pull bow! pull bow!
  Oh! yonder swells a sea,
She swamps!—no! no! Thank God, not so!
  She rounds beneath our lee."
Thrice with a freight of lives they fight
  Their way—stern down and stem—
Then—safe and sound, on the English ground!
  Thanks to the Lord, and them.

. . . . .

Look ye, mates mine! there be stories fine
  Of Greek and Roman deed;
But when all's done, there was never one
  Of better help and need.
Which man of our crew, my messmates true,
  But holds his life a gift,
From those brave Seven, henceforward, please Heaven,
  To be used with thoughtful thrift!
To be held on earth for service of worth,
  Save when Englishmen cry—and then
Come storm, come slaughter, to be spent like water
  For the sake of the Kingsgate men.

* * * * *

I'll say one thing before I bring
  This plain sea-song to its end—
Such hearts of gold, more than state-craft old,
  Will help all quarrels to mend.
America sent, with warm intent,
  Your ship for a New Year's token.
You give her back our lives from wrack,
  Shall such friends ever be broken?

No! no! they shall stand hand fast in hand,
All sisterly—side by side—
And none ever tell of the "Northern Belle,"
Save with flushes and smiles of pride.

* * * * *

EDWIN ARNOLD.

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

LET us go back and place ourselves in the year 1815. The scene is the battle-field of Waterloo, the strangest encounter of history; classic war taking her revenge; genius vanquished by calculation; Wellington against Napoleon. Here for hours two magnificent armies, artillery and infantry, lancers and cuirassiers, the veterans of the world, were hurled madly together. At length Blücher arriving, the whole English army swept forward irresistibly to the final assault.

The Imperial Guard felt the army of France slipping away around them in the gloom and the vast overthrow of the rout. Still symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm in the smoke of that conflict, the prestige of a hundred victories on their banners, they held on their course, battered more and more, dying faster and faster at every step.

A few squares of them, immovable in the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out until night. Night approaching and death also, they awaited this double shadow, and yielded unfaltering

to its embrace. Toward nine o'clock in the evening, at the foot of the plateau, there remained but one.

In this fatal valley, at the bottom of that slope which had been climbed by the cuirassiers under the converging fire of the victorious artillery of the enemy, amid a frightful storm of projectiles this square fought on. It was commanded by an obscure officer whose name was Cambronne. At every discharge the square grew less, but returned the fire. It replied to grape by bullets, narrowing in its four walls continually. Afar off, the fugitives, stopping for a moment to take breath, heard in the darkness this dismal thunder decreasing.

When the legion was reduced to a handful, when their flag was reduced to a shred, when their muskets, exhausted of ammunition, were reduced to nothing but clubs, when the pile of corpses was larger than the groups of the living, there spread among the conquerors a sort of sacred terror about these sublime martyrs; and the English artillery stopping to take breath was silent. It was a kind of respite. These combatants had about them a swarm of spectres—the outlines of men on horseback, the black profile of the cannons, the white sky seen through the wheels and the gun-carriages—the colossal death's head which heroes always see in the smoke of battle was advancing upon them and glaring at them. They could hear in the gloom of the twilight the loading of the pieces; the lighted matches, like tiger's eyes in the night, made a circle about their heads.

All the linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, when, touched by their heroism, holding the death moment suspended over these men, an English general cried to them, "Brave Frenchmen! Surrender!" Cambronne answered, "Fudge!" To make this answer to disaster; to say this to destiny; to fling down this reply at the rain of the previous night, at the treacherous wall of Hougomont, at the sunken road of Ohain, at the delay of Grouchy, at the arrival of Blücher; to be ironical in the sepulchre is immense.

This unknown soldier, Cambronne, this infinitesimal of war, feels that there is a lie in a catastrophe doubly bitter. And at a moment when he is bursting with rage, he is offered this mockery—life! How can he restrain himself? They are there—all the kings of Europe, the fortunate generals, the thundering Jove. They have a hundred thousand victorious soldiers, and behind the hundred thousand, a million; their guns, with matches lighted, are agape; they have the Imperial Guard and the Grand Army under their feet; they have crushed Napoleon, and Cambronne only remains.

To this word of Cambronne the English voice replied—"Fire." The batteries flamed; the hills trembled; from all those brazen throats went forth a final vomiting of grape terrific. A vast smoke, dusky white in the light of the rising moon, rolled out; and when the smoke was dissipated there was nothing left. That formidable remnant was annihilated; the Old Guard was dead.

VICTOR HUGO.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wandering stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the Orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!

She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy—
The jewels she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look, Anne hath a way,
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay
Angels must love Anne Hathaway;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway,
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE OLD FLOWER-BEDS.

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MY grandmother's garden! how well I remember
That spot that delighted my eyes when a boy!
From the balm-breathing June to the mellowed September,
I hailed its fresh blossoms each morning with joy.

In fancy I see it when eve, dark and chilly,
  O'ercasting the city, forbids me to roam :
In memory blossom the rose and the lily
  When solitude freshens the pictures of home.

I seem on the garden-gate swinging and singing,
  Or on the bars leaning in summer eves long;
And, waiting my father his team homeward bringing,
  I list once again to the whippoorwill's song.

I remember the porch where the woodbine in clusters
  Of billowy green o'er the white roses hung;
The swallows, whose purple and emerald lustres
  Shot swift through the air where the orioles sung.

O'er the old mossy wall, in the mellow airs blowing,
  The lilies made fragrant the evenings of May;
And close by the door where the house-leeks were growing,
  My grandmother's garden, my pleasure-ground, lay.

Anear was the orchard, the moss to it clinging,
  The home of the birds and the banquet of bees:
I loved, in the spring-time, when church-bells were ringing,
  The peaceful white Sundays that came to the trees.

My grandmother's garden with green box was bordered;
There bloomed the blue myrtles, the first flowers of spring;
There the peony's leaves seemed with pansies embroidered;
And hands of the fairies the bluebells to swing.

The balm-bed was there; the sweets from its flowers
The humming-birds, gemming the air, came to draw:
And peeped from the woodbine and jessamine bowers
The hives of the honey-bees golden with straw.

There oft, with her hymn-book, my grandmother wandered,
Then seated herself in the arbor alone.
And read the old hymns and on holy themes pondered,
While long on the hill-tops the western light shone.

The well-sweep was there in the elm-tree's broad shadow,
And o'er it the golden-dressed orioles swung,
And a path from the old road and path from the meadow
At the broad curb-stone met where the cool bucket hung.

They are gone, all are gone, whom that garden once gladdened:
No more shall I see them—the young or the old:
Nor my grandmother's face with long memories saddened;
Her crown of bright silver is changed into gold.

Dimmer lights have the springs and the summers that follow;
The charm of the roses is not now as then;
In duller gold skies flits the purple-winged swallow;
My heart ne'er will feel its old freshness again.

The joys youth expected were lost in the winning;
The distance enchanting from death's door is gone;
And life a lost thread, like the fire-fly's, is spinning:
I am lonely at night and am weary at morn.

But oft, with emotion that time doth not harden,
I turn to my old home, its lessons recall;
And the brightest of scenes is my grandmother's garden,
Its pansies of spring, and its asters of fall.

And wherever I roam, in whatever bright harbor
The anchor may drop, I remember with joy
The hymns that in summer-time rose from the arbor
In that blooming garden when I was a boy.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE MAIDEN TO THE MOON.

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O MOON! did you see
My lover and me
In the valley beneath the sycamore tree?
Whatever befell,
O Moon! don't tell;
'Twas nothing amiss, you know very well.

O Moon! you know
A long time ago
You left the sky and descended below,
Of a Summer's night
By your own sweet light
To meet your Endymion on Latmos height.

And there, O Moon!
You gave him a boon,
You wouldn't, I'm sure, have granted at noon;
'Twas nothing amiss,
Being only the bliss
Of giving—and taking—an innocent kiss.

Some churlish lout,
Who was spying about,
Went off and blabbed, and so it got out;
But for all the gold
The sea could hold,
O Moon! I wouldn't have gone and told!

So, Moon, don't tell,
Whatever befell
My lover and me in the leafy dell;
He is honest and true,
And, remember, too,
We only behaved like your lover and you!

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE HIDDEN PATH; OR, THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

NO vulture's eye hath seen the path,
Nor lion passed it by,
Far down the deep
Where dead men sleep
And where the prophet's eye
Looked through the veil of coming years,
And traced its narrow track,
And saw the light
So swift and bright
Go forward and go back
Along the line, the quivering line,
Where erst no path could be,
That men have made
And daring laid
Across the pathless sea.
There goes a steed
With lightning speed
Nor will his rider stay,

No rein hath he
Who fearlessly
Says to the deep—make way.
With tireless feet
The courser fleet
Goes down the rolling main,
But to our shore
He evermore
Comes rushing back again;
Glad tidings bearing near and far.
The sea hath passed away,
And hand to hand
The nations stand
One brotherhood to-day.

ELIZABETH H. J. CLEAVELAND.

BUSY.

NOTHING was heard in the library of the Ringwood household, but the intermittent scratching of a pen, wielded by the head of the house, who, with the aid of sundry manipulations, such as sprawling over the desk, shutting one eye and allowing his tongue to hang out one corner of his mouth, was laboriously penning an epistle to a friend. His wife sat near him with her account-book before her, wrestling with the difficult problem, familiar to women, of subtracting forty-six dollars from forty, and getting a satisfactory remainder.

Presently Mr. Ringwood straightened himself up,

and jamming his pen into the corner of his mouth previously occupied by his tongue, devoted himself to silent meditation. He contracted his brows and gazed fixedly at the wall of the library, and then far off into infinite space, in hopes of finding there some help, but it was in vain, and he was finally obliged to ask the help of his wife.

"Hun," said he, "how do you spell 'busy'?"

"Why, b-u-s-y. How else would you spell it?" answered his wife.

"That ain't right," said Roger. "That spells boosey. Don't you think it's b-u-i-s-y?"

"Of course it ain't, Roger," answered his wife, sharply. "It's b-u-s-y."

"Well," said Roger, "b-u-i-s spells biz, and I don't see why b-u-i-s-y don't spell bizzy."

"Well, it don't," answered Mrs. Ringwood.

"You can't spell it b-i-z-y, can you?" queried Roger.

"Why, no, certainly you can't," answered she. "It's b-u-z-y, and nothing else."

"B-u-z-y," repeated Roger. "Why, that spells boozy. It don't spell busy. How do you spell business?"

"B-i-z-z-i-n-e-s-s," promptly answered his wife, who, however, was a little unsettled on this point herself.

"Somehow or other that don't sound quite right," said Roger. "Are you sure it ain't b-i-s-n-e-s-s?"

"Certainly I'm sure," was the uncompromising answer.

Roger meditated over this for awhile, and then he said:

"How did you say you spelled it, Mariar?"

"Spelt what?" asked Maria, who, thinking the point settled, had returned to her abstruse calculations.

"Why, business," answered Roger.

"Oh! why-er-e b-u-z-z-i-n-e-s-s."

"Then how do you spell busy?"

"B-u-z-z-y, of course."

"That ain't what you said at first, Mariar," protested Roger.

"It is, Roger. I know it is. Do you think I don't know what I said?"

"No. But then b-u-z-z-y don't spell busy, does it?"

Mrs. Ringwood by this time began to lose her temper as well as her wits, and she replied recklessly:

"It don't make any difference what it spells, Roger Ringwood. I say it spells it!"

Roger meekly relapsed into silence, and devoted himself to further meditation, which only resulted in his forgetting how it was that Maria had spelt the word. So he ventured again:

"How was it you spelled it, Mariar?"

"B-I-S-E-Y! Do you want me to write it down?" replied his now thoroughly angered spouse.

"B-i-s-e-y," repeated Roger. "Don't you think it ought to have two s's, Mariar?"

"No, I don't think it ought to have two s's, or anything else. It's just right the way it is."

"Then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s spells business?"

"No, it don't. It's b-u-z-z-i-n-e-s-s!" answered Maria.

"Now, surely that ain't right," argued Roger. "Because if b-i-s-e-y spells busy, then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s must spell business."

"It don't, I say," answered Maria. "And there's no use in your sitting there contradicting me. I know what I know, and I know that b-i-z-y spells busy and b-i-s-n-e-s-s spells business. And don't you dare to say another word to me about it. So there."

"But, hun," persisted Roger, "you spelled it different from that before."

"I didn't, I didn't, and you're a brute for saying I did. Don't you think I know how to spell, you brute?"

"But Mariar—"

"Don't answer me another word!" screamed Maria in tears. "I know what you are trying to do. You're just trying to worry me to death. You don't love me any more, and you're trying to get rid of me. M-mother s-s-said I-I'd better n-not m-marry you, and I-I wish I-I hadn't. S-so there!"

"Now, Mariar," pleaded Roger, soothingly, "please don't. We won't say any more about it."

"I do!" she cried. "I do! I wish I was dead. I'll poison myself—some d-day, and then y-you'll be sorry!"

And with this prophecy, Maria rushed from the room in tears, leaving Roger in a state of collapse,

running against the servant girl, who was listening at the key-hole.

"*Confound* the word!" exclaimed Roger, after she had gone. "It's a foolish word any way, and I don't see what people use it for. It only makes trouble. I'll use something else."

So, turning to his desk, he thought for awhile, and then wrote the following:

"I could not get down to see you last night, on account of numerous pressing duties connected with my commercial course, which it was necessary for me to perform immediately. Come and see us soon. Maria is enjoying splendid health, and we are as happy here as two kittens.

"Yours truly, ROGER RINGWOOD."

EDMUND J. BURK.

FENELON'S PRAYER.

"O LORD! take Thou my heart,
I cannot give it Thee;"
'Tis bound so fast by earthly ties
I cannot wrest it free.
So close love's clinging tendrils twine,
How can it be entirely Thine?

"And when Thou takest it,
Keep it, O Lord! for I
Can never keep it for Thee," while
Earth's tempting voices cry:

"Come back to us, dear heart." But, O
My Father, do not let it go!

"And save me, Lord, in spite
Of my own self." For when
Sometimes I long for better things,
The wish takes flight again.
So, pitying Lord, I only pray,
Cast not so poor a heart away.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

WARWICK—THE KING-MAKER.

From the Last of the Barons.

King Edward IV of England desiring an alliance between France and England, dispatched his prime minister, Lord Warwick, to the French court to negotiate a peace, one feature of which was that the hand of King Edward's sister, the Lady Margaret, was to be given in marriage to the French prince. During the absence of Warwick, Burgundy, the enemy of France, prevailed upon King Edward to conclude a peace with Burgundy instead of with France, which proposal, notwithstanding Warwick was then engaged in making an alliance with France, King Edward accepted, and bestowed the hand of the Lady Margaret upon the prince of Burgundy. The scene opens in King Edward's tent with the return and entrance of Lord Warwick.

"MY liege," said Warwick, "I crave pardon for presenting myself to your Highness thus travel-worn and disordered, but I announce that news which insures my welcome. The solemn embassy of trust committed to me by your grace has prospered with God's blessing; and the Fils de Bourbon and the Archbishop of Narbonne are on their way to your metropolis. Alliance between the two great monarchies of Europe, France and England, is concluded on terms that insure the weal of England and

augment the lustre of your crown. Your claims on Normandy and Guienne King Louis consents to submit to the arbitrament of the Roman Pontiff, and to pay to your treasury annual tribute; these advantages, greater than your Highness even empowered me to demand, thus obtained, the royal brother of your new ally joyfully awaits the promised hand of the Lady Margaret."

"Cousin," said King Edward, "you are ever welcome to our presence, no matter what your news; since thy departure, however, reasons of state, which we will impart to thee at a meeter season, have changed our purpose, and we will now that our Sister Margaret shall wed with the Count of Charolois, of Burgundy."

"This to me, King!" exclaimed Warwick—"this to me! Nay, frown not, Edward—I am of the race of those who, greater than kings, have built thrones and toppled them! I tell thee, thou hast misused mine honor, and belied thine own; thou hast debased thyself in juggling me, delegated as the representative of thy royalty! Lord Rivers, stand back—there are barriers enough between truth and a King!"

"By St. George and my father's head!" cried Edward, "thou abusest, false lord, my mercy and our kindred blood. Another word, and thou leavest this pavilion for the Tower!"

"King!" replied Warwick, "there is not a hair on this head which thy whole house, thy guards, and thine armies could dare to touch. Me to the Tower!

Send me—and when the third sun reddens the roof of prison-house and palace—look round broad England, and miss a throne!"

"Prince Richard," called the King, "Lord High Constable of England, arrest yon haughty man who dares to menace his liege and suzerain!"

Prince Richard steps between them. "Edward, my brother, remember Touton, and forbear—Warwick, my cousin, forget not thy King nor his dead father!"

At these words the Earl's face fell; for to that father he had sworn to succor and defend the sons. Controlling himself, he said: "My liege, it is not for me to crave pardon of living man, but the grievous affront put upon my state and mine honor hath led my words to an excess which my heart repents. I grieve that your Grace's Highness hath chosen this alliance; hereafter you may find at need what faith is to be placed in Burgundy. My liege, I lay down mine offices, and I leave it to your Grace to account as it lists you to the ambassadors of France—I shall vindicate myself to their King. And now, ere I depart for my hall of Middleham, I alone here, unarmed and unattended, save, at least, by a single squire, I, Lord Warwick, say that if any man, peer or knight, can be found to execute your Grace's threat, and arrest me, I will obey your royal pleasure, and attend him to the Tower."

Proudly he bowed his head, and turning, Lord Warwick, the King-Maker, the last of the barons, strode haughtily from the tent.

He had not gone far when the sound of footsteps arrested his attention, and turning he beheld a goodly company of knights and gentles, headed by Sir Raoul de Fulke, who thus addressed him:

"Is it possible, noble Earl, that we have heard aright? And has Edward IV suffered the base Woodvilles to triumph over the bulwark of his realm? Return with us, and we will make Edward do thee justice, or, one and all, we will abandon a court where knaves and varlets have become mightier than English valor, and nobler than Norman birth."

"My friends, not even in my just wrath will I wrong my King. He is punished enough in the choice he hath made. Poor Edward and poor England! What woes and wars await ye both, from the gold and the craft and the unsparing hate of Louis XI! No; if I leave Edward, he hath more need of you. Of mine own free will, I have resigned mine offices."

"Warwick," exclaimed Raoul de Fulke, "this deceives not us; and in disgrace to you, the ancient barons of England behold the first blow at their own state. We have wrongs we endured in silence while thou wert the shield and sword of yon merchant-king. But now Warwick, descendant of the Plantagenet, speak but the word, and we make thee King."

"I speak it not," interrupted Warwick; "nor shalt thou continue, brave Raoul de Fulke. What, my lords and gentlemen, think you that Ambition limits itself to the narrow circlet of a Crown? Greater, and more in the spirit of our mighty fathers, is the condition of men like us, THE BARONS, who make and

unmake kings. What! who of us would not rather descend from the Chiefs of Runnymede than from the royal craven whom they controlled and chid? By Heaven, my lords, Lord Warwick has too proud a soul to be a king! A king—a puppet of state and form! A king—a holiday show for the crowd, to hiss or hurrah, as the humor seizes! A king—a beggar to the nation, wrangling with his Parliament for gold! A king!—Richard II was a king, and Lancaster dethroned him. Ye would debase me to a Henry of Lancaster. I thank ye. The Commons and the Lords raised him, forsooth—for what? To hold him as the creature they had made, to rate him, to chafe him, to pry into his very household, and quarrel with his wife's chamberlains and laundresses. What! dear Raoul de Fulke, is thy friend fallen now so low that he—Earl of Salisbury and of Warwick, lord of a hundred baronies, leader of sixty thousand followers—is not greater than Edward of March, to whom we will deign still, with your permission, to vouchsafe the name and pageant of a king? And fear it not, Raoul! fear it not—we will have our rights yet. Return, I beseech ye. Let me feel I have such friends about the King. Even at Middleham my eye shall watch over our common cause; and till seven feet of earth suffice him, your brother baron, Lord Warwick, is not a man whom kings and courts can forget, much less dishonor. Sirs, our honor is in our bosoms—and there is the only throne armies cannot shake, nor cozeners undermine."

LORD BULWER LYTTON.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

Permission of the Author.

IT is dearer to me than earth's treasures
  This frail record of happier years;
I find it midst sorrows and pleasures
  A balm for sad memory's tears;
I silently sit broken hearted,
  And chase the dense gloom with a laugh;
I curse the dark day that we parted
  As I gaze on your fair photograph.

You flashed a bright vision in summer,
  'Twas the first time we ever had met;
I can see it again, and I murmur,
"O my darling, my sweet Mignonette!"
Your voice through me softly resounded,
  With moist eyes, love-laden and brave;
At the touch of your hand my heart bounded,
  And Eros claimed me for his slave.

Perhaps I was harsh and outspoken,
  We all make mistakes in a life;
In a moment our love-chord was broken
  And severed by passion's keen knife.
The joys and our future had vanished,
  They lay shattered and trampled to dust.
From that breast was I driven and banished
  And doomed to a punishment just.

Another will hold you and cherish,
  He will clasp you and call you his own;
My love for you never can perish,
  Like the Sun-god who rests on his throne.
It will blaze through all seasons vernal,
  And more precious than grain is to chaff;
His will fade while remains mine eternal,
  I swear by your mute photograph.

FRANK MCHALE.

OWYHEE JOE'S STORY.

IT was the beginning of the end. The last tie of the mighty Union Pacific was the first tie in the march of civilization into the great "West."

With the thunder of iron wheels and the reverberent screech of the whistle, the Indian, the buffalo, the desperado fled; the overland coach became a memory, and the cowboy changed his buckskin for New York shoddy. Later, as the gigantic Pacific system stretched out its arms to the north and south and absorbed the alkali bottoms of Wyoming, the sage brush plains of Idaho, the pine forests of Oregon, even the lava beds of northern California, the pioneers of '49 and the miners of '63 became a curiosity; and the men who had subdued the wilderness, from the back of an untamed mustang, were styled "moss backs" by the "tourist coach" emigrants and relegated to the background.

Yet it is only a little more than a decade since

thirty leather-springed, steel-ribbed overland stages were, and had been for years the one connecting link, between the hardy miners and pioneers of southern Idaho and "home." Their very sight recalls Indian fights, highway robberies and dare-devil flights. In them lives the essence of the fast dying "Wild West." Their day is past; their past is but a tale; their prêsent is forgotten.

I asked Owyhee Joe about them once. Joe had been a famous driver. Wild stories are told of his daring trips up from Winnemucca or out from Boise with a coach well loaded with gold-dust, prospectors, and government mail. His achievements live in the memory and on the tongues of the oldest inhabitants, and grow in lustre as the years pass.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon; Joe was sitting in my office, and I felt free to lounge back in my chair and listen to his stirring account of an Indian fight he had been in near Kuna, when, unaided, he had driven off ten Bannocks and saved the gold bricks in the boxes of the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express. I smiled patronizingly when he had concluded. "And how about the time when you were relieved of your bags without even an 'if you please?'" A shade of annoyance and chagrin passed over his bronzed face, and he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"It was a hotter day nor this out there on the mesa, when that young chap stepped out from behind a little clump of greasewood, and as'd me perlite ernuff to throw up my hands. No argument

in the face of that thar shootin' iron, Mr. Editor. He took over four thousand clean dust and made for Salt Lake on the back of my bes' leader. Never hearn tell how we caught him? No. Wall, ye see, I took my wheel hoss and made for Boise. Found Bill McConnell, governor and senator since the same, Colonel Robbins, Jim Agnew, an' Hank Fisher. We made a bee line 'cross country to head him off. Changed hosses three times. We struck his trail, found whar his hoss had broke down an' he'd stolen another. That stolen horse meant a necktie party. Sabe?

"In twenty-four hours we came in sight of him. Hoss played out. Game up. Nothin' but sand and sage brush for miles, except one lone tree. Kinder placed there by Providence, McConnell said. That thet young feller set—one leg over the horn of his saddle. Fine looker. Stood six in his stockings. I knew him the minute I sot eyes on him. He knew me, but never twigged. Bill McConnell war ahead, and he opened the meetin' without singin'.

"'Good-morning, stranger.'

"'Good-morning.'

"'Seen anything of a man about your size, straddle of a sorrel mare looking a heap like the one you ride?'

"'No, I haven't.'

"'That's a purty good mare o' yourn.'

"'Yes, she was worth a cool five hundred dollars, but she's a little winded now; say, mister, I'll give you five hundred dollars clear for that one o' yourn and stop the deal.' He was making a good bluff.

Hoss stealin' in them days was death on the spot. He knew we war on him. His offer would well pay for the broken-down hoss, and he war a-bankin' that his money would pull him through. But, yer see, he didn't know McConnell. Mac had been cap'n of the vigilants back in '63, up in ther Basin, and had a name ter keep white. He just smiled at the man's innocence.

"'That's a straight blind o' yourn, pard, an' it stands us to come in, but we're thar an' hold you over. You look a leetle mite played out, as well as yer mare. If you'll jest get down an' jine our little party, it'll stretch yer legs, an' mebbe ye need stretchin' all over.'

"He got a little white under the gills, but slid down without a word. We followed suit, and Agnew threw over his head a noose, an' passin' the other end over a limb of that lone old tree, nodded that things war ready.

"That young fellow was game ter the last. Never moved a muscle. Seemed kinder like a shame. McConnell went up to him and said:

"'Now, pard, is everything all right? Does it fit your neck accordin' to Hoyle?'

"'All right.'

"'Have you anything to say why this 'ere little picnic shouldn't proceed?'

"'Nothin'.'

"'Have ye got any word ter leave to yer friends? If ye have, make it short, fur we're goin' to break camp inside er ten minutes.'

"That young feller took his eyes off a bit of sage brush fur the first time and looked us straight in the eyes. His eyes war blue. I took notice of that, an' his face was clean and kind of pure-lookin'. He didn't seem to be takin' much interest in what war goin' on 'round him. Kinder had a far-away, talkin'-ter-the-angels look. Made me feel as though I didn't count nohow. Kept thinkin' of something I learnt in Sunday-school in Missouri when I warn't bigger nor that basket o' papers. Then he came to, an' drawin' a crumpled letter from his pocket, spoke with a kinder tremble in his voice:

"'Perhaps you are a better scholar nor I be. If you'll jest read that an' be kind enuf to answer it, I'll tell yer what ter say.'

"McConnell had already passed the coil of rope to Jim Agnew and he had drawn it taut. He took the letter, an', as we hung around kinder curious like, he opened it an' read out loud:

"'ETOWAH, GA., January 18, 1874.

"'MY DEAR SON JAMES: For long weary months I have waited for news from you, since your last dear letter to your old mother. God bless you, James, and answer my prayers that this letter may reach you, thanking you for your ever-thoughtful care for me in my old age. But once more to look in your dear face and feel that my baby boy was near me, would cheer my old heart more than to possess all the gold in Idaho. When are you coming home? You promised me that in the spring you would come

back to me. May the good God watch over and prosper you, and return my dear boy to my old arms before I die. From your loving MOTHER.'

"McConnell had had a good eddication back in Michigan, and he commenced in a strong, clear voice, but afore the closing words war out, it war all we could do ter hear his voice. Yes, sir, an' my eyes got weaker nor a sick heifer's. Fact! The rope slackened until it fell from the hands of Jim Agnew, and as the breath of the mornin' came a-rushin' through the leaves of that old tree, and long shafts o' sunlight kinder prospected down through the opening boughs, someway, my old throat caved in like an' I went ter thinkin' o' long, sunny days on the banks of the Missouri, of my old dorg, an' uv a little sister with eyes jest like this feller's, an' of my old mammy an' how she taught me to pray. Couldn't help it, but borrowin' a hoss an' robbin' a stage didn't seem a big enough thing to string that boy up fur, an' break his old mother's heart. Guess McConnell war thinkin' o' the same way, fur he kind of reverently like folded up that soiled bit o' paper and handed it to its owner, an' without a word slipped the noose from his neck, an' then in tones as gentle as a mother's asked:

"'Whar ye goin' home, stranger?'

"'Yes!'

"'Good-bye!'

"The boy didn't dare to trust his voice in thanks. I knew how he felt, but he drew from

his belt a small bag of twenties an' offered it to Mac.

"'Hoss!'

"'No, take her, an'—good-bye.'

"He mounted the mare, while we sot an' watched him out of sight, an' then like a pack o' starved coyotes, turned and silently sneaked for Boise.

"Court was adjourned, verdic' sot aside," he concluded, while I leaned back, my mind filled with the dramatic rehearsal.

"Well, so long, old man; I'm off," and the rough old Jehu shuffled out of the room, all unmindful of either the moral or the artistic points of his story.

ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN.

THE DEAD PUSSY CAT.

YOU'S as stiff an' as cold as a stone,
Little cat!
Dey's done frowed out and left you alone,
Little cat!
I's a strokin' you's fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up any where,
Little cat—
W'y is dat?
Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is your lettle foot tied,
Little cat?

Did dey pizen you's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks
Or wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt very bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh! w'y didn't you wun off an' hide,
Little cat?
I is wet in my eyes—
'Cause I most always cwise
W'en a pussy cat dies,
Little cat!
Tink of dat.
An' I's awfully solly besides.

Dest lay still dere down in de soft gwoun,
Little cat,
W'ile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun'
Little cat.
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an' so sore.
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
An' fordet all de kicks of de town.

THE EXECUTION OF SYDNEY CARTON.

Arranged by E. Livingston Barbour.

[Charles Darnay, son of a French nobleman, was condemned to death during the Revolution upon the charge of persecuting the poor. He was one of two suitors for the hand of Lucie Monette, a great beauty; the other being Sydney Carton. The two rivals bore a strong resemblance to each other; but Carton was a worthless character, and was unsuccessful in his suit. Coming to Paris while Darnay was awaiting execution, he was induced, through the love which he still cherished for Darnay's wife, to make an attempt to save his life by giving his own for it. Their resemblance enabled him, with the aid of the jailer, to carry out his design.]

THE hours went on as Darnay walked to and fro, and the clock struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating the names of his loved ones. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them. Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned sometime earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro, with his arms folded

on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again. Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a voice was heard: "I wait near. Lose no time."

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay. I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the

voice so dear to you, that you well remember. You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished; it never can be done; it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and

paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one."

"Do I date it?"

"No."

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them'?"

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more. Write—'I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his

hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, man, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

Carton continued: "'If it had been otherwise, I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—'" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in his breast; "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton, in the thick of business here, my hazard is nothing, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance, and take me to the coach."

"You?"

"Him, man, him, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in. I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?"

"Man, man! have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, but returned immediately with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde."

"I know it well. Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Breathing more freely, he sat down at the table and listened again until the clock struck Two.

A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying: "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight, girlish form, a sweet, spare face, in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

"True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor, little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor, weak little creature!"

His heart warmed and softened to this pitiable girl—the last thing on earth to which it was to warm and soften.

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will

you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers to his lips.

"Are you dying for him?"

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh! you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance.

As she descends from her elevation the tumbrils

begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart, nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me. Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the

dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Is the moment come? Am I to kiss you now?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count twenty-two.

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three!

They said of him about the city that night that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

ONE day a bookseller, who had grown rich, and thereby calloused his conscience, said to me: "What you want is a good fountain pen." I resisted for awhile, but he finally persuaded me to try one at two dollars and seventy-five cents. I faltered, I listened to the tempter, I yielded. When I went home that night I carried into its brightness a shadow that had never before marred its pure serenity.

I kept my guilty secret until after supper, and then by a cleverly contrived accident that would have fooled any man of my acquaintance, but which my wife and sister both saw at once had been carefully rehearsed, I spilled the only bottle of ink in the house. Wails of distress filled the air. "Oh! never mind," I said, grandly, "I don't need it." Well, they said they didn't need it on the carpet either. I hadn't thought of that, and it retarded my plans a little; for it was half an hour before the excitement died down sufficiently to justify me in ringing up the curtain on the great fountain-pen act. I sat down to the table and said:

"I have a whole raft of letters to get off to-night."

Some one, I think it was my sister, said without lifting her eyes from her book, that I would find the alphabet in the spelling-book, and thus get them all off at once.

I always scorn to answer irrelevant remarks, and went on to say that the loss of that ink would have proved a great calamity under the circumstances to a man less fertile in expedients than myself.

Then somebody said that a man less prolific in thumbs wouldn't have spilled the ink. I looked hurt at this, which made my audience laugh. I have often been pained at the cold heartlessness of women when a man is trying to pity himself. But, at any rate, I had secured their attention. So, with much ostentation, I adjusted the fountain pen, hung my tongue out to make gestures with, and began to write. I told the girls what it was, explained how it

would run a week without filling, while I would gain twenty minutes every hour by not having to reach for the ink-well at every line. Then I made a faint scratch on the paper with the new pen. I kept on scratching while the girls looked on with now really awakened interest. By and by I wore a hole in the paper, and never a stain of ink anywhere visible.

"That's the nicest, cleanest pen," my sister said, "I ever saw. If you would only use a fountain pen all the time I think we might venture to buy new carpets in the other rooms."

It always makes my blood run cold to hear quiet sarcasm from a woman's lips. It is chilling enough when it falls from the lips of an avowed infidel or an open idolater. But from a woman it is terrible. But I only said the room was so stuffy and warm the pen had got clogged. It was delicate as a thermometer, I said, and wasn't intended for use in a Turkish bath. I would remove the cap at the top, thus, and clear the ducts by blowing into it, thus.

Which I did, and blew two very slender but quite powerful jets of ink up into my face, on both sides of my nose. I never saw my family so completely overcome. At first I thought their shrieks were caused by fright, and that they were in agonies of distress on my account. But when I rubbed my smarting eyes clear of ink, and began to reassure them, I saw they were in paroxysms of mirth, when I was stricken with blindness that might eventually destroy my sight. I assumed that patient, grieved, innocent, sufferiug look which my friends have told

me would make my fortune on the stage if I would stick to "East Lynne" and "South Amboy" and similar plays. Then I thought my family would die. They begged me with swaying figures and broken voices to get mad and break things if I wanted to, but not to look that way until I had washed my face. There are circumstances under which pathos, however effective at the right time, is extremely trying to sensitive natures.

After we got things subdued a little bit I read the instructions, and they told me to jar the pen slightly on the desk. I did so a few times, and again drew some nice, clean scratches on the paper. I fooled with the thing until about half-past nine o'clock, when suddenly, without any warning, it began to give down like a prize Jersey. It was what the oil men would call a "spouter."

I said: "There, that is what it wanted," but had no time to explain what "that" was. I was too busy trying to think of something to write in order to keep up with the deluge. For the very life of me I couldn't think of anything but Philadelphia, and I kept spelling that with three l's. Then I struck in on "dear sir," and wrote half a dozen lines of it as fast as I could. It was terrible. There we were racing along, that demon pen booming away like a geyser, my nervous hand scrawling line after line of "dear sirs" after it, and my excited tongue coming along a bad third, but still fighting for place.

Horror crowned the inhuman spectacle when the paper gave out, and the pen spitefully sputtering a

tablespoonful of ink on the table-cover, sullenly dried up, and didn't shed another tear for nearly two weeks, although I did everything in the way of persuasion and compulsion except to blow in it. I have blown in a great many things since then, but never into a fountain pen.

The next evening the girls asked me if I was going to write some more with the new pen. I replied with somewhat formal and dignified asperity that I was. They said they were glad of it. That I was doing so much desk work that I needed exercise. Then they left the room. Presently they returned with their gossamers on. They drew the hoods over their heads, raised their umbrellas, and, opening their books, began to read. This was annoying, but I did not say anything. There are times when the wisest words of man's wisdom are folly. But nothing happened that night. That is, nothing that my friends would like to see in print. The pen was as clean as a candidate's record written by himself. Nothing was heard but its stainless scratching; that is, nothing to speak of.

Well, I gave that pen to an enemy and swore off. For some months I never touched a fountain pen, but a new one came out and I was induced to try it. It was a "duster," dry as good advice for nearly a week. Then it went off one day in the office when the city editor was fooling with it, not knowing it was loaded. I don't know what became of that pen. He threw it out of a six-story window, and I don't know where it went to. Since then I have suffered

many things of many fountain pens. The last one I struggled half an hour with trying to date this letter. A fountain pen is a good thing, however, when you have a bottle of ink to dip it into about every second line, beginning with the first.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB.

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE fiery mid-March sun a moment hung
Above the bleak Judean wilderness;
Then darkness swept upon us, and 'twas night.
The brazen day had stifled. On our eyes,
That throbbed and stung, the dusk fell like a balm.
We lay and looked and listened. The warm wind
Blew low and lutelike, and a fountain's fret
Made sweeter melody than all the streams
That gush from Nebo to far Sinai.
A strange-voiced bird among the thicket thorns
Sang to a star. The jackals loud resumed
Their weird nocturnal quarrels, and the laugh
Of some hill-strayed hyena broke across
The wild dog's bickerings,—ironic, mad.
The palms that waved o'er squalid Jericho
Towered ghostly, and the Moab mountains made
An inky line along the eastern sky.

Demetrius Domian, trusty dragoman,
Good friend and comrade, hale and handsome Greek,

On elbow leaning, pointed one bronzed hand
Toward the vast, vague, and misty land that lay
Beyond the sacred Jordan. "There," he said,
A quaver breaking his deep-chested voice,—
"There, in wild Moab, Kerak-Moab lies."
Ofttimes before when day had spent its heat,
And in the wide tent doorway we reclined
On carpets Damascene, our guide had told
Strange tales adventurous,—of desert rides
Toward lonely Tadmor and old Bagdad shrines;
Of wanderings with the Meccan caravan
Where to be known a Christian was to die;
Of braving Druses in their Hauran haunts,
Where they kept guard o'er treasures of dead kings
In cities overthrown. Such tales as these
Had 'livened many a quiet evening hour
After long pilgrimage. So when the Greek
Would fain dispel our homeward-turning thoughts,
We gave him ready ear. This tale he told
In clear narration:—

"Nigh three years have seen
The olives ripen round Jerusalem
Since from St. Stephen's gateway I set forth
For Kerak-Moab with young Ibraim.
My cousin he, a comely youth, whom love
Had won with soft allurements. He would wed
A Kerak maid upon blest Easter Day,
And I must thither with him,—such his will,
Which I in no wise had desire to thwart;
For when his mother lay at brink of death

(His father having long put off this life),
She bade me be a brother unto him,
And brother-like we were.

"Before us rode
Our servant, bearing on his sturdy beast
The needs for shelter on our lonely way,
And food therewith, and gifts to glad the bride.
By Kedrith's gloomy gorge, and Jericho,
And Jordan's ford, we journeyed; then our path
Past Heshbon led us, and near Baal-Meon,
Where, records say, Elisha first drew breath.
The fifth day's sun was westering ere we saw
The antique gray of Kerak-Moab's towers,
And the all-crowning citadel.

"A warm,
Heart-moving welcome greeted us, and soon
Amid the kinsfolk of the bride to be
In merriment the jostling words went round.
'Twas Easter Eve. The house wherein that night
We were to shelter stood anear a breach
Within the wall that bulkwarked round the town.
An ancient wall it was, Crusader-built,
And doubtless shattered by those Paynim hordes
That northward surged from arid Araby,
Setting Mohammed's name o'er that of Christ;
And it was here the father of the bride
Had reared his goodly dwelling. Night was old
Before we left his roof to seek the door
That gracious kin had left unbarred for us.

Along the lanelike streets in silvery pools
The moonlight gleamed. From distant housetops
bayed
In broken iteration, Moslem dogs,
But 'twixt their baying all was desert-still.
Why should we go within? Ibraim said,
'Come, dear Demetrius, on this night of nights,
The last, perchance, that I shall pass with thee,
In this sweet air let us remain awhile,
And talk as brothers; for my life will soon
Be strangely changed, and though we oft may meet,
Yet will there be another tongue to speak;
But now we are alone.'

"Arm linked in arm
We sought the breach, and spying in the wall
A nook where we could clamber, high above,
And wide o'erlooking all the moonlit scene,
We scrambled to it. There the hyssop grew,
And rugged seats invited to recline.
Then, while he told me his fond tale of love
Over again for quite the hundredth time,
I mused upon the future, vacant eyed,
Beholding nothing. When his happy speech
Had run its course, and silence jarred me back
To ambient things, my conscious vision caught
A shadowy glimpse of one swift skulking form,
From fragment unto fragment of prone wall
In phantom quiet flitting. While I gazed
Another and another followed fast,
Till, as I gripped Ibraim's arm, a score

In sudden sight from black concealment rose,
And forward gliding noiselessly, below
Our lofty cranny paused. Anxious, alert,
We listened breathlessly, and then we heard—
Just God! but how we started when we heard,
And horror-mute stared in each other's eyes,
That moment haggard grown!

"Then down we slipped,
And in the shadow by the breach's edge
Where dropped the wall nigh two men's height
away
To sloping ground, with faces set, and hands
Fast clutching weapon hilts, we stood in wait.
We dared not leave the breach. The robber band
Once in the town, would spread through sinuous
lanes
And sow destruction; and the first to fall
Beneath their ruthless power might be the ones
To whom by love-ties was Ibraim bound.
We felt that here their onset we must face,
And with that onset lift our cry for aid.
Their parley ceased. A moment, and we saw
Two stealthy forms rise, black against the moon,
Propped by their comrades on the ground below.
Then pealed our wildest shout, and on the twain
We flung ourselves so madly they were hurled
Sheer backward on the heads below. A space
The band retreated, but when they divined
That we alone stood guard, while still our cries
Vibrated down the corridors of night,

In one close mass they rushed upon the breach,
Like some huge wave that, when the seas are fierce,
Rolls on the ruined battlements of Tyre,
Clutches their base, and reaches clinging arms,
To clasp the loftiest stone.

"Then from its sheath,
Where like a coilëd serpent round my waist
Slept my curved blade of keen Damascus steel,
I whipped it forth, as drew Ibraim his.
A deadly circle did we flash in air,
And on that human wave fell vengefully.
Twice, thrice we smote, and while, unharmed, I clove
A fourth black-turbaned crown, I saw two fiends
Leap at Ibraim. As he slew the first
The other seized him in his demon grasp,
And, like one frenzied, sprang through middle space
Upon the writhing throng.

"Along the street
The tardy rescuers surged. I cried them on;
But when they came, the wily Bedouin foe
Had sought the shielding shadow of the night.

"I raised Ibraim's head: his heavy lids
Fluttered a moment, and around his mouth
A sad smile hovered, as he breathed my name
And that of his belovëd. Death was bride
Of brave Ibraim on that Easter Eve."
Demetrius paused, and leaned upon his palm.
A sudden wind tore at the tent above,

Black clouds had gulfed the stars. A bodeful moan
Grew momently amid the dark defiles;
The livid lightning rent the breast of night;
Then burst the brooding storm. But lo! at dawn
Peace smiled upon the plain of Jericho,
And all the line of Moab mountains lay
Golden and glad beneath the risen sun.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT MISS EDITH SAW FROM HER WINDOW.

OUR window's not much—though it fronts on the street,
There's a fly on the pane that gets nothin' to eat;
But it's curious how people think it's a treat
For me to look out of the window.

Why, when company comes, and they're all speaking low,
With their chairs drawn together, then some one says, "O
Edith, dear! that's a good child; now run, love, and go
And amuse yourself there at the window!"

Or Bob—that's my brother—comes in with his chum
And they whisper and chuckle—the same words will come—
And it's "Edith, look here!—O I say! what a rum
Lot of things you can see from that window!"

And yet, as I told you, there's only that fly
Buzzing round on the pane, and a bit of blue sky,
And the girl in the opposite window, that I
Look at when she looks from her window!

And yet, I've been thinking I'd so like to see
If what goes on behind her goes on behind me!
And then, goodness gracious! what fun it would be
For us both as we sit by our window!

How we'd watch when the parcels were hid in the drawer,
Or things taken out that we never see more;
What people come in and go out of the door
That we never see from the window!

And that night when the stranger came home with our Jane
I might see what I heard then—that sounded so plain—
Like when my wet fingers I rub on the pane—
(Which they won't let me do on my window.)

And I'd know why papa shut the door with a slam,
And said something funny that sounded like jam,
And said, "Edith, where are you?" I said, "Here I am."
"Ah! that's right, dear—look out of the window."

They say when I'm grown up these things will
appear
More plain than they do when I look at them here;
But I think I see some things uncommonly clear
As I sit and look down from the window.

What things? Oh! things that I make up, you
know,
Out of stories I've read—and they all pass below—
Ali Baba, the Forty Thieves, all in a row,
Go by as I look from my window.

That's only at church time; other days there's no
crowd—
Don't laugh! See that big man who looked up and
bowed;
That's our butcher—I call him the Sultan Mahoud
When he nods to me here at the window!

And that man—he's our neighbor—just gone for a
ride,
Has three wives in the church-yard that lie side by
side.
So I call him old "Blue Beard" in search of his
bride,
While I'm "Sister Ann," at the window?

And what do I call you? Well, here's what I do:
When my sister expects you she puts me here, too.
But I wait till you enter to see if it's you,
And then I just open the window!

"Dear child!" Yes, that's me! Oh! you ask what that's for?
Well, you know papa says you're a poet—and more,
That your Poverty's self! So—when you're at the door—
I let love fly out of the window.

BRET HARTE.

THE GLORY OF NATURE.

THE heavens and the earth, and the great as well as numberless events which result from the divine administration, are in themselves vast, wonderful, frequently awful, in many instances solemn, in many exquisitely beautiful, and in a great number eminently sublime. All these attributes, however, they possess, if considered only in the abstract, in degrees very humble and diminutive, compared with the appearance which they make, when beheld as the works of Jehovah. Mountains, the ocean, and the heavens are majestic and sublime. Hills and valleys, soft landscapes, trees, fruits, and flowers, and many objects in the animal and mineral kingdoms, are beautiful. But what is this beauty, what is this grandeur, compared with that agency of God to which they owe their being? Think what it is for the Almighty hand to spread the plains, to heave the mountains, and to pour the ocean. Look at the verdure, flowers, and fruits which in the mild season adorn the surface of the earth; the uncreated hand fashions their fine forms, paints their exquisite colors,

and exhales their delightful perfumes. In the spring, His life re-animates the world; in the summer and autumn, His bounty is poured out upon the hills and valleys; in the winter, "His way is in the whirlwind and in the storm; and the clouds are the dust of His feet." His hand "hung the earth upon nothing," lighted up the sun in the heavens, and rolls the planets and the comets through the immeasurable fields of ether. His breath kindled the stars; His voice called into existence worlds innumerable, and filled the expanse with animated being. To all He is present, over all He rules, for all He provides. The mind, attempered to divine contemplation, finds Him in every solitude, meets him in every walk, and in all places, and at all times, sees itself surrounded by God.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

Permission of The Outlook, New York.

Nurse.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Baby [*boldly*].

How does the little bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.

Cease, then, to praise good works of such
  An automatic kind.

Nurse.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
  For Heaven hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
  For 'tis their nature to.

Baby [*ironically*].

Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
  Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
  The problems that you raise.

Nurse [*continuing*].

But, children, you should never let
  Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
  To tear each other's eyes.

Baby [*contemptuously*].

Not "made" to tear? Well, what of that?
  No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation,
  No need of final cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
  Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
  They'll do it very well.

Nurse.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son
Stole a pig, and away he run!

Baby [*reproachfully*].

Come, come! Away he "run"!
Grammar condemns what you've just "done."
Should we not read, "The piper's man
Stole a pig, and away he 'ran'?"

Nurse.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!

Baby [*pityingly*].

Do you really wonder, Jane?
And to me all seems so plain!
Go down-stairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith t' improve your mind,
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken,
You had better go and ax
Good Professor Parallax.

Nurse.

Bye, baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby-bunting in.

Baby [*sternly*].

The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since papa's objection
To useful vivisection
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must, with thanks, decline the skin
For wrapping baby-bunting in.

[*Puts Nurse to bed. Scene closes.*]

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

DON'T go to the theatre, lecture, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care—
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't let them feel you've no more need
  Of their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
  When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
  You never forgot them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure, when far away,
  Long letters home to write. Then—
Write them a letter to-night.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
  Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
  The old folks have to-day.
For the sad old folks at home,
  With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
  O, write them a letter to-night.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

IN this country, most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortunes; and health, enterprise, and integrity the instruments with which to do it. For this, diligence in business, abstinence from pleasures, privation even of everything that does not endanger health, are to be joyfully welcomed and borne. When we look around us, and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanctify

all honest efforts for the acquisition of an independence; but when an independence is acquired, then comes the moral crisis, then comes an Ithuriel test, which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation—and I call it a duty, in the most strict and literal signification of that word—all below a competence is most valuable, and its acquisition most laudable; but all above a fortune is a misfortune. It is a misfortune to him who amasses it; for it is a voluntary continuance in the harness of a beast of burden, when the soul should enfranchise and lift itself up into a higher region of pursuits and pleasures. It is a persistence in the work of providing goods for the body after the body has already been provided for; and it is a denial of the higher demands of the soul, after the time has arrived and the means are possessed of fulfilling those demands. . . . Because the lower service was once necessary, and has therefore been performed, it is a mighty wrong when, without being longer necessary, it usurps the sacred rights of the higher.

HORACE MANN.

THE PARABLE OF THE WRECKS.

ON a desolate, storm-beaten island,
A mariner watched the sea
That aye, with a dull and sullen plash
Fretted the shore in a ceaseless dash,
Murmuring mournfully;

And ever the mocking water
  Tossed bits of wrecks on the land;
    Tangled cordage and planks and spars
    And timbers, dinted with storm-given scars,
  Lay scattered along the strand.

They were memories, they, of the ocean—
  All that the grim sea keeps—
    Stories of many a bitter strife;
    Tales of the fathomless death-in-life
  That under its bosom sleeps.

With a listless and weary footstep
  The mariner paced his way,
    And the relics of ruin seem to scan
    With the eye of a lost and shipwrecked man—
  More of a wreck than they.

But there came a wind o'er the water—
  A wind that seemed to speak—
    And every murmuring, mocking wave,
    Unto the mind an echo gave,
  And a flush rose into his cheek,

And the human wreck went to the others,
  The waifs of wind and wave,
    And unto the toys of storms and gales,
    The planks and spars and tattered sails,
  His hands a new form gave.

On the shore of the desolate island,
  With the rocks on either side,

The form of a vessel, strong and new
Out of the fragments slowly grew
Till he launced it forth on the tide.

And the rough waves mocked no longer,
But, one bright sunny day,
He left the lonely and wreck-strewn sand,
Steering his bark with a master hand
For a fair land far away.

WM. O. STODDARD.

THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY is no feast of fancy with music and poetry, with eloquence and art to enchain the mind. Music is here; but it is the deep and solemn harmony of the spheres. Poetry is here; but it must be read in the characters of light written on the sable garments of night. Architecture is here; but it is the colossal structure of sun and system, of cluster and universe. Eloquence is here; but there is neither speech nor language. Its voice is not heard; yet its resistless sweep comes over us in the mighty periods of revolving worlds.

Shall we not listen to this music, because it is deep and solemn? Shall we not read this poetry, because its letters are the stars of heaven? Shall we refuse to contemplate this architecture, because its "architraves, its archways seem ghostly from infinitude"? No: the mind is ever inquisitive, ever ready to attempt to scale the most rugged steeps.

Go with me in imagination and join in the nightly vigils of the astronomer; and while his mind, with powerful energy, struggles with difficulty, join your own sympathetic efforts with his; hope with his hope; tremble with his fears; rejoice with his triumphs.

The astronomer has ever lived and never dies. The sentinel upon the watch-tower is relieved from duty, but another takes his place, and the vigil is unbroken. No: the astronomer never dies. He commences his investigation on the hill-tops of Eden; he studies the stars through the long centuries of antediluvian life. The deluge sweeps from the earth its inhabitants, their cities, and their monuments; but when the storm is hushed and the heavens shine forth in beauty, from the summit of Mt Ararat the astronomer resumes his endless vigils. The plains of Shinar, the temples of India, the pyramids of Egypt are equally his watching places. When science fled to Greece, her home was in the schools of her philosophers; and when darkness covered the earth for a thousand years, he pursued his never-ending task from amidst the burning deserts of Arabia. When science dawned on Europe, the astonomer was there, toiling with Copernicus, watching with Tycho, suffering with Galileo, triumphing with Kepler.

Six thousand years have rolled away since the grand investigation commenced. Midway between the past and the future we sweep backward and witness the first rude effort to explain the celestial phe-

nomena; we may equally stretch forward thousands of years; and, although we cannot comprehend what may be the condition of astronomical science at that remote period, of one thing we are certain—the past, the present, and the future constitute but one unbroken chain of observations condensing all time, to the astronomer, into one mighty "Now."

O. M. MITCHELL.

THE WHIRLING WHEEL.

Permission of The Outlook, New York.

OH! the regular round is a kind of a grind!
We rise in the morning only to find
That Monday's but Tuesday, and Wednesday's the same,
And Thursday's a change in nothing but name;
A Friday and Saturday wind up the week;
On Sunday we rest, and attempt to look meek.
So set a firm shoulder
And push on the wheel!
The mill that we're grinding
Works for our weal.

And although the dull round is a kind of a grind,
It has compensations that we may find.
Famine and slaughter and sieges no more
Are likely to leave their cards at the door.
Let others delight in adventurous lives—
We read their sore trials at home to our wives.

So set a firm shoulder
And push on the wheel!
The mill that we're grinding
Works for our weal.

The regular round, though a kind of a grind,
Brings thoughts of contentment to quiet the mind
The babies sleep soundly in snug little beds;
There's a tight little roof o'er the ringleted heads;
The wife's welcome comes with the set of the sun,
And the worker may rest, for the day's work is done.

So set a firm shoulder
And push on the wheel!
The mill that we're grinding
Works for our weal.

Oh! the regular round is a kind of a grind,
But the world's scenes are shifted by workmen behind.
The star who struts central may show no more art
Than the sturdy "first citizen" filling his part.
When the king to our plaudits has graciously bowed,
The crowd sees the king, while the king sees the crowd.

So set a firm shoulder
And push on the wheel!
The mill that we're grinding
Works for our weal.

When the great mill has stopped, and the work is complete,
And the workers receive the reward that is meet,

Who can tell what the Master shall say is the best?
We but know that the worker who's aided the rest,
Who has kept his wheel turning from morning to night,
Who has not wronged his fellow, is not far from right.

So set a firm shoulder
And push on the wheel!
The mill that we're grinding
Shall work out our weal.

TUDOR JENKS.

SAVED BY A BOY.

Abridged.

Permission of the Author.

A BOOKKEEPER in a certain large city one day asked for a week's leave of absence, and taking a considerable sum of money belonging to the firm that employed him, he went to another city, determining to sail for South America a few days later. Under an assumed name he engaged a room in a poor lodging-house; for though there was little risk of his act being discovered until he was out of his native country (for he was greatly trusted by his employers), yet his guilt made him anxious to destroy all traces of himself after he had committed the theft.

For a whole day he was happy; he now had enough money to do what he had long desired—to go to a foreign country and make certain investments which should in time bring him great wealth

It was early spring, and even in that wretched and noisy neighborhood there was a flowery sweetness in the air. The bookkeeper thought how pleasant it must be in the country lane where his mother lived.

"I'll make her rich yet," and he took from his pocket the papers and bank-notes belonging to his employers. Here was a good, big sum of money, and he fairly laughed aloud. Suddenly there was a rustling in the room. He sprang to his feet, crushing the papers and money into his pocket, and glared round him.

Standing in the doorway was a little, thin-faced boy. He had hold of a big kettle, which seemed heavier than he could well carry.

"What do you want?" demanded the bookkeeper, relieved that it was only a child. "What do you want?"

"I seed a fire in your stove," calmly said the boy; "there ain't no fire nowhere else. I want to heat this 'ere kittle."

The bookkeeper had made a fire that he might destroy certain papers belonging to the firm. He looked at the boy, and he thought he himself might once have appeared like this when his mother was very poor and he was not well fed.

"What do you want hot water for?" he asked.

"Mother," answered the boy.

"Your mother! Did she send you here?"

"She's sick."

The boy had put the kettle over the fire and was watching it, not at all abashed, but cool and quiet.

Then he turned his eyes on the man, and the bookkeeper smiled at the quaint little chap.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Six."

"What's your name?"

"George."

"George! that's a pretty good sort of name; George Washington was a fine fellow."

"I ain't George Washington; I'm George Smith—so's mother."

"Where's your father?"

"Dunno."

"Is he out?"

"Dead."

The bookkeeper started, and looked a little more curiously at the boy.

"My father is dead, too," he said. "Who takes care of your mother?"

"I do," said the boy. "The water's bilin'."

He took the kettle from the fire and staggered with it out of the room, setting it down in the entry outside till he closed the door.

The bookkeeper listened to his retreating steps, "And, like him, again, I take care of my mother," he murmured. "Queer little shaver, that, I wonder—" Here there came a knock on the door; it was opened, and there again was George Smith and his kettle.

"May I heat this 'ere kittle?" he said, and went and put it on the fire and watched it.

What a shabby-looking child it was! how poor and frail!

The bookkeeper had not had a friendly word with a soul since he had taken the money. He felt like talking to some one—any one, and he said:

"Now, George, what do you mean to do when you grow up? be a tall man like me?"

"Goin' to take care o' mother."

"Of course, I take care of my mother, too."

George Smith looked at him. There was a pause. The bookkeeper felt a great pity enter his heart for the forlorn child, so solemn, so unlike most children of his age, with all the merriment stamped out of him, and only stern duty to take its place. He pitied the boy and would have liked to help him somehow.

"What do you do all day, little man?" he asked.

"Stay with mother," came the answer. "She's sick. She ain't got nobody but me. Has your mother got anybody but you?"

"No," said the bookkeeper, and he said it sharply, he knew not why.

The kettle was nearly boiling over, and the boy grasped hold of it; it almost fell, and the bookkeeper ran to catch it. Some of the water spilled over on his foot.

"Get out!" he frowned; "you've scalded me. I'm a fool anyhow to say anything to you."

The boy said not a word, but carrying his burden cautiously with both hands, he crossed the room, set down the kettle outside and closed the door as before.

The bookkeeper frowned darkly; he walked about

the room. Six years old, no play, scanty food, and he was taking care of his sick mother.

He walked up and down, up and down till evening came. Then he lighted the lamp and attempted to read. But again there came that knock on the door. And there was George Smith and his iron water-holder.

"May I heat this 'ere kittle for mother?" he asked.

The bookkeeper was angry.

"Are you boiling your mother?" he cried.

George Smith looked at him.

"She's sick," he said, "and it makes her feel good."

"Can't you see the fire's out?" snapped the bookkeeper.

"Yes," said the boy, and he turned away.

The bookkeeper stopped him. "I'll make it up," he said, "if your mother must have hot water." He kindled the fire, and the kettle was set over it.

Then a strange thought came to the bookkeeper. He looked at George Smith, who watched the kettle. The child looked nearly famished, wholly exhausted. The bookkeeper took a roll of money from his pocket and put it on the table.

"George Smith," he said, "are you hungry?"

The child looked around quickly: "Yes—no," he said. "Mother is—sometimes."

"Then you have no money?"

"Mother sews for it sometimes when she's well."

"What would you do if you had money?"

"Buy chickens for mother."

"And yourself?"

"She'd give me some."

"Exactly. And you have no money; consequently your mother has no chicken."

The boy nodded.

"Would you like some money?" asked the bookkeeper.

The boy drew in his breath at the idea.

"Well, here is plenty," went on the bookkeeper, pointing to the little pile on the table; "help yourself."

The boy looked from the money to the man.

"'Tain't mine," he said. "Is it yourn?"

The bookkeeper started. "Whose do you think it is?" he demanded.

"Dunno," coolly returned the boy. "'Tain't mine."

"But you could take it, and you could buy chickens for your mother with it."

"'Tain't mine," persisted the boy, "and mother says she'd die if I was a thief, too."

"Thief!"

The bookkeeper ran toward him.

"Don't!" cried the boy, cringing. "That's the way my father used to look when he hit me. Don't! But I can't take the money; mother'd die if I was a thief," and dragging the kettle off the fire he escaped from the room.

The bookkeeper stood there thunderstruck. Six years old, poor and ill-fed, knowing the use of

money, and taking care of his impoverished, sick mother, who would die if he were a thief!

He sank into a chair and rested his head upon his hand. He thought of South America and his sure success there, his making a fortune; he thought of a country lane and a little house there, and he thought of his mother.

"She'd die if I was a thief!" The words rang in his ears. "She'd die if I was a thief!"

The oil in the lamp gave out; he sat there in the dark, the stolen money in his hand, repeating: "She'd die if I was a thief!"

The early morning came and found him there, haggard and worn. A great rage against the boy came to him; he opened the door of his room and determined even at that early hour to find the mother of the beggarly boy who had dared to rebuke him.

He had not far to go. Up one flight of crazy stairs he found George Smith. It was in a bare, miserable room, and the child lay sleeping beside his mother. But that mother was as pale, as cold as marble, and as motionless. She was free from all care and grief henceforth forever. One of her arms was thrown across the sleeping child, as though she would protect him.

Upon a chair was a book; it was open, as though dropped there from the nerveless hand that hung down beside the bed.

The bookkeeper picked up the book. "Thou shalt not steal!" he read. His knees gave way, and he

sank down beside the bed. His sobs waked the little boy.

"Hush!" he said, "you'll wake mother." Then he cried in a loud voice, "Mother! mother!" and tried to wake her.

The bookkeeper put his arms around the child.

The next day the bookkeeper was back in the city of his employers, the money was returned without any one having missed it, and in a week a little boy went to live in a little cottage in a country lane.

"Keep him," wrote the bookkeeper to his mother. "He is all alone in the world, and he has been a good friend to me."

"I wonder how a six-year-old child could befriend my splendid son, who loves me so much," smiled the mother. She didn't know.

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

W'EN DE DARKY AM A-WHIS'LIN' IN DE CO'N

W'EN de jewdraps 'gins to glisten,
An' de east am growin' red,
An' de catbird am a-singin' in de trees;
W'en de swallers an' de martins
Am a-quar'lin' in de shed,
An' de hollyhocks am callin' to de bees;
W'en de gray mule 'gins to whinny
An' de porker 'gins to squeal,
Den it's time to be a-wo'kin' in de mo'n,
Kase de sun am climbin' higher
An' de han's am in de field—
An' de darky am a whis'lin' in de c'on!

W'en de fog hab lef' de valley,
  An' de blue am in de sky,
An' de bees am wo'kin' in de medder lot;
W'en de hollyhocks am drowsin',
  An' de sun am ridin' high,
An' de dusty country road am blazin' hot;
Den de darky 'gins to listen—
  As de catbird quits his song—
Fo' de soundin' ob de welcome dinner-ho'n,
Kase his knees am growin' wabbly,
  An' de rows am growin' long—
An' he's hoein' an' a-whis'lin' in de co'n!

W'en de fiery sun am smilin'
  An' a-sinkin' in de wes',
An' de shadders creep along de dusty road;
W'en de martins am a-chatter'n'
  An' dey hurry home to res',
An' de longes' row ob all am nea'ly hoed;
W'en de bullfrog 'gins to holler,
  An' de cowbell down de lane
'Gins to tinkle in a way dat's mos' fo'lo'n,
Den amid de gloomy echoes
  Comes dat soul-refreshin' strain—
Ob de darky as he whis'les in de co'n!

S. Q. Lapius.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;

Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

J. THOMSON.

SUICIDE; OR, THE SIN OF SELF-DESTRUCTION.

IN olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus was a suicide, Brutus was a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through the utmost medical skill that he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of

suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of a life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthrophy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms.

* * * * * *

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in the case of irresponsibility they say, "While this man was demented he took his life," in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter."

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with infamy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, satyr, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster Infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take

thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blighted and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of Infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the temple; but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have been tempted worse than you will ever be, have gone songful on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations; your death as well as your birth, your grave as well as your cradle.

* * * * * *

Remember, too, that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity; and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins have been slain by the Christ who came to do that thing, and we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchre gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. Whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

COUNT GISMOND.

AIX IN PROVENCE.

CHRIST God who savest men, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it: when he struck at length
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtlessly, ere he could draw
  All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
  Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
  To please themselves; 'twas all their deed.
God makes, or fair or foul, our face:
  If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen
  By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
  As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

But no: they let me laugh, and sing
  My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
  A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

And come out on the morning troop
  Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop

Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My queen's-day—Oh! I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

However that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier? and he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
About her! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet!
Shall she, whose body I embraced
A night long, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,
  I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
  What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond: then I knew
  That I was saved. I never met
His face before; but, at first view,
  I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan: who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
  Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
  In blood men's verdict then. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
  The heart o' the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
  By any doubt of the event;
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

Did I not watch him while he let
  His armorer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret

The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet,
And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first to God's second death!
Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
—What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third,
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
A little shifted in its belt,
For he began to say the while
How South our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
  We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
  Their life, untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear
  Great brow; though when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?
  And have you brought my tercel back?
I was just telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ.

From "Pemberton," by permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

THE hour of noon had been appointed for Major André's execution. André rose from his bed at his usual hour, and after partaking of breakfast—which was supplied him as had been the custom, from Washington's own table—began to make his preparations for the solemn scene. His servant Laune had arrived from New York some days before with a supply of clothing; and André this morning shaved and dressed himself with even more than his usual care. He wore the rich scarlet uniform, faced with green, of a British officer; though without the customary sash and sword.

When his friend Pemberton entered, about eleven o'clock, he thought he had never seen a more splendid face and figure. The face was of a deadly paleness—the brow especially showing like a clear pale marble beneath the clustering masses of raven hair. The features appeared even more refined and intellectual than was their wont; and the beautiful expression which sat upon them and shone forth from his deep and melancholy eyes was such as naturally takes captive the hearts of men, and fills with devoted enthusiasm the souls of women.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw!" exclaimed one of the officers in attendance, to Pemberton; "and the most gentle and winning."

"I am glad you have come in good time, Arthur," said André, with a serene composure. "You see I mean to die in the dress of a British officer."

Pemberton's heart was ready to burst, but he knew his duty to his friend too well to allow his sorrowful feelings to master him for a moment.

"Are you ready, Major?" said one of the officers.

"I am ready," replied André proudly.

As André emerged from the prison into the free, fresh air, he took a deep breath, and gazed up into the beautiful blue sky above him, hazy and golden with the glory he so much loved of an October day. He walked arm-in-arm between the two officers, Pemberton walking near him. A captain's command of thirty or forty men marched immediately around them, and André glanced expressively to Pemberton when he saw these, for he thought they

were the firing party, and that his last request, namely, that he should be shot, had been granted.

An outer guard of five hundred men also attended, at the head of which rode nearly all the principal officers of the army, with the exception of Washington and his staff, who from a feeling of delicacy remained in-doors. Large crowds of the soldiery, and of the citizens from the surrounding country, also were present.

As André passed on, he retained his composure in a wonderful degree—nodding and speaking pleasantly to those officers with whom he was acquainted; especially to those who had constituted the court-martial.

The gallows had been erected on the summit of an eminence that commanded a wide view of the surrounding country. It was also in full view of Washington's headquarters; but the doors and shutters of the latter were closed, not a soul was to be seen, save the usual sentinels pacing in front of the house.

As the mournful procession turned from the high road into the meadow, André first saw the gallows. He suddenly recoiled, and paused for a moment.

"I thought you meant to spare me this indignity!" he exclaimed, atmost passionately.

"We have simply to obey our orders," replied one of the officers.

"Gentlemen, you are making a great mistake," cried Pemberton to a couple of higher officers, who were riding near.

"If we are, we are doing it honestly, and because we think it our duty," replied one of them.

André moved on. "I must drink the cup to the dregs, it seems," he said with deep emotion. "But it will soon be over." The pleasant smile, however, had vanished from his face. It was evident that what he thought a needless indignity cut sharper than the sentence of death itself.

The gallows was simply a rude but lofty gibbet, with a wagon drawn under it. Inside the wagon was a roughly-made coffin, painted black. As André stood near the wagon, awaiting some brief preparations, his agony seemed almost more than he could bear; his throat sinking and swelling as though convulsed, while he rolled a pebble to and fro under one of his feet. Laune, his servant, totally overcome, burst out into loud weepings and lamentations. This seemed to rouse and restore his master, who turned to him, and uttered some cheering and comforting words. All around there were solemn faces, and many were even in tears.

At a word from one of the officers, André flung his arms round Pemberton's neck and kissed him, and sprang lightly but with evident loathing into the baggage-wagon, standing upon the coffin. Then he looked around him—upon his executioner, with his blackened face; upon the saddened soldiery and the mournful crowd; upon the glorious landscape, resplendent with the hues of autumn, and melting gradually away into the hazy distance. Then the old, proud look came back into his face—and he seemed

more like a hero, mounted in the car of triumph, and prepared to receive the acclamations of his followers, than a man about to suffer a shameful death.

The executioner approached him, but he waved him away with a grand disdain, and tossing his hat to the ground, removed his stock, opened wide his shirt-collar, and taking the noose, adjusted it himself properly about his neck. On his face was a proud disgust as he did this—as if he said, without useless words: "You have the power; and though you use your power meanly, I am man and soldier enough to submit to it!" Then he bound his handkerchief over his eyes.

The order of execution was read loudly and impressively by Adjutant-General Scammel. At its conclusion, Colonel Scammel informed the prisoner that he might speak, if he had anything to say.

Lifting the bandage from his eyes, and gazing around once more, as if that last look of earth and sun and sky and human faces was sweet indeed, André said, in a proud, clear voice:

"Bear witness, gentlemen, that I die in the service of my country, as becomes a British officer and a brave man."

The hangman now drew near with a piece of cord to bind his arms; but, recoiling from his snaky touch, André swept his hand aside, and drawing another handkerchief from his pocket, allowed his elbows to be loosely fastened behind his back. Then he said in a firm voice—"I am ready!"

Almost at the word the wagon was rolled swiftly

away, and, with a terrible jerk and shock, the noble soul of John André was severed from the beautiful frame with which the Creator had clothed it.

And there was a solemn stillness through all the multitude gathered around, broken only by the sound of weeping. For all felt that this was no common man; and that he had done nothing worthy of death. Only that it was necessary that he should die for the good of their country.

HENRY PETERSON.

THE STORM OF DELPHI.

FAR through the Delphian shades
An Eastern trumpet rung!
And the startled eagle rushed on high,
With a sounding flight through the fiery sky;
And banners, o'er the shadowy glades,
To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
All waving as a flame,
And a fitful glance from the bright spear-head
On the dim wood-paths of the mountain shed,
And a peal of Asia's war-notes told
That in arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems
On his quiver and his crest;

With starry gems, at whose heart the day
Of the cloudless Orient burning lay,
  And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,
    As onward his thousands pressed.

  But a gloom fell o'er their way,
    And a heavy moan went by!
A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,
When its voice grows wild amidst cave and dell,
  But a mortal murmur of dismay,
    Or a warrior's dying sigh!

  A gloom fell o'er their way!
    'Twas not the shadow cast
By the dark pine-boughs, as they crossed the blue
Of the Grecian heavens, with their solemn hue;
  The air was filled with a mightier sway—
    But on the spearmen passed!

  And hollow to their tread
    Came the echoes of the ground;
And banners drooped, as with dews o'erborne,
And the wailing blast of the battle-horn
  Had an altered cadence, dull and dead,
    Of strange foreboding sound.

  But they blew a louder strain,
    When the steep defiles were passed!
And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
To shine through heaven with his radiant snows,
  And in the golden light the Delphian fane,
    Before them stood at last.

In golden light it stood,
'Midst the laurels gleaming lone;
For the Sun-god yet, with a lovely smile,
O'er its graceful pillars look'd awhile,
Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood
Grew deep round its mountain throne.

And the Persians gave a shout!
But the marble walls replied
With a clash of steel and a sullen roar
Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,
And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,
Till their hearts for terror died!

On the armor of the god
Then a viewless hand was laid;
There were helm and spear, with a clanging din,
And corslet brought from the shrine within,
From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,
And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
Through the dim and loaded air!
On the wild-bird's wing and the myrtle spray,
And the very founts in their silvery way,
With a weight of sleep came down the spell,
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon!
'Twas not by song or lyre;
For the Delphian maids had left their bowers,

And the hearths were lone in the city's towers,
  But there burst a sound through the misty noon—
    That battle-noon of fire!

  It burst from earth and heaven!
    It rolled from crag and cloud!
For a moment on the mountain blast
With a thousand stormy voices passed;
  And the purple gloom of the sky was riven
    When the thunder pealed aloud.

  And the lightnings in their play
    Flash'd forth, like javelins thrown:
Like sun-darts winged from silver bow,
They smote the spear and the turbaned brow;
  And the bright gems flew from the crests like spray,
    And the banners were struck down!

  And the massy oak-boughs crashed
    To the fire-bolts from on high,
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward bore,
  And lit the streams, as they foamed and dashed,
    With the fierce rain sweeping by.

  Then rush'd the Delphian men
    On the pale and scattered host.
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
  They rushed from the dim Corycian cave;
  And the sighing blast o'er wood and glen
    Roll'd on with the spears they toss'd.

There were cries of wild dismay,
  There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle birth;
  But the mount of song, when they died away,
    Still rose, with its temple, free!

And the Pæan swell'd ere long,
  Io Pæan! from the fane;
Io Pæan! for the war-array
On the crowned Parnassus riven that day!
  Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song
    With thy bounding streams again.

MRS. HEMANS.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

Abridged.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS:

"Punch, brothers, punch! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen; but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined; I could see that plainly enough. I gave up, and drifted down-town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer, I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight, frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody

marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings: "Punch! Oh! punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked, as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. —— said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "'Punch, brother! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!'"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any revelancy in what you have said—certainly nothing sad; and yet—may be it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "'blue trip-slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare.'" I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden, Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"Oh! wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured:

"'A buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare.'"

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave, full of concern apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understood. Those are about the same words you said before. There does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music, it flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time, and the next, he got them right. Now a

great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent-up talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"'Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!'"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself: "Poor fellow, poor fellow, he has got it now."

I did not see Mr. —— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I

had a sudden call by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars, and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the cars began their 'clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there, and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out then as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip-slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip-slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare—and so on, and so on, and so on—punch in the presence of the passenjare!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could; but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brother! punch with care! punch in the presence of the passenjare—a buff trip-slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip-slip for a three-cent fare—'"

Then, murmuring faint and fainter, he sank into a

peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university, and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with them, now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble, purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

MARK TWAIN.

THE USED-TO-BE.

From "Rhymes of Childhood," by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

BEYOND the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries,
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue

That dazed men with its melody—
Oh! such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words,
That even in the low of herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes
That rounded, through long afternoons,
To serenading plenilunes,
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields, and shady spots
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all ye blooms that longingly
Lift your fair faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

OWEN MOORE.

OWEN MOORE went away
Owin' more than he could pay;
Owen Moore came back to stay—
Owin' more.

THE NATION'S DEFENDERS.

ODE FOR JULY 4.

From "Songs of History," by permission of New England Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

AGAIN wake the song to the nation's defenders,
The years of prosperity rise and increase;
The summer days glow with their shadowless splendors,
And blow the war-bugles the sweet notes of peace.
Here, here where the Northmen their harbored sail shifted,
And wondering turned to the dark seas again,
And the knights of the Fleur-de-lis gallantly lifted
The banners of Francis—awake the glad strain
To the valor of old,
To the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!

Sing the Pilgrims of old, who, by dark foes surrounded,
Their lone, tentless way through the still forests trod,

Who knelt by the Charles and our Ilion founded
  On the hills where their faces were lifted to God!
Sing, sing them, these heroes of history glorious,
  Who caught the free spirit of Cromwell and Vane,
And over the foes of their empire victorious,
Throned Liberty Monarch—awake the glad strain
        To the valor of old,
        To the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!

Defenders of Might to King George's towns loyal,
  When o'er them the Red Cross of Albion blew;
Defenders of Right, in humanity royal,
  Beneath the white stars of the century new.
They stood as one man when the Red Cross was o'er them,
They stood as one man 'neath the new flag again;
The years glowed behind them, the years glowed before them,
  And shall glow forever—awake the glad strain
        To the valor of old,
        To the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!

Sing, sing them who fell by each palm-shaded river,
  The Union to save and the bondmen to free!
The mocking-bird sings by their graves, and forever
  When valor awakes they remembered shall be.
Their deeds thrill our lives, their examples the ages,
  And shadowless ever their fame shall remain;

The white marbles bloom for their sakes, and the pages
Of history gladden with hope—wake the strain
To the valor of old,
To the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!

Then sing ye the song of the nation's defenders,
The wild roses bloom and the Western winds blow,
The natal day hail that to memory renders
The debt that to Liberty's martyrs we owe!
In spirit they come when the bugles are blowing
The sweet notes of peace on our festival days;
In spirit they live in the great empires growing,
And shall live forever!—sing, sing ye the praise
Of the valor of old,
Of the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE POETRY OF CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston, Mass.

WHERE should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat; or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make

answer for him, and say in the dark, gray city. Oh! they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and, therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roofs of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters flowing ever under the forest vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself; revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass, and to be in this and to be a part of this: acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men—such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that this armor should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial

because apparently shut in between the walls of houses and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as island channels and torrent ravines are spanned with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass and flowers and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city by the power of memory.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A CHALLENGE.

From "Lines and Rhymes," by permission of the author.

"GOOD-NIGHT," he said, and he held her hand,
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low:
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cool, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perchance—" and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote.
As she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
  Of dust from his coat lapel;
So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
  'Twas a wonder she saw so well;

But it brought her face so very near,
  In that dim uncertain light,
That the thought, unspoken, was made quite clear,
  And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-night."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions; when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited; nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original,

native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater, and higher than all eloquence—it is action! noble, sublime, godlike action! LOVELL.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew.
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunderclap, and shower,

Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night,
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouack
  Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
  Though death should come with day.
'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend, have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
  Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then th' affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear
Presaging death and ruin near
  Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array
'Twas there gray Allan sleepless lay;
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
  Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
  Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friend's and foeman's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
  And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Ben Nevis hear with awe,

How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
  Of conquest as he fell.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,
  When down the destin'd plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
  And doom'd the future slain.—
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
  For Flodden's fatal plain;
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
  With gestures wild and dread;
The seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
  The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
  And of the destined dead.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance while lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud, and call the brave
To bloody grave, to sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet so light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye that sinks its head when
whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave, as each wild gust
blows by;
But still the corn, at dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore, at eve lies waste,
A trampled paste of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance! brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room; make space full wide
For martial pride, for banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near, proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel! through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight, both head and heart shall
feel.

Sons of the spear! you feel us near
In many a ghastly dream; with fancy's eye
Our forms you spy, and hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe your disembodied souls
take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite our choir of
death shall know.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers, redder rain
shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—yield we place to sterner
game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame shall the welkin's
thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame to the wrath of man.
Wheel the wild dance while lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud, and call the brave
To bloody grave, to sleep without a shroud.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say:
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires grow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BENEFITS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE benefits of the Constitution are not exclusive. What has it left undone, which any government could do, for the whole country? In what condition has it placed us? Where do we now stand? Are we

elevated, or degraded, by its operation? What is our condition, under its influence, at the very moment when some talk of arresting its power and breaking its unity? Do we not feel ourselves on an eminence? Do we not challenge the respect of the whole world? What has placed us thus high? What has given us this just pride? What else is it, but the unrestrained and free operation of that same Federal Constitution, which it has been proposed now to hamper and manacle and nullify? Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that Republic, which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it; who have eyes to see, and have not read of it; who know anything, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, who is there among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—that a death-blow had been struck upon their bond of union—that they themselves had destroyed their chief good and their chief honor—who is there, whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there, who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment, gentlemen, our country is a general refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of

other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country looks here for shelter. Whether he be a republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him—he feels equal assurance that if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

And who will venture to say that in any government now existing in the world, there is greater security for persons or property than in that of the United States? We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion; and they have stood substantially firm and steady, while the fountains of the great deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while in other countries the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law and all liberty and all right, together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial—it can stand assault—it can stand adversity—it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion, and nullification.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE MAIDEN HUSKING CORN.

Lady.

"NOW show something not so grand,
Some pleasant rural scene;
Some breezy pastime, sketched off-hand,
Dashed in with green and gold.
For I have seen Madonnas smile,
And winged cherubim.
One must desire to be in style,
Until my eyes are dim.
Ah! here is something pleases me,
A clear-hued country morn,
A brook that lisps, an aspen tree,
A maiden husking corn."

Artist.

"I like that too; it brings to mind
A hunting season West,
Some twenty busy years behind
When fortune was unguessed.
I had a silver fowling-piece,
A jaunty hunting-dress.
They did small damage to the geese,
The pigeons suffered less;
But heart and hope were on the toss,
And trouble was unborn;
And in my strolls I came across
This maiden husking corn.

"She was an airy, wild-bird thing,
  Sunbrowned from top to toe,
As swift as swallow on the wing,
  As timid as the roe;
I wheedled her to come and sit
  Awhile upon my knee;
I kissed the dusky, barefoot bit,
  She told her grief to me.
They scolded her because she screamed
  Because her frock was torn,
Because she dallied and she dreamed
  When she was husking corn.

"Her sorrows were so very black
  The little maiden cried,
And I declared I would come back
  And she should be my bride,
And have a palace bright with gold,
  Like that of Alraschid,
Where no one would know how to scold
  Or dare to, if he did.
Heigho! has she a spouse to kiss
  Who scolds when frocks are torn?
Perhaps her sun-browned daughter is
  A maiden husking corn."

Lady.

"Perhaps; if so, then she were blest
  To find such sweet employ;
But tell me, when you hunted West
  Was it in Illinois?

A child was there, a gypsy elf;
  She met a brave huntsman
Long, long ago, who called himself
  Prince Camaralzaman.
Of course, 'tis all a freak of chance,
  Like tales, you will be sworn;
But, as it pleases you, I was once
  A maiden husking corn."

Artist.

"Your portrait, quick; it is the truth;
  Yes, now, I see it plain.
You are but little changed, in sooth,
  By gems and velvet train.
The same deep eyes, yet not the same;
  Ah! well a-day, for aye.
If wishes came for wealth and fame
  Where would we be to-day?
Far on a Western grange, I wis.
  All in a clear-hued morn.
And you would blush and I would kiss
  The maiden husking corn.

J. H. Blow.

GOD SAVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

GOD save our native land,
  And make her strong to stand
  For truth and right.
Long may her banner wave,

Flag of the free and brave!
Thou who alone canst save,
  Grant her Thy might.

Ever from sea to sea
May law and liberty
  O'er all prevail.
Where'er the rivers flow,
Where'er the breezes blow,
May love and justice grow,
  And never fail.

In living unity
May all her people be
  Kept evermore.
From hence on every side
May freedom's swelling tide
Roll grandly, far and wide,
  To every shore.

O God! to Thee we raise
Our grateful song of praise
  For this glad land.
Thou didst our fathers lead,
Thou wilt their children heed,
Supplying all their need
  From Thy full hand.

JULIUS H. SEELYE.

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN'S COURTSHIP.

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN was a hand-loom weaver in a rural part of Scotland many years ago. Like many another Scotchman, he was strongly impressed with the desire to own the house he lived in. He bought it before he had saved money enough to pay for it, and he toiled day and night to clear the debt, but died in the struggle. When he was dying he called his son to his bedside and said: "Saunders, ye're the eldest son, and ye maun be a faither to the ither bairns; see that they learn to read their Bibles and to write their names, and be gude to your mother; and, Saunders, promise me that ye'll see that the debt is paid." The son promised, and the father died, and was buried in the auld kirkyard. Years passed; the bairns were a' married and awa', and Saunders was left alone with his mother. She grew frail and old, and he nursed her with tender, conscious care. On the evening of the longest summer day she lay dying. Saunders sat at her bedside, and they opened their hearts to each other on the grandest themes. Stretching her thin hand out of the bed-clothes, she laid it on his head, now turning gray, and said: "Saunders, ye've been a gude laddie, and I'm gaun to leave ye. I bless ye, and Heaven will bless ye; for ye have dune Heaven's biddin', and honored your faither and mither. I'll see your faither the morn, and I'll tell him that the bairns are a' weel, and that the debt was paid lang or I left the earth."

She died, and he laid her in the kirkyard beside his father, and returned to the house he was born in—alone. He sat down in his father's chair, crowned with a priceless crown of deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him. "What'll I dae," he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'." This was easily done, for he lived very simply—parritch or brose to breakfast, tatties and herrin' to dinner, and brose or parritch again to supper. But when winter set in his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said: "What needs I lie gantin' here; I'll rise and get a licht." So he got his flint and steel and tinder-box, and set to work. Nowadays we strike a match and have a light, but Saunders had no such easy task. The sparks from the flint and steel would not ignite the tinder. He struck vehemently, missed the flint, and drove the steel deep into his knuckles.

"I said in my haste this mornin' that I wad hae a wife, and noo I say in my solemn leisure, this very day I shall have a wife!"

Saunders was a simple-minded man, but no simpleton. He knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps at him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice, but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women," he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said he couldna understand the ways o' women; it wasna for the want o' opportunity ony way."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his

best dress should go on; and looking in the glass he said: "I canna gang to see the lassies wi' a beard like that." The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lassies noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies, even in man. "Ye're no a very ill-looking man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' guid-lookin' and weel-drest, but whatna woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got at length a paper and pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half-text, carefully dotting all the "i's" and stroking all the "t's," and surveyed the list as follows: "That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them; let me see," putting on his spectacles, "it's no wise-like gaun courtin' when a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young; she's not very young at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane; but she's blind o' the richt e'e, and it's not necessary that Saunders McGlashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth; she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morrison, a bonnie woman; but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her heid's no her ain hair. I'm certain it's her ain tongue at ony rate! Jeannie Millar, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude

heart, for she was kind to her mither lang bedfast. Noo whieh o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four ean bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person eould get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarehs had mair liberty. Abraham wud just hae ta'en them baith; but I'm no' Abraham. They say siller's the god o' the warld. I never had any more use for siller than to buy meat and elaes, to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath, and gie a bawbee to a blind fiddler. But they say Heaven's love and love's Heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside, and she sits at that side darnin' stockin' and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I laueh ower to her and she lauehs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body ean get on in this warld without siller, but they eanno get on in the warld withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows eommanding a view of the street there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard erying: "Mither! mither! mither! Come here! eome here! Look! look! look! There's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day elaes on in the middle o' the week! He's lookin' awfu' melaneholy. I wonder wha's dead?"

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson. She at this moment, not knowing that

her first offer was so near, was sitting spinning, sighing and saying: "Eh! preserve me! It's a weary warld! I've been thirty years auld for the last ten years (sings):

"'Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo!
Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo.'"

The door opened, and there stood Saunders McGlashan.

"Eh! preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair een! Come awa' into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? Ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are. I never saw you lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after!"

"I'm gaun aboot seeking a wife!"

"Eh! Saunders, if that's what ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's you I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan! think shame o' yersel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner."

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offense, Janet I meant nae offense. Eh! oh! very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped," and, slowly unfolding the paper which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her head, and broke the silence as follows: "Saunders (ahem) McGlashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue. I sorry tae hurt your feelin's, Saunders; but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last. So I think, Saunders—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh! Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye! gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!"

But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat and solemnly said: "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet. It'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned toward the door; but the maiden was there first with her back at the door, and said:

"Preserve me! what have I done? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live, 'that woman was deein' for a man;' so ye maun come every day for the next month, and come in daylicht, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say 'that woman's no easy coortit I can tell ye. The puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders, though I'll

be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' eourtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy, heavenly glow; his heart broke into a full storm of love, and, stooping down, he took her yielding hand in his, and said:

"Yes, I wull; yes, I wull! I'll eome twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Jaanet!"

Before the unhappy man knew where he was he had kissed the maiden, who was long expecting it. But the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a erime whieh he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty lang Seottish, kissless years, while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaetion, and said to him:

"Eh! Saunders McGlashan, isna that rale refreshin'?"

THE CHICKADEE.

"WERE it not for me,"
Said a ehiekadee,
"Not a single flower on earth would be,
For under the ground they soundly sleep,
And never venture an upward peep
Till they hear from me,
Chiekadee-dee-dee!

"I tell Jaek Frost when 'tis time to go
And earry away his iee and snow;

And then I hint to the jolly old sun,
'A little spring work, sir, should be done.'
And he smiles around
On the frozen ground,
And I keep up my cheery, cheery sound,
Till Echo declares, in glee, in glee;
''Tis he! 'tis he!
The chickadee-dee!'

"And then I waken the birds of spring—
'Ho, ho! 'tis time to be on the wing!'
They trill and twitter and soar aloft,
And I send the winds to whisper soft,
Down by the little flower beds,
Saying: 'Come, show your pretty heads!
The spring is coming, you see, you see!
For so sings he,
The chickadee-dee.'

"The sun he smiled, and the early flowers
Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,
And song birds gathered in bush and tree;
But the wind he laughed right merrily,
As the saucy mite of a snowbird, he,
Chirped away: 'Do you see, see, see?
I did it all!
Chickadee-dee-dee!'"

SYDNEY DAYRE.

EARL SIGURD'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Abridged.

From "Idyls of Norway," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

EARL SIGURD, he rides o'er the foam-crested brine,
And he heeds not the billowy brawl,
For he yearns to behold gentle Swanwhite, the maid,
Who abides in Sir Burislav's hall.

"Earl Sigurd, the viking, he comes, he is near!
Earl Sigurd, the scourge of the sea;
Among the wild rovers who dwell on the deep,
There is none that is dreaded as he.

"Oh, hie ye, ye maidens, and hide where ye can,
Ere the clang of his war-axe ye hear,
For the wolf of the woods has more pity than he,
And his heart is as grim as his spear."

Thus ran the dread tidings from castle to hut,
Through the length of Sir Burislav's land,
As they spied the red pennon unfurled to the breeze,
And the galleys that steered for the strand.

But with menacing brow, looming high in his prow
Stood Earl Sigurd, and fair to behold
Was his bright, yellow hair, as it waved in the air,
'Neath the glittering helmet of gold.

* * * * * *

And the light galleys bore the fierce crew to the shore
  And naught good did their coming forbode,
And a wail rose on high to the storm-riven sky
  As to Burislav's castle they strode.

Then the stout-hearted men of Sir Burislav's train
  To the gate-way came thronging full fast,
And the battle-blade rang with a murderous clang,
  Borne aloft on the wings of the blast.

* * * * * *

Then came Burislav forth; to the men of the North
  Thus in quivering accents spake he:
"O, ye warriors, name me the ransom ye claim,
  Or in gold, or in robes, or in fee."

"Oh, what reck I thy gold?" quoth Earl Sigurd, the bold;
  "Hast not Thor * laid it all in my hand?
Give me Swanwhite, the fair, and by Balder I swear
  I shall never revisit thy land.

"For my vengeance speeds fast, and I come like the blast
  Of the night o'er the billowy brine;
I forget not thy scorn and thy laugh on that morn
  When I wooed me the maid that was mine."

Then the chief, sore afraid, brought the lily-white maid
  To the edge of the blood-sprinkled field,
And they bore her aloft o'er the sward of the croft
  On the vault of the glittering shield.

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* Thor, the Norse god of war.

But amain in their path, in a whirlwind of wrath
Came young Harold, Sir Burislav's son;
With a great voice he cried, while the echoes replied:
"Lo, my vengeance, it cometh anon!"

"Hark ye, Norsemen, hear great tidings: Odin, Thor, and Frey are dead,
And white Christ, the strong and gentle, standeth peace-crowned in their stead.
Lo, the blood-stained day of vengeance to the ancient night is hurled,
And the dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born world.

"See the Cross in splendor gleaming far and wide o'er pine-clad heath,
While the flaming blade of battle slumbers in its golden sheath.
And before the lowly Saviour, e'en the rider of the sea,
Sigurd, tamer of the billow, he hath bent the stubborn knee."

Now at Yule-tide sat he feasting on the shore of Drontheim fiord,
And his stalwart swains about him watched the bidding of their lord.
Huge his strength was, but his visage, it was mild and fair to see;
Ne'er old Norway, heroes' mother, bore a mightier son than he.

With her maids sat gentle Swanwhite 'neath a roof
of gleaming shields,
As the rarer lily blossoms 'mid the green herbs of the
fields;
To and fro their merry words flew lightly through
the torch-lit room,
Like a shuttle deftly skipping through the mazes of
the loom.

And the scalds with nimble fingers o'er the sounding
harp-strings swept;
Now the strain in laughter rippled, now with hidden
woe it wept,
For they sang of Time's beginning, ere the sun the
day brought forth—
Sang as sing the ocean breezes through the pine-
woods of the North.

Bolder beat the breasts of Norsemen—when amid
the tuneful din
Open sprang the heavy hall-doors, and a stranger
entered in.
Tall his growth, though low he bended o'er a twisted
staff of oak,
And his stalwart shape was folded in a dun, un-
seemly cloak.

Straight the Earl his voice uplifted: "Hail to thee,
my guest austere!
Drain with me this cup of welcome; thou shalt
share our Yule-tide cheer.

Thou shalt sit next to my high-seat* e'en though lowly be thy birth,
For to-night our Lord, the Saviour, came a stranger to His earth."

Up then rose the gentle Swanwhite, and her eyes with fear grew bright;
Down the dusky hall she drifted, as a shadow drifts by night.
"If my lord would hold me worthy," low she spake, "then grant me leave
To abide between the stranger and my lord, this Christmas eve."

"Strange, O guest, is women's counsel, still their folly is the staff
Upon which our wisdom leaneth," and he laughed a burly laugh;
Lifted up her lissome body with a husband's tender pride,
Kissed her brow, and placed her gently in the high-seat at his side.

But the guest stood pale and quivered, where the red flames roofward rose,
And he clenched the brimming goblet in his fingers, fierce and close,

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* The high-seat (accent on first syllable), the Icelandic "hasaeto," was the seat reserved for the master of the house. It was situated in the middle of the north wall, facing south.

Then he spake: "All hail, Earl Sigurd, mightiest of the Norsemen, hail!
Ere I name to thee my tidings, I will taste thy flesh and ale."

Quoth the merry Earl with fervor: "Courteous is thy speech and free;
While thy worn soul thou refreshest, I will sing a song to thee;
For beneath that dusky garment thou mayst hide a hero's heart,
And my hand, though stiff, hath scarcely yet unlearned the singer's art."

* * * * * *

Then he sang in tones impassioned, of the death of Æsir* bright,
Sang the song of Christ the glorious, who was born a babe to-night,
How the hosts of heaven victorious joined the anthem of His birth,
Of the kings the starlight guided from the far lands of the earth.

And anon, with bodeful glamour fraught, the hurrying strain sped on,
As he sang the law of vengeance and the wrath forever gone.

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* Æsir is the collective name for all the Scandinavian gods.

Sang of gods with murder sated, who had laid the fair
earth waste,
Who had whetted swords of Norsemen, plunged them
into Norsemen's breast.

But he shook a shower of music, rippling from the
silver strings,
And bright visions rose of angels and of fair and
shining things
As he sang of heaven's rejoicing at the mild and
bloodless reign
Of the gentle Christ who bringeth peace and good-
will unto men!

But the guest sat dumb and hearkened, staring at
the brimming bowl,
While the lay with mighty wing-beats swept the
darkness of his soul.
For the Christ who worketh wonders as of old, so
e'en to-day
Sent his angel downward gliding on the ladder of
the lay.

As the host his song had ended with a last resound-
ing twang,
And within the harp's dumb chambers murmurous
echoes faintly rang,
Up then sprang the guest, and straightway downward
rolled his garment dun—
There stood Harold, the avenger, Burislav's un-
daunted son.

High he loomed above the feasters in the torch-light dim and weird,
From his eyes hot tears were streaming, sparkling in his tawny beard;
Shining in his sea-blue mantle stood he 'mid that wondering throng,
And each maiden thought him fairest, and each warrior vowed him strong.

Swift he bared his blade of battle, flung it quivering on the board:
"Lo!" he cried, "I came to bid thee baleful greeting with my sword;
Thou hast dulled the edge that never shrank from battle's fiercest test—
Now I come, as comes a brother, swordless unto brother's breast.

"With three hundred men I landed in the gloaming at thy shore—
Dost thou hear their axes clanking on their shields without thy door?
But a yearning woke within me my sweet sister's voice to hear,
To behold her face and whisper words of warning in her ear.

"But I knew not of the new-born King, who holds the earth in sway,
And whose voice like fragrance blended in the soarings of thy lay.

This my vengeance now, O brother: foes as friends
shall hands unite;
Teach me, thou, the wondrous tidings, and the law of
Christ the white."

Touched, as by an angel's glory, strangely shone Earl
Sigurd's face,
As he locked his foe, his brother, in a brotherly embrace;
And each warrior upward leaping, swung his horn
with gold bedight:
"Hail to Sigurd, hail to Harold, three times hail to
Christ the white!"

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

EDELWEISS.

BY Alpine road, beneath an old fir-tree,
Two children waited patiently for hours;
One slept, and then the elder on her knee
Made place for baby head among her flowers.

And to the strangers, climbing tired and slow,
She called, "Buy roses, please," in accents mild,
As if she feared the echo, soft and low,
Of her own voice might wake the sleeping child

And many came and passed, and answered not
The pleading of that young, uplifted face,
While in each loiterer's memory of the spot,
Dwelt this fair picture full of patient grace.

And one took offered flowers with gentle hand,
  And met with kindly glance the timid eyes,
And said, in tones that children understand,
  "My little girl, have you the Edelweiss?"

"Oh! not to-day, dear lady," said the child,
  "I cannot leave my little sister long;
I cannot carry her across the wild;
  She grows large faster than my arms grow strong.

"If you stay on the mountain all the night,
  At morning I will run across the steep
And get the mossy flowers ere sun is bright,
  And while my baby still is fast asleep."

"Your baby, little one?" "Oh! yes," she said,
  "Yonder, you see that old stone tower shine?
There, in the churchyard, lies my mother, dead,
  And since she died the baby has been mine."

Soft shone the lady's eyes with tender mist,
  And ever, as she pressed toward fields of ice,
She pondered in her heart the half-made tryst
  With this young seeker of the Edelweiss.

At night, safe sheltered in the convent's fold,
  Where white peaks stand in ermined majesty,
Where sunsets pour great throbbing waves of gold
  Across the white caps of a mountain sea;

At morn, with face subdued and reverent tone,
  Slow winding down, with spirit hushed and awed,
As from a vision of the great white throne,
  Or veil half-lifted from the face of God.

The blessing of the hills her soul had caught
  Made all the mountain-track a path of prayer,
Along which angel forms of loving thought
  Led to the trysting-place;—no child was there!

The wind was moaning in the old fir-tree,
  The lizards crawling o'er the mossy seat;
But no fair child, with baby at her knee,
  And in the mold no track of little feet.

No faded flowers strewing the stunted grass;
  No young voice singing clear its woodland strain;
No brown eyes lifted as the strangers pass;
  A murmur in the air, like far-off rain;

A black cloud, creeping downward swift and still,
  Answered her listening heart, a far-off knell,
Almost before there swept along the hill
  The slow, deep tolling of the valley bell.

Once more there drifted 'cross the face the mist;
  Once more, with trembling soul and tender eyes,
She hurried on to keep the half-made tryst,
  To meet the child, to claim the Edelweiss.

Nearer she came and nearer every hour,
  Her heart-beat answering quick the deep bell's
    call;
It led her to the shadow of the tower,
  The shining tower beside the churchyard wall.

She found her there—a cross rose at her feet,
  And burning tapers glimmered at her head;
Her white hands clinging still to blossoms sweet,
  And God's peace on her face; the child was dead.

Quaint carven saints and martyrs stood around.
  Each clasped the symbol of his sacrifice;
But this fair child, in saintly sweetness crowned,
  Held, as they held the cross, her Edelweiss.

Early that morn a shepherd, on the height,
  In cleft of rocks sought shelter from the cold,
And there he found this lamb, all still and white,
  Entered already to the heavenly fold.

The Edelweiss grew on that rocky steep;
  The brave child-feet had climbed too fast and far;
And so had come to her this blessed sleep,
  This blessed waking 'neath the morning star.

The light within the little church grew dim,
  And, ere the last gleam faded in the west,
While childish voices sang the vesper hymn,
  A lady, with a babe upon her breast,

Crept silently adown the shadowy aisle,
  And, kneeling, bathed with tears the hand of ice,
And laid it on the babe, and saw it smile,
  And whispered, "I have named her Edelweiss!"

When one more day had seen its shadows fall,
  That old stone tower gleaming in the sun,
And the great olive by the western wall,
  Shaded two humble graves where had been one.

And by and by, above the dear child's head,
  Arose a little stone with quaint device.
When summer blossoms died around the bed,
  A marble hand grasped still the Edelweiss.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

CHARACTER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THIS immortal State paper, which for its composer was the aurora of enduring fame, was "the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time," the revelation of its mind, when, in its youth, its enthusiasm, its sublime confronting of danger, it rose to the highest creative powers of which man is capable. The bill of rights which it promulgates is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State. Two political theories divided the world: one founded the Commonwealth on the reason of State, the policy of expediency; the other on the immu-

table principles of morals. The new Republic, as it took its place among the powers of the world, proclaimed its faith in the truth and reality and unchangeableness of freedom, virtue, and right. The heart of Jefferson in writing the declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity; the assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident. As it was put forth in the name of the ascendant people of that time, it was sure to make the circuit of the world, passing everywhere through the despotic countries of Europe; and the astonished nations, as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

HARD LINES.

IT'S hard to live a saint on whey,
When sinners drink the cream;
It's hard to be a middlin' man,
When a great man ye might seem.

It's hard to lift your hat to him
Ye ken to be a rogue;
It's hard to gie a doonricht "no"
To what is maist in vogue.

It's hard to speak the truth when lies
  Would earn you power and place;
When Providence gies scanty fare,
  To say a hearty grace.

It's hard to be an honest man,
  When rascals rule the roast;
It's hard to make self-sacrifice,
  And yet to make no boast.

It's hard to hear lang-winded men
  Hold forth your ain conviction,
And not, in sheer disgust, at last,
  To gie it contradiction.

It's hard to see mere money-bags
  Tak' precedence of brains;
To find broadcloth will win a place
  That broad sense never gains.

It's hard to hear some preachers ban
  'Gainst worldliness and wine,
When a' the time, ye brawly ken,
  They're o' anither min'.

It's hard to be a man at a',
  And waur to be a woman,
But things will maybe tak' a turn,
  So better days are comin'.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Found in the knapsack of a soldier of the Civil War after he had been slain in battle.

NEAR the camp-fire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
And the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near,
In the cañon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Saviour turned away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain-brake.
Take me to her Saviour dear
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
  As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
  Fill the air with sad'ning cries;
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake."
Low I lisp: "If I should die,
  I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT ACTIONS.

GREAT actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the welfare of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a

meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss only of so many lives and so much treasure.

But there are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events; that give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveler pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast? what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed, but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and

architects, her government and free institutions point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias as secure yet to himself and to the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE BELLS OF BROOKLINE.

Permission of the author.

[The news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox first came to Brookline, Mass., through a private dispatch in cipher; and immediately the children of one of the schools of that place ran to every part of the town, and started all the church bells to ringing. The whole country was in a state of expectancy, and when the neighboring towns heard the bells of Brookline pealing, they all began to ring their own, so that, almost before the intelligence could be confirmed, it had spread throughout eastern Massachusetts.]

ON wings of lightning the message came
To Brookline town, and it spread like flame
That April morning; for, two by two,
Over the village the children flew,
And set the bells in the belfries tall
Rocking, and swinging, and ringing all;

And all the people, "with one accord,"
Halted, and hearkened, and praised the Lord,
As, speeding over the hills and dells,
The glad sound went of the Brookline bells.

And other bells, in the hamlets near,
Clamored, and echoed the music clear;
And cities heard, and a wide land knew
The import well of the strange ado.
It meant that down where the armies lay
At Appomattox, that famous day,
The veteran leaders, Grant and Lee,
Had parleyed under the apple-tree,
And signed the treaty that ushered in
Repose and safety where strife had been.

The clang and clamor—the sounds that rolled
From the vibrant bells of Brookline told
The march was ended, the vigil done,
The last shot sped from the smoking gun;
That the grim, long lines of blue and gray,
Like ghostly armies, would melt away,
And never again embattled stand
In civil conflict in all the land;
And the starry flag alone should be
The nation's emblem from sea to sea.

Like a dream-wraith fades and disappears,
The cloud that darkened the battle-years;
Idle and useless, the bay'nets rust;
The cannon are silent and covered with dust;

The shot-torn banners in sleep are furled,
And Peace, like a zodiac, belts the world!
But long will the glad remembrance stay
Of all that happened that April day—
While Song rehearses, and History tells,
How the children rang the Brookline bells!

ANDREW DOWNING.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys;
You may take the gear to the shed;
All the sweat o' your brows,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know;
There's not a blade will grow;
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys;
He's going blind, as I said;
My old eyes can't bear,
To see him in the shed.
The cow's dry and spare;
She's neither here nor there;
I doubt she's badly bred.
Stop the mill to-morn, boys;
There'll be no more corn,
Neither white nor red.
There's no sign of grass, boys;
You may sell the goat and the pig;

The land's not what it was, boys,
  And the beasts must be fed.
You may turn Peg away;
  You may pay off old Ned;
We've had a dull day, boys,
  And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys;
  Let me turn my head:
She's standing there in the door,
  Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
  Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place;
  Let me turn my head;
Take her away from me,
  As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
  As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be,
  When all's done and said;
But I see her looking at me,
  Wherever I turn my head—
Out of the big oak tree,
  Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she,
  And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
  But I think it's not in my head;
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
  The Lord be hallowed!

Outside and in
  The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
  The sky is shriveled and shred;
The hedges down by the loan,
  I can count them bone by bone;
The leaves are open and spread;
  But I see the teeth of the land,
  And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
  There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold.
Over valley and wold,
  Wherever I turn my head,
There's a mildew and a mould;
  The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
  And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
  You're all born and bred.
'Tis fifty years and more,
  Since wife and I were wed;
And she's gone before,
  And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
  Upon his curly head;
She knew she'd never see't,
  And she stole off to bed.

I've been sitting up alone,
  For he'd come home, he said;
But it's time I was gone, boys,
  For Tommy's dead.
Put up the shutters, boys;
  Bring out the beer and bread;
Make haste and sup,
  For my eyes are heavy as lead.
There's something wrong i' the cup;
  There's something ill wi' the bread;
I don't care to sup, boys,
  And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
  I've such a sleepy head:
I shall nevermore be stout;
  You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
  The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out,
  And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys;
  You may carry me to the head;
The night's dark and deep;
  Your mother's long in bed.
'Tis time to go to sleep,
  And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;
  You may shake my hand instead.

All things go amiss;
You may lay me where she is,
And I'll rest my old head:
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

THO' yer lamp o' life is burnin' with a clear and steady light,
An' it never seems ter flicker, but it's allers shinin' bright;
Tho' it sheds its rays unbroken for a thousand happy days—
Father Time is ever turnin' down the wick that feeds her blaze.
So it clearly is yer duty ef you've got a thing to do
Ter put yer shoulder to ther wheel an' try to push her through;
Ef yer upon a wayward track you better turn about—
You've lost ther chance to do it
When the
Light
Goes
Out.

Speak kindly to the woman who is working fer yer praise,
Ther same way as you used ter in those happy courtin' days;

She likes appreciation just the same ez me an' you,
And it's only right and proper that yer give her what
is due,
Don't wait until her lamp o' life is burnin' dim an
low,
Afore you tell her what you orter told her long ago—
Now's ther time ter cheer her up 'an put her blues to
rout—
You've lost ther chance to do it
When the
Light
Goes
Out.

Don't keep a-puttin' matters off an' settin' dates
ahead—
To-morrow's sun'll find a hundred thousand of us
dead;
Don't think because yer feelin' well you won't be sick
no more—
Sometimes the reddist pippin has a worm-hole to the
core.
Don't let a killin' habit grow upon you soft and still
Because you think thet you ken throw it from you
at your will—
Now's ther time ter quit it when yer feelin' brave an'
stout—
You've lost ther chance to do it
When the
Light
Goes
Out.

I'd rather die with nothin' then ter hev ther people
say
That I had got my money in a robbin', graspin'
way;
No words above my restin'-place from any tongue or
pen
Would hev a deeper meanin' than "He helped his
fellow-men."
So ef you hev a fortune and you want to help the
poor,
Don't keep a-stavin' off until you get a little more;
Ef yer upon a miser's track you better turn about—
Yer record keeps on burnin'
When the
Light
Goes
Out.

HARRY S. CHESTER.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

UP in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over a low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While the moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!
  When I was a boy, a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring the glimpses of time to be
When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
  When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
  When I was a boy, a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;
And those dreams should give me back again
A peace I have never known since then—
  When I was a boy, a little boy!

EUGENE FIELD.

THE ELOCUTION LESSON.

A Medley.

THE teacher stood upon the floor,
  The scholars sat by two, by three;
"Read, if you never read before,
  Good pupils, read your best," quoth she;
"In orotund or medium force
  Practice until your voice is hoarse,
    Sfa, kstha, sfe, skthe."

Men say 'twas Elocution's tide
That swept the town like tidal wave;
But in mine ears do still abide
The awful shrieks those people gave.
And there was much of strange, beside,
They lifted up their hands and cried,
"Oh, save my brain! oh, save! oh, save!"

I sat and read within my door.
My specs fell off;—I raised my head.
Across the street with yell and roar
Came voices that could wake the dead.
"Lift up your heads, take one deep breath,
Say to the winds, 'Blow on,'" she saith,
The teacher fair—Elizabeth.

So loud, so fast the shrieking came,
The heart had only time to throb
Before another awful strain
Burst forth from that unruly mob.
"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each pupil drew his battle blade,"
And one more charge for victory made.

If it be long, aye, long ago—
When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear those voices flow
In sharp, shrill echoes, loud and strong.
And all the air, it seemeth true,
Is startled by that noisy crew
Who utter, "A, E, I, O, U."

The maidens where those sofas are
Sat there like statues, still as death.
The leader's voice I heard afar,
That damsel mild, Elizabeth.
Till floating o'er the street to me
Came down that kindly message free,
"The class will please arise," said she.

And eager pupils quickly stand,
Make gestures with their might and main;
Then madly, at their queen's command,
Fling up their weary arms again.
Then feet came down with ruin and rout,
Then clenchéd fists flew round about,
Then all the mighty tongues did shout

"Continental Hotel! Continental Hotel!"
"Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore!"
"Hush!—heard ye not a footfall soft
Upon the chamber floor?"
"Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening
roar!"

I shall never hear her more
Reading pieces o'er and o'er,
Saying to the class before her,
While the evening shades fall o'er her,
"Stand up, Jennie, stand up, Bennie,

Quit the books your hands are clasping,
Give the gesture at my asking,
To the ceiling lift your eyes;
Come up, Jerry, come up, Mary,
Come up, Sallie, rise and join us,
Sallie, in this exercise."

FRANCES NASH.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.

WHO shall estimate the cost of a priceless reputation, that impress which gives this human dross its currency, without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it if injured? Who can redeem it if lost? O, well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison! Without it gold has no value; birth, no distinction; station, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence. Without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life stand, like the beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is dangerous, that its contact is death.

The wretch without it is under eternal quarantine; no friend to greet, no home to harbor him The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge, a

buoyant pestilence. But let me not degrade into the selfishness of individual safety or individual exposure this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin.

It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon, which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country, which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man, which, if it does not inspire, will at least invigorate, the martyr to merit immortality, which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of Heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory! O, divine, O, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable the example it inspires!

Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable jewel, to rob society of its charm and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and shame? I can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time; but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person affects that which medicine may remedy; but what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, up-

braids me with that which industry may retrieve and integrity may purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy. It is without antidote. It is without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A HARVARD–YALE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

Abridged and adapted from "Harvard Stories," by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

ALL the morning the trains from New Haven, from Boston, from New York, from everywhere within a six-hour radius, had been pouring their heavy loads into Springfield. The north side of Hampden Park was a crimson-dotted mass, nearly ten thousand strong; the south side was equally banked up with blue, and the two colors ran into each other at the ends. It is never weary-waiting for the foot-ball game to begin when the weather is

good. It is amusing to see the "grads" come swarming to the standard. Familiar and popular faces turn up, that have been out of college only a year or two, and their owners are greeted enthusiastically by their late companions. There, too, come numbers of faces far more widely known, those of governors, congressmen, judges, architects, and clergymen. Other faces, not so conspicuous, are apparently equally interesting over the top of glowing bunches of Jacqueminots, or of violets, as the case may be. Jack Rattleton's terrier, Blathers, who was rarely separated from his master on any occasion, seemed more interested in a big dog with a blue blanket, on the other side of the field, a familiar figure at recent foot-ball games.

About half-past two o'clock a great cheer rolled simultaneously along both sides of the field, and there trotted into the lists twenty-two young specimens of this "dyspeptic, ice-water-drinking" nation. It is sometimes said that Americans are overworked and deteriorated from the physical standard of the race; but as these youths of the Western branch pulled off their sweaters and faced each other they did not look a very degenerate brood. Harvard had the ball and formed a close "wedge," Yale deployed in open line of battle. For a moment they stood there, all crouching forward, their heads well down, their great limbs tense, all straining for the word to spring at each other. There was not a sound around the field. "Play!" called the referee, and the Harvard wedge shot forward, and crashed with a sound

of grinding canvas into the mass of blue-legged bodies that rushed to meet it.

For nearly three-quarters of an hour the mimic battle was fought back and forth along the white-barred field. All the tactics of war were there employed; the centre was pierced, the flanks were turned, heavy columns were instantaneously massed against any weak spot. It was even, very even; but at last a long punt and a fumble gave Harvard the ball, well in the enemy's territory. A well-supported run around the right end by Jarvis, the famous flying half-back, two charges by Blake, the terrible line-breaker, and a wedge bang through the centre drove the ball to Yale's five-yard line. Another gain of his length by the tall Rivers. Another. Then with their backs on their very line the Yale men rallied in a way they have. Down, no gain. Now for one good push or a drop kick! Time. The first half of the game was over and neither side had scored.

* * * * * *

After fifteen minutes' rest the giants lined up again. The wind seemed to make a difference, for the play from the start was in Yale's ground. Jarvis, the runner, who had been saved a good deal in the first half, was now used with telling effect.

In a short time an exchange of punts brought the ball to Yale's thirty-yard line. After three downs Spofford dropped back as though for a kick, and the Yale full-back retreated for the catch. Instead of the expected kick, Rivers the guard charged for the left end, and the blue line concentrated on that point to

meet him, when suddenly Jarvis, with the ball tucked under his arm, was seen going like a whirlwind around the right, well covered by his supports. The Yale left-end was knocked off his legs, and the whole crimson bank of spectators rose to its feet with a roar, as it realized that Jarvis had circled the end. The Yale halfs had been drawn to their right, and every one knew that with Jarvis once past the forwards no one could run him down.

On he went at top speed for the longed-for touch-line. The full-back, however, was heading him off; he had outrun his interferers, and a Yale 'Varsity full-back is not apt to miss a clear tackle in the open. They came together close to the line. Just as his adversary crouched for his hips Jarvis leaped high from the ground, and hurled himself forward, head first. The Yale man, like a hawk, "nailed" him in the air, but his weight carried him on, and they both fell with a fearful shock—over the line! The next minute they were buried under a pile of men.

Then did all the Harvard hosts shout with a mighty shout that made the air tremble. For five minutes dignified men, old and young, cheered and hugged each other, and acted as they never do on any other occasion, except perhaps a college boat-race. The two elevens had grouped around the spot where the touch-down had been made. Suddenly the pandemonium ceased as the knot of players opened, and a limp form was carried out from among them.

"It's Jarvis!" ran along the crowd, followed by

an anxious murmur. A substitute ran back to the grand-stand and shouted, "Nothing serious, only his collar-bone." Those near the place where the plucky half-back was borne off the field could see that his face was pale, but supremely happy, and he smiled faintly as he heard the cheers of thousands, and his own name coupled with that of his Alma Mater.

The touch-down had been made almost at the corner, too far aside for the try for goal to succeed. Spofford's kick was a splendid attempt, but the ball struck the goal post.

Then the battle began again. The Harvard team had suffered an irreparable loss in the fall of the famous Jarvis, but the score was four to nothing in its favor, and all it needed to do now was to hold its own. The Crimson was on the crest, and it was for the Blue to come up-hill. Every one on the north side was elated and confident. Then began a struggle grim and great. The Yale men closed up and went in for the last chance. There was no punting for them now, the wind was against them; but they had the heavier weight, and well they used every ounce of it. Steadily, as the Old Guard trod over its slain at Waterloo, did the Blue wedge drive its way, rod by rod, toward the Harvard line. And as the fierce red Britons tore at Napoleon's devoted column, so did the Crimson warriors leap on that earth-stained phalanx. The rushers strained against it, Blake would plunge into and stagger it, Rivers and Spofford would throw their great bodies flat under the trampling feet and bring the whole mass down over them.

At last there would be a waver in the advance, three forward struggles checked and shattered, and on the fourth down the ball would be Harvard's. On the first line up with the ball in Harvard's possession would be heard the sound of Spofford's unerring foot against the leather, and the brown oval would go curving and spinning over the heads of the rushers, far back into Yale's territory, with the Harvard ends well under it. A great "Oh!" of relief would go up from the north side. Then those Yale bull-dogs would begin all over again. Again and again did they fight their way almost to the Harvard line, only to be driven all the way back by a long Spofford punt.

* * * * * *

For the fourth time the New Haven men struggled to the Cantabrigian twenty-yard line. There had been many delays in the game, and the short November afternoon had grown dark. A bad pass by the Harvard quarter-back, a slip, a fumble by Spofford, might turn the result. The time was nearly up. The cheering had died almost entirely; the excitement was too deep for that, and every one stood breathless. A short gain for Yale.

* * * * * *

"Second down," called the umpire. Once more they lined up. Only ten yards away lay the coveted goal. The halves dropped back, the signal was given, and the ball came flying from the hands of the quarter-back. The left half took it, and, guarded by quarter, right half, and full back, dashed for right

end. The end braced himself, but the shock was too severe, and he and the little quarter-back were rolling on the ground.

But the ball was past the end, and with two men in the interference and only Harvard's full-back to pass, they could not possibly fail to score. The full-back plunged bravely into the interference, but, alas! too late. Yale's half had passed him and was over the line, touching the ball in directly back of the goal. Then arose such a yell as is heard only when an immense crowd is wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The ball was brought out to the twenty-five-yard line, and the little quarter, lying down upon the ground, took it between his hands. After a moment's pause the full-back stepped a few paces to the rear, took a short run, and his foot crashed into the leather. It shot forward, and, describing a lofty parabola, passed between the goal posts, winning for Yale the great match of the year. Score, six to four.

WALDRON KINTZLING POST.

FORESHADOWINGS.

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WIND of the winter night,
Under the starry skies
Somewhere my lady bright,
Slumbering, lies.

Wrapped in calm maiden dreams,
Where the pale moonlight streams,
  Softly she sleeps.

I do not know her face,
  Pure as the lonely star
That in yon darkling space
  Shineth afar;
Never with soft command
Touched I her willing hand,
  Kissed I her lips.

I had not heard her voice,
  I do not know her name;
Yet doth my heart rejoice,
  Owning her claim;
Yet am I true to her;
All that is due to her
  Sacred I keep.

Never a thought of me
  Troubles her soft repose;
Courant of mine may be
  Lily nor rose.
They may not bear to her
This heart's fond prayer to her,
  Yet—she is mine.

Wind of the winter night,
  Over the fields of snow,
Over the hills so white,
  Tenderly blow!

Somewhere red roses bloom;
Into her warm, hushed room,
  Bear thou their breath.

Whisper—Nay, nay, thou sprite,
  Breathe thou no tender word;
Wind of the winter night,
  Die thou unheard.
True love shall yet prevail.
Telling its own sweet tale;
  Till then I wait.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

JIMMY BROWN'S ATTEMPT TO PRODUCE FRECKLES.

From "The Adventures of Jimmy Brown." Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers,

I HAVE never said much about my sister Lizzie because she is nothing but a girl. She is twelve years old, and of course she plays with dolls, and doesn't know enough to play base-ball or do anything really useful. She scarcely ever gets me into scrapes, though, and that's where Sue might follow her example. However, it was Lizzie who got me into the scrape about my chemicals, though she didn't mean to, poor girl.

One night Mr. Travers came to tea and everybody was talking about freckles. Mr. Travers said that they were real fashionable, and that all the ladies were trying to get them. I am sure I don't see why.

I've mornamillion freckles, and I'd be glad to let anybody have them who would agree to take them away. Sue said she thought freckles were perfectly lovely, and it's a good thing she thinks so, for she has about as many as she can use; and Lizzie said she'd give anything if she only had a few nice freckles on her cheeks.

Mother asked what made freckles, and Mr. Travers said the sun made them just as it makes photographs. "Jimmy will understand it," said Mr. Travers. "He knows how the sun makes a picture when it shines on a photograph plate, and all his freckles were made just in the same way. Without the sun there wouldn't be any freckles."

This sounded reasonable, but then Mr. Travers forgot all about chemicals. As I said, the last time I wrote, chemicals is something in a bottle like medicine, and you have to put it on a photograph plate so as to make the picture that the sun has made show itself. Now if chemicals will do this with a photograph plate it ought to do it with a girl's cheek. You take a girl and let the sun shine on her cheek, and put chemicals on her, and it ought to bring out splendid freckles.

I'm very fond of Lizzie, though she is a girl, because she minds her own business, and don't meddle with my things and get me into scrapes. I'd have given her all my freckles if I could as soon as I knew she wanted them; and as soon as Mr. Travers said that freckles were made just like photographs, I made up my mind I would make some for her. So

I told her she should have the best freckles in town if she would come up to my room the next morning and let me expose her to the sun and then put chemicals on her.

Lizzie has confidence in me, which is one of her best qualities, and shows that she is a good girl. She was so pleased when I promised to make freckles for her; and as soon as the sun got up high enough to shine into my window she came up to my room all ready to be freckled.

I exposed her to the sun for six seconds. I only exposed my photograph plates three seconds, but I thought that Lizzie might not be quite as sensitive, and so I exposed her longer. Then I took her into the dark closet and poured chemicals on her cheeks. I made her hold her handkerchief on her face, so that the chemicals couldn't get into her eyes and run down her neck, for she wanted freckles only on her cheeks.

I watched her very carefully, but the freckles didn't come out. I put more chemicals on her, and rubbed it in with a cloth; but it was no use, the freckles wouldn't come. I don't know what the reason was. Perhaps I hadn't exposed her long enough, or perhaps the chemicals was weak. Anyway, not a single freckle could I make.

So after a while I gave it up, and told her it was no use, and she could go and wash her face. She cried a little because she was disappointed, but she cried more afterward. You see, the chemicals made her cheek almost black, and she couldn't wash it

off. Mother and Sue made a dreadful fuss about it, and sent for the doctor, who said he thought it would wear off in a year or so, and wouldn't kill the child or do her very much harm.

This is the reason why they took my chemicals away, and promised to give my camera to the missionaries. All I meant was to please Lizzie, and I never knew the chemicals would turn her black. But it isn't the first time I have tried to be kind and have been made to suffer for it.

HOW WE KEPT THE DAY.

From "Farm Ballads," by permission. Copyright, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

THE great procession came up the street,
With clatter of hoofs and tramp of feet;
There was General Jones, to guard the van,
And Corporal Jinks, his right-hand man;
And each was riding his high horse,
And each had epaulettes, of course;
And each had a sash of the bloodiest red,
And each had a shako on his head;
And each had a sword by his left side,
And each had his mustache newly dyed;
And that was the way
We kept the day,
The great, the grand, the glorious day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With a battle or two, the histories say,)
Our National Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
With loud da capo, and brazen repeat;
There was Hans, the leader, a Teuton born,
A sharp who worried the E flat horn;
And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,
Who never played anything twice alike;
And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,
Who always came out a note behind;
And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb,
And Bob, who punished the big bass drum;
And when they stopped a minute to rest,
The martial band discoursed its best;
The ponderous drum and the pointed fife
Proceeded to roll and shriek for life;
And "Bonaparte Crossed the Rhine," anon,
And "The Girl I Left Behind Me" came on;
And that was the way
The bands did play
On the loud, high-toned, harmonious day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some music of bullets, our sires would say,)
Our glorious Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
With a wagon of virgins, sour and sweet;
Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
Each misrepresenting a single State;
There was California, pious and prim,
And Louisiana, humming a hymn;
The Texas lass was the smallest one—

Rhode Island weighed the tenth of a ton;
The Empire State was pure as a pearl,
And Massachusetts a modest girl;
Vermont was red as the blush of a rose—
And the goddess sported a turn-up nose;
And looked, free sylph, where she painfully sat,
The worlds she would give to be out of that;
And in this way
The maidens gay
Flashed up the street on the beautiful day
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some sacrifices, our mothers would say,)
Our glorious Independence!

The great procession came up the street,
With firemen uniformed flashily neat;
There was Tubbs, the foreman, with voice like five,
The happiest, proudest man alive;
With a trumpet half as long as a gun,
Which he used for the glory of "Number 1;"
There was Nubbs, who had climbed a ladder high,
And saved—a dog that was left to die;
There was Cubbs, who had dressed in black and blue
The eye of the foreman of Number 2.
And each marched on with steady stride,
And each had a look of fiery pride;
And each glanced shyly around, with a whim
That all of the girls were looking at him;
And that was the way,
With grand display,

They marched through the blaze of the glorious day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some hot fighting, our fathers would say,)
Our glorious Independence!

The eager orator took the stand
In the cause of our great and happy land;
He aired his own political views,
He told us all the latest news:
How the Boston folks one night took tea—
Their grounds for steeping it in the sea;
What a heap of Britons our fathers did kill
At the little skirmish of Bunker Hill;
He put us all in anxious doubt
As to how that matter was coming out;
And when at last he had fought us through
To the bloodless year of '82,
'Twas the fervant hope of every one
That he, as well as the war, was done.
But he continued to painfully soar
For something less than a century more;
Until at last he had fairly done
With the wars of eighteen-sixty-one.
And then he inquired, with martial frown,
"Americans, must we go down?"
And as if an answer from Heaven were sent,
The stand gave way and down he went.
A singer or two beneath him did drop—
A big fat alderman fell atop;
And that was the way
Our orator lay,

Till we fished him out, on the eloquent day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With a clash of arms, Pat. Henry would say,)
Our wordy Independence.

The marshal, his hungry compatriots led,
Where Freedom's viands were thickly spread,
With all that man or woman could eat,
From crisp to sticky—from sour to sweet.
There were chickens that scarce had learned to crow;
And veteran roosters of long ago;
There was one old turkey, huge and fierce,
That was hatched in the days of President Pierce;
Of which, at last, with an ominous groan,
The parson essayed to swallow a bone;
And it took three sinners, plucky and stout,
To grapple the evil and bring it out.
But still the dinner went merrily on,
And James and Lucy and Hannah and John
Kept winking their eyes and smacking their lips,
And passing the catables into eclipse;
And that was the way
The grand array
Of victuals vanished on the day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some starvation, the records say,)
Our well-fed Independence!

The people went home through the sultry night,
In a murky mood and a pitiful plight;

Not more had the rocket's sticks gone down
Than the spirits of those who had "been to town;"
Not more did the fire-balloon collapse
Than the pride of those who had known mishaps.
There were feathers ruffled, and tempers roiled,
And several brand-new dresses spoiled;
There were hearts that ached from envy's thorns,
And feet that twinged with trampled corns;
There were joys proved empty, through and through,
And several purses empty, too;
And some reeled homeward, muddled and late,
Who hadn't taken their glory straight;
And some were fated to lodge, that night,
In the city lock-up, snug and tight;
And that was the way
The deuce was to pay,
As it always is, at the close of the day,
That gave us—
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
(With some restrictions, the fault-finders say,)
But which, please God, we will keep for aye—
Our National Independence!

WILL CARLETON.

PHŒBE'S EXPLOIT.

Permission of The Outlook, New York.

SHE was the daughter of John Artley, whose run on the Western Division began and ended at Orival Junction. The Junction consisted of a round-

house, the railway station, a few shanties, a dreary boarding-house, and a choice collection of future possibilities; but Phœbe, being motherless, spent much of her time on her father's engine, or in her uncle's office at the station, and so got a larger view of life than the Junction itself could give.

At fourteen she had two ambitions. One was for her father, reaching out to the time when he should have a smart "eight-wheeler" and a passenger run. The other dated from a trip to Cheyenne with her father when he was on the grievance committee.

"You'll have to put in your time around the hotel while I go to the meeting," he had told her; and Phœbe betook herself to the parlor, where a smartly dressed young woman was playing upon an ancient and somewhat "tin-panny" piano. The music was of the kind called "popular," and the performer played as the Irishman blew the cornet—by main strength and awkwardness—but Phœbe went back to Orival Junction that night with a conviction that life was scarcely worth living without a piano and the ability to play it.

She said something of the kind to her uncle the next day, when she was helping him on the coal report, and he laughed at her.

"I thought you were beyond such things," he said. "A girl who can run a locomotive, figure bills of lading, and telegraph the arm off of half the operators on the line to be wanting such a fine lady's plaything as a piano!"

"Oh! but Uncle Tom, you just ought to have

heard her. I mean to learn, and I mean to have a piano, too, sometime. I wish pa could get a run so we could live in a town; then I might hear music once in a while, anyway."

"But what would become of me? I couldn't get along without you."

"You'd come, too. As if I didn't know that you keep this job just so's to be with us!"

That was the fact. Tom Norman had transferred his love for his favorite sister to her child, and he had followed John Artley's shifting fortunes from one desolate division station to another, for the sole purpose of watching over and caring for Phœbe.

"Do you believe pa ever will get a good run?" asked Phœbe, when the freight had all been entered.

"Oh! I hope so. We'll go on hoping so, too, till the end of the chapter, won't we? Answer that call, will you, Phœbe?"

Phœbe sat down at the telegraph-table, snapped the key, and wrote "ce," "ce," "ce," signing "oj." Then she took down the message:

"Large gangs of tramps are moving eastward on freight trains. Denver reports that more have left there to meet Californias at Orival. Watch incoming east-bound freights and report promptly any unusual number of tramps at your station."

"What's that—more trouble?" asked Norman, catching a word here and there in the message.

Phœbe sighed wearily. "Oh! dear, yes, it's more tramps; and it'll just be pa's luck to catch them out of here on 201 to-night."

Norman read the message and shook his head dubiously. "I've been afraid of that all summer," he said. "There has been a bigger crowd than usual from California this season, and now the Leadville excitement is dying down they'll be pouring out of Denver by the carload. I hope they won't make trouble here; it wouldn't take more than twenty-five of them to take the town and everybody in it."

Phœbe bit the end of her penholder and thrust out her chin in a way that made her look very much like resolute John Artley. "I know one thing they won't do," she said, with a defiant little nod. "They won't make pa pull 201 unless he has orders, like they did Mike McGaffey last spring."

The afternoon wore away without incident, and there was nothing to report until seven o'clock, when the two sections of 201 came in fairly alive with tramps. Twenty minutes later the time freight from Denver arrived, bringing another contingent. The conductors reported that there had been no violence, but that was because the train crews had been so far outnumbered as to make resistance useless.

Norman wired a full report of the situation to the dispatcher, and while he was waiting for instructions the tramps began to straggle into the waiting-room by twos and threes. In the absence of orders to the contrary, train No. 201 had been made up and pulled out on the main line ready to go east. Norman knew this, and as neither Artley nor the conductor had come in for orders he began to get uneasy.

"You go over to the boarding-house, Phœbe, and

stay with Mrs. Hannah," he said. "This is no place for you to-night."

"Please let me stay," pleaded Phœbe. "They won't hurt me, and I should go crazy over there by myself, and not knowing what was happening to you and pa. Besides, I'll be safer here with you."

Norman was going to insist, but the wire called him. He answered and took the message rapidly:

"Hold 201 for orders. Use all means to prevent tramps from seizing train or engine. Special with sheriff's posse will reach you about 8.30 P. M."

Phœbe heard the message as it clicked through the sounder, and looked at the station clock. It was now nearly eight—if the men would only keep quiet for half an hour!

It was a vain hope. Two minutes later there was a scuffle on the platform, and Artley and the conductor were dragged into the waiting-room. One of the tramps—a big, burly fellow with red whiskers and flaming eyes—acted as spokesman.

"You shet up," the spokesman was saying to her father. "You hain't got nothin' to say about it. W'en you git orders you'll pull that train, 'r we'll chuck ye into yer own fire-box. See?"

Phœbe heard the threat in wide-eyed horror.

Norman for five minutes rattled away at the key, writing an endless string of unmeaning dots and dashes, to fill up time. Then the red-bearded man interrupted him.

"Gimme that time table," he said, pointing to the sheet hanging over the operator's desk.

Norman hesitated, obeying finally at the point of a pistol. The man ran his finger up and down the column of figures until he found what he wanted.

"It's all right, boys; we don't need no orders. Fust meetin'-point's fifty mile down the road. Mister lightnin'-slinger, you come out from behind there—we'll take you 'long, an' then you won't be gittin' a switch turned ag'in' us at the fust side track."

Norman held back and tried to gain more time by arguing the case, but the pistol came into play again, and he had to go, without so much as a word to Phœbe, who was pale with indignation and fright.

When Norman surrendered, the man spoke again. "Now, then, git a move on that ingine-driver, an' we'll go."

Phœbe's first impulse was to rush out after them to plead for her father's life; then she suddenly remembered that the special train was coming from the east. Supposing her father yielded; or, what was more likely, supposing they put him on the engine and made him responsible for his life and theirs, while one of their number ran it? Phœbe threw herself down at the table and began to call the first station east of Orival with frantic eagerness. If she could only raise the operator at Little Butte in time to have them warn the sheriff's special!

Again and again she wrote "lu" "lu," signing "oj" at every fourth repetition, but there was no answering break, and the angry voices on the platform grew louder and more threatening. At last, knowing that death-messages take precedence of all others, she

wrote "deth" "deth" "deth" between the signatures, and then the operator at Little Butte broke in and answered. Phœbe began to tremble nervously through her message, but he broke in again:

"West-bound special passed here five minutes ago," came clicking back, and then she knew that if 201 left Orival there would be a collision.

The mere thought of it made her sick and faint, and the lights in the office seemed to be going out. Then she gasped and came to herself with a little jerk when the crowd began to move down the platform, and she heard the leader say, "All right, my covey; we'll put you on the ingine an' go anyway."

Before the crowd was fairly in motion Phœbe had snatched the switch-key from its nail on the wall, and, darting out of the back door, she skirted the mob and flew through the darkness toward the forward end of the long freight train. As she ran she prayed that the engine might not be beyond the end of the siding, and she nearly cried with thankfulness when she could see the red eye of the signal-lamp peering around the front end of the big mogul. In ten seconds more she was at the switch-stand, the red eye flashed to the east, and the two lines of rails glistening under the mogul's head-light swerved to the side track. Knowing that there was a chance for failure if she tried to start the heavy train, Phœbe darted back and pulled the coupling-pin between the tender and the first car, running forward again to climb into the engine just as the first stragglers of the crowd began to come up. They gave

her but a moment, but that was enough. Engine 399 had an easy throttle, and Phœbe had opened it more than once. The vanguard of the tramp army saw a flutter of skirts on the foot-board, heard a hissing of steam in the cylinders and two or three sharp coughs from the exhaust, and then the big mogul dropped from the end of the open switch and plowed into the ties, blocking the track as effectually as fifty tons of iron and steel could do it.

Phœbe did not wait to see what would happen afterward. She had done her part; there would be no collision; and they could not blame her father for something that he had had no hand in. She was safe in Mrs. Hannah's kitchen by the time the special whistled for the station; and when the train rattled up and the sounds of the fray floated across the tracks to her refuge she hid her face in Mrs. Hannah's apron and cried as any other girl might whose father and uncle were in the thick of a battle.

"There, there, Phœbe, girl; don't cry, dear; they'll be all right," comforted Mrs. Hannah, and she was still trying to console Phœbe when Tom Norman ran in.

"Where is she? Where's the little girl that's got more sense and sand than all the rest of us put together?"

Phœbe looked up quickly. O Uncle Tom! where's pa? Is he hurt?"

"No, he's all right; only they're about to smother him with praise. Mr. Johnson's over at the station, and he wants to see you."

Five minutes later a shy little girl with a tear-stained face was led into the presence of the Superintendent, who sat at the telegraph desk sending messages right and left. He rose and took Phœbe's hands in his in a way that made the little group of trainmen forget for the moment that he was the stern "old man" of the division.

"And this is the little girl who ditches our engines, is it?" he said, gravely. "What put such a thing into your head, my child?"

"Oh! it didn't have to be put in. I knew there would be a head-ender if I didn't do something quick, and I couldn't think of anything else."

Mr. Johnson smiled at the ready relapse into railway phrase, and said: "It was a bright thought; it has saved us a good many dollars, and probably some lives, too. Now if the company were a good fairy, like those in the story-books, what would you ask for a reward?"

Phœbe had a sudden inspiration. O Mr. Johnson! there's one thing that would make me happier than anything else—if pa could only have a good run, so we could live in a real town!"

Mr. Johnson looked around at the circle of friendly faces. "I think your father has earned that for himself," he said. "Is that the only thing you want?"

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Phœbe candidly; "but, you see, if we lived in a town, perhaps I could get some of the other things. We might happen to get acquainted with somebody that had a piano, and then, maybe, I could learn to play, and—" Here

Phœbe suddenly realized that she was chattering—actually chattering—to the man of whom every one on the division stood in awe, and she shut up like an oyster that had been caught napping with its shell open.

The Superintendent laughed at her confusion, and sat down to finish his telegraphing. "When the General Manager hears that, I'm sure he'll be sorry that the company doesn't run a piano factory," he said, whereat the men laughed, too.

Mr. Johnson had a little private conversation with Artley and Norman that night after Phœbe had gone back to Mrs. Hannah, and several things came of it For one, the engineer got his smart "eight-wheeler" and a passenger run with the promptness that characterizes Western railway promotion when the head of a department makes up his mind; and, at the same time, Norman found his way smoothed for a transfer in a most miraculous manner. A third event growing out of the same talk concerned Phœbe, but she knew nothing about it until one day, after they were settled in a comfortable cottage in the "real town," a van drove up to the door with a piano. It was a gift from the railway company to Phœbe, and on a silver plate just above the key-board was the inscription:

To Miss Phœbe Artley:
For meritorious services
on the night of September sixth
at Orival Junction.

FRANCIS LYNDE

PART THIRD

BEST SELECTIONS

For Readings and Recitations

NUMBER 24

GETTING THE RIGHT START.

From "Titcomb's Letters." By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing, and the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better it will be for his peace of mind and his success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, cannot readily understand how it is that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country he seeks the life of the town, where he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If at this time he thoroughly comprehend and in his soul admit and accept the fact that he knows nothing

and is nothing; if he bow to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is to be and is to win must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope for him.

If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him, and he straighten stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self, or if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or be trodden upon.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is of but little value, the next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him—that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem—that he must take care of himself.

If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, and he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this or ought to give him this. No family connection will give him this, except among those few who think more of blood than brains.

Society demands that a young man shall be somebody not only, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. So-

ciety will not take this matter upon trust, at least not for a long time; for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man; then it will bow to him and make room for him.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment to enable them to secure the success in life that they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman with a pocket full of money, a trunkful of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

To me one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to serve himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything; that the world does not care anything about him; that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to become disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill and working slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day and week by week; so, month after month and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

J. G. HOLLAND.

SEEIN' THINGS.

From "Love-Songs of Childhood," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

I AIN'T afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!

I'm pretty brave, I guess, an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug, an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" and takes away the light
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walking 'round
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white,
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad that I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my
breath;
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better, an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it
right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at
night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me
into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me
within;
An' when they's pie for supper or cakes 'at's big an'
nice
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them
things twice!
No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at
night!

EUGENE FIELD.

BATTLE OF ZARAILA.

Abridged, from "Under Two Flags."

THE African day was at its noon.

From the first break of dawn the battle had raged; now, at midday, it was at its height. Far in the interior, almost at the edge of the great desert,

in that terrible season when the air that is flame by day is ice by night, and when the scorch of a blazing sun may be followed in an hour by the blinding fury of a snow-storm, the slaughter had gone on hour through hour under a shadowless sky, blue as steel, hard as a sheet of brass. The Arabs had surprised the French encampment where it lay in the centre of an arid plain that was called Zaraila.

The outlying videttes, the advanced sentinels, had scrutinized so long through the night every wavering shade of cloud and moving form of buffalo in the dim distance, that their sleepless eyes, strained and aching, failed to distinguish this moving mass that was so like the brown plains and starless sky that it could scarce be told from them. The night too, was bitter; northern cold cut hardly chillier than this that parted the blaze of one hot day from the blaze of another. The sea-winds were blowing cruelly keen, and men who at noon gladly stripped to their shirts, shivered now where they lay under canvas.

Awake while his comrades slept around him, Cecil was stretched half unharnessed. The foraging duty of the past twenty-four hours had been work harassing and heavy, inglorious and full of fatigue.

Flick-Flack, coiled asleep in his bosom, thrilled, stirred, and growled. He rose, and with the little dog under his arm, looked out from the canvas. He knew that the most vigilant sentry in the service had not the instinct for a foe afar off that Flick-Flack possessed. He gazed keenly southward, the

poodle growling on; that cloud so dim, so distant, caught his sight. Was it a moving herd, a shifting mist, a shadowy play between the night and dawn?

For a moment longer he watched it; then what it was he knew, or felt by such strong instinct as makes knowledge; and like the blast of a clarion his alarm rang over the unarmed and slumbering camp.

An instant, and the hive of men, so still, so motionless, broke into violent movement, and from the tents half-clothed sleepers poured, wakened, and fresh in wakening as hounds. Perfect discipline did the rest. With marvelous, with matchless swiftness and precision they harnessed and got under arms. They were but fifteen hundred or so in all—a single squadron of Chasseurs, two battalions of Zouaves, half a corps of Tirailleurs, and some Turcos, only a branch of the main body and without artillery. But they were some of the flower of the army of Algiers, and they roused in a second, with the vivacious ferocity of the bounding tiger, with the glad, eager impatience for the slaughter of the unloosed hawk. Yet, rapid in its wondrous celerity as their united action was, it was not so rapid as the downward sweep of the war-cloud that came so near, with the tossing of white draperies and the shine of countless sabers, now growing clearer and clearer out of the darkness, till, with the whirr like the noise of an eagle's wings and a swoop like an eagle's seizure, the Arabs whirled down upon them, met a few yards in advance by the answering charge of the Light Cavalry.

There was a crash as if rock were hurled upon rock, as the Chasseurs, scarce seated in saddle, rushed forward to save the pickets, to encounter the first blind force of the attack, and to give the infantry, further in, more time for harness and defense. Out of the caverns of the night an armed multitude seemed to have suddenly poured. A moment ago they had slept in security; now thousands on thousands whom they could not number, whom they could but dimly even perceive, were thrown on them in immeasurable hosts, which the encircling cloud of dust served but to render vaster, ghastlier, and more majestic.

The Chasseurs could not charge; they were hemmed in, packed between bodies of horsemen that pressed them together as between iron plates; now and then they could cut their way through, clear enough to reach their comrades of the demie cavalerie, but as often as they did so, so often the overwhelming numbers of the Arabs surged in on them afresh like a flood, and closed upon them and drove them back.

Every soldier in the squadron that lived kept his life by sheer breathless, ceaseless, hand-to-hand sword-play, hewing right and left, front and rear, without pause, as, in the great tangled forests of the West, men hew aside branch and brushwood ere they can force one step forward.

The Chef d'Escadron had been shot dead as they had first swept out to encounter the advance of the desert horsemen; one by one the officers had been

cut down, singled out by the keen eyes of their enemies. At last there remained but a mere handful out of all the brilliant squadron that had galloped down in the gray of the dawn to meet the whirlwind of Arab fury. At their head was Cecil.

Two horses had been killed under him, and he had thrown himself afresh across unwounded chargers, whose riders had fallen in the mêlée, and at whose bridles he had caught as he shook himself free of the dead animal's stirrups. His head was uncovered; his uniform, hurriedly thrown on, had been torn aside, and his chest was bare to the red folds of his sash; he was drenched with blood, not his own, that had rained on him as he fought, and his face and his hands were black with smoke and with powder. He could not see a yard in front of him; he could not tell how the day went anywhere, save in that corner where his own troop was hemmed in. As fast as they beat the Arabs back and forced themselves some clear space, so fast the tribes closed in afresh. All he could see was that every officer of Chasseurs was down, and that unless he took the vacant place and rallied them together, the few score troopers that were still left would scatter, confused and demoralized, as the best soldiers will at times when they can see no chief to follow.

He spurred the horse he had just mounted against the dense crowd opposing him, against the hard, black wall of dust, and smoke, and steel, and savage faces, and lean, swarthy arms, which were all that his eyes could see, and that seemed impenetrable as granite,

moving and changing though it was. He thrust the gray against it, while he waved his sword above his head :

"En avant, mes frères! France! France! France!"

His voice, well-known, well-loved, thrilled the hearts of his comrades, and brought them together like a trumpet-call. They had gone with him many a time into the hell of battle, into the jaws of death. They surged about him now, striking, thrusting, forcing with blows of their sabers or their lances and blows of their beasts' forefeet, a passage one to another, until they were reunited once more as one troop, while their shrill shouts, like an oath of vengeance, echoed after him in the butchery that has pealed victorious over so many fields from the soldiery of France. They loved him; he had called them his brethren. They were like lambs for him to lead, like tigers for him to incite.

He glanced back on them, guarding his head the while from the lances that were rained on him; and he lifted the guidon higher and higher, till, out of the ruck and the throng, the brazen bird caught afresh the rays of the rising sun.

"Suivez moi!" he shouted.

Then, like arrows launched at once from a hundred bows, they charged, he still slightly in advance of them, the bridle flung upon his horse's neck, his head and breast bare, one hand striking aside with his blade the steel shafts as they poured on him, the other holding high above the press the Eagle of the Bonapartes.

For the moment the Arabs recoiled under the shock of that fiery onslaught; for the moment they parted and wavered and oscillated beneath the impetus with which he hurled his hundred Chasseurs on them, with that light, swift, indescribable rapidity and resistlessness of attack characteristic of the African Cavalry.

But in another minute the Arabs closed in on every side; wheeling their swift coursers hither and thither; striking with lance and blade; hemming in, beyond escape, the doomed fragment of the Frankish squadron till there remained of them but one small nucleus, driven close together, rather as infantry will form than as cavalry usually does—a ring of horsemen, of which every one had his face to the foe; a solid circle curiously wedged one against the other, with the bodies of chargers and of men deep around them, and with the ground soaked with blood till the sand was one red morass.

Cecil held the Eagle still, and looked round on the few left to him.

"You are the sons of the Old Guard; die like them."

They answered with a pealing cry, terrible as the cry of the lion in the hush of night, but a shout that had in it assent, triumph, fealty, victory, even as they obeyed him and drew up to die.

There was a pause. The Arabs honored these men, who, alone and in the midst of the hostile force, held their ground and prepared thus to be slaughtered one by one, till, of all the squadron that had ridden

out in the darkness of the dawn, there should be only a black, huddled, stiffened heap of dead men and of dead beasts. The chief who led them pressed them back, withholding them from the end that was so near to their hands when they should stretch that single ring of horsemen all lifeless in the dust.

"You are great warriors," he cried, in the Sabir tongue; "surrender, we will spare!"

Cecil looked back once more on the fragment of his troop, and raised the Eagle higher aloft where the wings should glisten in the fuller day. Half naked, scorched, blinded, with an open gash in his shoulder where a lance had struck, and with his brow wet with the great dews of the noon heat and the breathless toil, his eyes were clear as they flashed with the light of the sun in them; his mouth smiled as he answered:

"Have we shown ourselves cowards, that you think we shall yield?"

A hourrah of wild delight from the Chasseurs he led greeted and ratified the choice: "On meurt—on ne se rend pas!" they shouted in the words, which, even if they be legendary, are too true to the spirit of the soldiers of France not to be as truth in their sight. Then, with their swords above their heads, they waited for the collision of the terrible attack which would fall on them upon every side, and strike all the sentient life out of them before the sun should be one point higher in the heavens. It came. With a yell as of wild beasts in their famine, the Arabs threw themselves forward, the chief himself singling

out the "fair Frank" with a violence of a lion flinging himself on a leopard. One instant longer, one flash of time, and the tribes pressing on them would have massacred them like cattle driven into the pens of slaughter. Ere it could be done, a voice like the ring of a silver trumpet echoed over the field:

"En avant! En avant! Tue, tue, tue!"

Above the din, the shouts, the tumult, the echoing of the distant musketry, that silvery cadence rang; down into the midst, with the tricolor waving above her head, the bridle of her fiery mare between her teeth and her pistol leveled in deadly aim, rode La Cigarette.

The lightning fire of the crossing swords played round her, the glitter of lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of smoke and of carnage was round her; but she dashed down into the heart of the conflict as gayly as though she rode at a review, laughing, shouting, waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the breeze, and her bright young face set in the warrior's lust. Behind her, by scarcely a length, galloped three squadrons of Chasseurs and Spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse-strewn field, and breaking through the masses of the Arabs as though they were seas of corn.

She wheeled her mare round by Cecil's side at the moment when, with six swift passes of his blade, he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his own sword down through the chest-bones of the Bedouin's mighty form.

"Well struck! The day is turned! Charge!"

She gave the order as though she were a marshal of the Empire; the sun-blaze fell on her where she sat on the rearing, fretting, half-bred gray, with the tricolor folds above her head and her teeth tight gripped on the chain-bridle, and her face all glowing and warm and full of the fierce fire of war—a little Amazon in scarlet and blue and gold.

Cigarette had saved the day.

OUIDA.

THE TWO LIVES.

TWO babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very self-same way.
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow.
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,

The other saw, through the curtain's part,
  The world where her sister moved.
And one was smiling, a happy bride,
  The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house
  And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
  And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone
  On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss,
  For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house
  And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
  In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms
  And carried them above;
Then all the difference vanished quite,
  For in Heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house
  And which in the street below.

A CHANGE OF LOCAL COLORING.

I KNEW a lass, her eyes were blue,
  Her lips were red,
  Her teeth were white,
And her hair was of a golden hue.

But now, alas! her lips are blue,
Her eyes are red,
Her hair is white,
And her teeth are of a golden hue.

For Father Time, the mean old thing,
Has changed the local coloring.

THE SCHOOL BOYS' STRIKE.

AMONG the sunny memories of my own school days there glows, bright and soft as summer sunset, the great strike at Hinman's in Peoria, way back in 1853. Hinman's was the greatest school in the West. The dear old man was Superintendent of Public Instruction, Board of Education, school trustee, county superintendent, principal, assistant, and janitor. He had a pleasant smile, a firm temper, and a slate frame. He also carried about his person a grip that would make a blacksmith's vise crawl into the scrap heap and hide itself. We used to have general exercises on Friday afternoons, at which we were wont to recite in vociferous concert the multiplication tables, the States and capitals, and such thrilling rhetorical exercises as "Will you walk? or ride?" and "They tell us to be moderate, but they, THEY—are torevelin-pro-FU-sion!" It was thrilling. But after we had learned all these chants "by heart," and could chant them off with our eyes shut "Hinman" introduced an innovation—

"speakin' pieces." Upon that we struck. We endured it three weeks, and then we determined to boycott the whole business. All the boys went into it. Bill Smith and Hub Tuttle, Bob Gregg, Ed Easton, Steve Bunn, Bill Rodecker, Hen Keener, and all the big boys, too. The first boy called on to "speak" was to announce the strike, and as my name came pretty well up in the alphabet, I stood a good chance of being leader, a distinction for which I was not at all ambitious, being of tender years and of a ruddy countenance and sensitive feelings. But a boy named Allen, who was called ahead of me, flunked, and said his piece, "Hohenlinden," although we made such suggestive gestures at him that he forgot half of it and broke down and cried. When I was called I refused to speak. Being pressed for a reason, I said, in faltering accents, that "there wasn't goin' to be no more speakin'." When the old man, with unfeigned surprise, asked me who said so, I said "all of us did." Then he said there would be "a little more speakin'" before the close of the session, and so he led me out upon the rostrum. Then and there, with feelings which I now shudder to recall, I did my first song and dance act. I had often before performed my solitary cachuca to the lascivious pleasing of "Old Hinman's" slate frame, but never had I accompanied myself with words. Boy like, I had selected for my piece a poem expressive of those peaceful virtues I most heartily despised, so that my performance, at the inauguration of the strike, ran something like this:

Oh, not for me (whack) is the rolling (whack) drum,—
Or the (whack, whack!) trumpet's wild appeal (boo, hoo!)
Or the cry (boo, hoo!) of (whack) war when the (whack) foe is come,
Or the (ow!) brightly (whack) flashing steel (whack, whack).

I cannot convey to the most vivid imagination the gestures which accompanied the seven stanzas of this beautiful poem. Suffice to say that they kept pace with the old man's peculiar system of punctuation, until, at last, overcome with conflicting emotions, I went sobbing to my seat, and wondered why an inscrutable Providence had given to the rhinoceros the hide that the eternal fitness of things had evidently prepared for the school-boy.

But I forgot my own sorrows and dried my tears, in the enjoyment of the play, as my compatriots developed it. Mr. Hinman, who had been unusually gentle and self-restrained with me, lost his temper with the boy who followed me, and there was a sound of revelry for the next hour. He shook the boys till their teeth rattled so you couldn't hear them cry; he hit Mickey McCann, the tough boy, one whack with a skate strap, and Mickey ran out and rolled in the snow to cool off; he hit Jake Bailey across the thighs with a slate frame, and it hurt so that Jake couldn't howl—he just opened his mouth and gasped and forgot his own name; he

pushed Bill Haskell into a seat and the bench broke; he shook Dan Stevens so that his feet didn't touch the floor for five minutes; he ran across the room and reached out for Lem Harkins, and Lem had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowltons with both hands at the same time, and the Gibbon family, five boys and a big girl, he hit all at once with a girl's skipping-rope, and they raised such a united wail the clock stopped; he kept the atmosphere of that old school-room full of dust and splinters and lint, weeping and wailing, until his arms ached and all hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us, in a sickening tangle of strap and cane and slate frame, rattan and skipping-rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"Who says there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as of one being, and shrieked in tones of anguish:

"NOBODY!"

And I, who led that strike, and was its first martyr, I have been speaking ever since.

R. J. BURDETTE.

THE ORGAN-TEMPEST OF LUCERNE

Permission of the Author.

WE came to fair Lucerne at even—
How beauteous was the scene!
The snowy Alps like walls of Heaven
Rose o'er the Alps of green;

The damask sky a roseate light
  Flashed on the lake, and low
Above Mt. Pilate's shadowy height
  Night bent her silver bow.

We turned toward the faded fane,
  How many centuries old!
And entered as the organ's strain
  Along the arches rolled;
Such as when guardian spirits bear
  A soul to realms of light,
And melts in the immortal air
  The anthem of their flight;
Then followed strains so sweet,
  Then followed strains so low,
That they seemed like memory's music,
  And the chords of long ago.

A light wind seemed to rise;
  A deep gust followed soon,
As when a dark cloud flies
  Across the sun, at noon.
It filled the aisles—each drew
  His garments round his form.
We could not feel the wind that blew,
  We could only hear the storm.
Then we cast a curious eye
  Toward the window's lights,
And saw the Lake serenely lie
  Beneath the crystal heights.

Fair rose the Alps of white
  Above the Alps of green,
The slopes lay bright in the sun of night,
  And the peaks in the sun unseen.

A deep sound shook the air,
  As when the tempest breaks
Upon the peaks, while sunshine fair
  Is dreaming in the lakes.
The birds shrieked on their wing;
  When rose a wind so drear,
Its troubled spirit seemed to bring
  The shades of darkness near.
We looked toward the windows old,
  Calm was the eve of June,
On the summits shone the twilight's gold,
  And on Pilate shone the moon.

A sharp note's lightning flash
  Upturned the startled face;
When a mighty thunder crash
  With horror filled the place!
From arch to arch the peal
  Was echoed loud and long;
Then o'er the pathway seemed to steal
  Another seraph's song,
And 'mid the thunder's crash
  And the song's enraptured flow,
We still could hear, with charmed ear,
  The organ playing low.

As passed the thunder-peal,
  Came raindrops, falling near,
A rain one could not feel,
  A rain that smote the ear.
And we turned to look again
  Toward the mountain wall,
When a deep tone shook the fane,
  Like the avalanche's fall.
Loud piped the wind, fast poured the rain,
  The very earth seemed riven,
And wildly flashed, and yet again,
  The smiting fires of heaven.
And cheeks that wore the light of smiles
  When slowly rose the gale,
Like pulseless statues lined the aisles
  And, as forms of marble, pale.
The organ's undertones
  Still sounded sweet and low,
And the calm of a more than mortal trust
  With the rhythms seemed to flow.

The Master's mirrored face
  Was lifted from the keys,
As if more holy was the place
  As he touched the notes of peace.
Then the sympathetic reeds
  His chastened spirit caught,
As the senses meet the needs
  And the touch of human thought.
The organ whispered sweet,
  The organ whispered low,

"Fear not, God's love is with thee,
  Though tempests round thee blow!"
And the soul's grand power 'twas ours to trace,
  And its deathless hopes discern,
As we gazed that night on the living face
  Of the Organ of Lucerne.

Then from the church it passed,
  That strange and ghostly storm,
And a parting beam the twilight cast
  Through the windows, bright and warm.
The music grew more clear,
  Our gladdened pulses swaying,
When Alpine horns we seemed to hear
  On all the hillsides playing.

We left the church—how fair
  Stole on the eve of June!
Cool Righi in the dusky air,
  The low-descending moon!
No breath the Lake cerulean stirred,
  No cloud could eye discern;
The Alps were silent—we had heard
  The Organ of Lucerne!

Soon passed the night—the high peaks shone
  A wall of glass and fire,
And Morning, from her summer zone,
  Illumined tower and spire;
I walked beside the Lake again,
  Along the Alpine meadows,

Then sought the old melodious fane
  Beneath the Righi's shadows.
The organ, spanned by arches quaint,
  Rose silent, cold, and bare,
Like the pulseless tomb of a vanished saint—
  The Master was not there!
But the soul's grand power 'twas mine to trace
  And its deathless hopes discern,
As I gazed that morn on the still, dead face
  Of the Organ of Lucerne.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

A MAN once stood by the bedside of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form, from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief and want and anxious care had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. The cold and trembling fingers clasped the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death rested on his face, and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

The half-stifled sobs and moanings of the children

alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed, and, turning one look from the children to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead!

The husband sunk into a chair by the bedside, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from him and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow or console the widower.

The time had been when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many a heart-felt condolence would have met him in his grief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, relations, the commonest acquaintance even, had fallen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife alone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness and poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He had reeled from the tavern to her bedside in time to see her die.

He rushed from the house and walked swiftly through the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all crowded on his mind. Stupefied with drink, and bewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he re-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his brain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, and why not she? She was too good for him; her relations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well—she was dead, and happy, perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass—one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted, and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him grew up, and were children no longer. The father remained the same—poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute-looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had, long ago, run wild in the streets and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One wet December morning when the dim and misty light penetrated into the narrow court and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep and found himself alone. He rose and looked around him; the old flock mattress on the floor was undisturbed; everything was just as he remembered

to have seen it last, and there were no signs of any one save himself having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neigbors, but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him and endeavoring to gain her bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. Another year passed over his head. And at last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a doorstep, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful

home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children, now dead, seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him—so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him, and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by at that late hour hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice, rich food—they were before him; he could see them all; he had but to reach out his hand and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches, and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips, and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long and dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard, many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river-side.

He stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings!

Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast-flying clouds were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterward the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since moldered away!

CHARLES DICKENS.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;

The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
  The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
  You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends
But, O, they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
  My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on;
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful that you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile
  Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
  When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Abbreviated from the French of Rouget de Lisle.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
  Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
  To arms! to arms! ye brave!
    The avenging sword unsheathe;
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
  Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
  And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
  While lawless force, with guilty stride,
  Spreads desolation far and wide.
With crime and blood his hands imbruing.
  To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

O liberty! can man resign thee,
  Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
    That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
    But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
      To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

MISS EVA'S VISIT TO THE OGRE.

From "The Little Lady of Lavender," by permission of The American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia.

IN a large, lofty room of The Turrets lay, on a sofa that had been drawn close to the window, the master of the house.

He had been reading, but the book had slipped from his hand unheeded, and he was dreamily watching a flock of white pigeons that were disporting themselves in the courtyard before the house, his mind far away in the regions of long ago, when a tap sounded on the door of the room and a tall footman entered.

"If you please, sir," he said nervously, and stopped short.

"Well!" said his master sharply.

"If you please, sir, a young lady wishes to see you," said the man desperately.

"A young lady!" the master of The Turrets re-

peated in a voice of surprise; then, his tone changing to exasperation, he added—

"You have my orders. Why do you come here fidgeting me? Don't you know it's as much as your place is worth?"

"Sir," said the man desperately, "the—the young lady is a little girl—quite a little girl—and I thought maybe—" he paused, covered with confusion at his own audacity.

He expected that he would immediately receive a cushion at his head, or a string of abuse that would be even more unpleasant than that missile.

He looked his surprise when his master said in a perfectly calm tone, and as though it were a matter of course, "You can show the young lady in here." But he did not give time for a countermand of the order, and swiftly left the dreaded presence in search of the visitor.

A moment later the door of the library was thrown wide, and John Thomas ceremoniously announced "Miss Evangeline Herbert."

The master of The Turrets turned curiously to look at his visitor. A little girl, John Thomas had said; yes, she was quite a little girl certainly—a very little girl.

This was what Captain Ransom saw. A tiny maiden of some seven summers, dressed in a neat and business-like looking riding habit of Lincoln green, with a neat jockey cap of the same color on her head, and a smart little hunting crop in her hand. A little maiden with large serious eyes, and

long golden-brown curls, which, hanging over her shoulder, framed her pretty face.

She advanced toward him with outstretched hand and a friendly confiding manner which was very surprising indeed to Captain Ransom.

"How do you do, your highness?" she said with an air of polite interest. "I am so glad I have found you at home."

"How do you do?" responded the astonished master of The Turrets, as, too much taken by surprise to do anything else, he feebly returned her cordial handshake.

"Very well, thank you," said Eva in her old-fashioned way. "But I am afraid you are not feeling quite well. Have you got a cold?"

"No, I've got a broken back," the master of The Turrets responded briefly.

"Dear me," said Eva sympathetically, "that is very bad. I am afraid it must hurt you dreffly."

Captain Ransom gave an indistinguishable grunt.

At this instant there trotted into the room Captain Ransom's favorite companion, a large and fierce-looking white bull-dog.

But Eva was not afraid of dogs. The hideous appearance of this, to her, unfamiliar specimen only amused her, and when the bull-dog trotted up to her with an inquiring sniff that was like a sentry's "Who goes there?" she bent down and patted the huge head, saying with a little laugh that was like a ripple of sunshine from the summer world outside, "What a very amusin' dog. How d'ye do,

dear? How are you? What's it's name, if you pleasc, your highness?" she asked very politely of Captain Ransom.

"Her name's Julia. Don't you mind her? Aren't you frightened?" asked the master of The Turrets, noticing with surprise that Julia, who was by no means a friendly animal as a rule, was licking the little girl's hand and making other sociable canine demonstrations.

"Afraid? Oh, no," said Eva. "I like dogs. I have three of my own at home. Do you like dogs, your highness?"

"Um—I prefer them to human beings," replied Captain Ransom.

"But what do you call me 'your highness' for, eh?" he asked suddenly.

Eva's pretty face flushed rosy pink.

"I thought you would like it," she said. "The ogres in my fairy-tale book at home always liked to be called 'your highness.'"

It was Captain Ransom's turn to flush then.

"Oh—er—the ogres liked it, did they?" he said in a peculiar tone. "And who told you I was an ogre—eh?"

"Was it a secret?" Eva asked naïvely. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know, you sec. But I'm afraid every one in the village knows."

"Ah! I dare say," said the master of The Turrets with a grim smile.

He looked very hard at Eva, but there was nothing

but sweet simplicity to be read in her frank and pretty little face. No, she was evidently in earnest. She was not laughing at him.

"Aren't you very dull, your highness, in this great big house all alone?" Eva asked. "In my book the ogre lived with his nine brothers, and they were all ogres, too. It was nice for him to have companions, but—but—" She paused in some embarrassment.

"But what?" asked the invalid curiously.

"I was going to say," said Eva rather timidly, "that if there were ten ogres living here I don't think I should much like coming to this house. You see, I daresay ogres are very nice, very nice indeed when you are used to them," she added hastily. "But then I'm not used to them. Do you know you're the very first one I've ever seen!"

"Ah, I am, am I? And what do you think of me, eh?" asked the master of The Turrets with some interest.

Eva looked at him earnestly while she caressed Julia's bullet-like head with her soft little hand.

"Well," she said confidentially, "you are not like what I thought you would be."

"Indeed," said Captain Ransom. "And what did you think I should be like?"

"Oh, well, you see," Eva answered in a somewhat embarrassed manner, "there was a very funny 'scription of the ogre in my fairy-tale book—a very funny 'scription."

"Please let me hear it," said the ogre of The Turrets; "I feel a deep interest in the subject, I assure you."

Eva hesitated. She felt that this was a delicate matter.

"Perhaps you won't think it polite?" she said questioningly. "It isn't a bit like you, though. The person that wrote that story could never have seen a real ogre. I shall know now what they're like."

"Pray let me have the description. I shall not be offended. I am unaccustomed to having my feelings spared," said the master of The Turrets with a grim smile.

"Well, the person that wrote that story (it was very silly of them, and of course I know now they could never have seen a real ogre)—but they said that an ogre was a person with red hair and big green eyes and a hump on his back, and," continued Eva, warming to her subject, "they said that ogres spoke in voices that were so loud that they could be heard a hundred miles off, and—and—"

"And?" inquired her listener.

"That they quickly swallowed up all the little children that came in their way," concluded Eva with dilating eyes.

"And that was the sort of person you expected to see when you came to my house?" asked the master of The Turrets curiously.

Eva nodded her head vigorously.

"That was just it," she said. "And it made me feel a tiny bit—only a tiny bit—nervous, you see," she

added confidentially. "But when I saw what kind of an ogre you were, then I wasn't in the least frightened, your highness."

Captain Ransom indulged in a grim smile.

"You needn't feel nervous," he said. "I've not eaten any little girls yet. I'm afraid of them. They're too indigestible."

Eva gave a short sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad!" she said. "Awfully glad. Now we can feel quite pleasant and comfortable together, can't we?"

The master of The Turrets gave a grunt of acquiescence that was almost gracious.

"What made you come to see me, when you had heard such alarming descriptions of me?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, I came to see you about a very 'portant thing," she answered earnestly. "It's a very 'portant thing, indeed."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Captain Ransom in further surprise.

"I have come to talk to you about Davy," said Eva in a voice that was at once confidential and anxious.

"Ah!" said the ogre encouragingly, "and who's Davy?"

"Davy's a boy," Eva replied, "and a great friend of mine and grandfather's."

"I don't like boys," said the master of The Turrets, shortly.

"But you would like Davy if you really knew him," Eva said with conviction. "Oh, I'm sure

you'd like him. He's such a good boy—that is, generally. He is a great comfort to his old granny and his little brothers; and now they are very, very unhappy about him."

"Ah, indeed," murmured Captain Ransom. "But what has Davy done?" he continued.

"Why, he's the boy who shot your rabbit," said Eva in a rather tremulous voice.

It was, she felt, a critical moment, and she watched the ogre's face with very anxious eyes.

It was an immense relief to her when, instead of springing off the sofa like a jack-in-the-box and immediately swallowing her whole, he merely remarked—

"So he's the boy who shot my rabbit, is he?"

"Yes, I'm sure he is very sorry now," said Eva gently.

"Ah! I warrant he is," assented Captain Ransom grimly.

"Oh, I am so glad you think so," cried Eva, clasping her little hands eagerly. "I'm so glad. I was afraid you wouldn't believe he was really sorry."

Captain Ransom was silent. Turning his face to the window, he avoided the child's straightforward gaze, which, he could not tell why, made him feel uncomfortable.

"I came here to-day," said Eva, in her clear, sweet voice, "to ask you to forgive Davy. I thought p'r'aps if you knew that he was generally a good boy you would let him off this once."

Captain Ransom turned his head and looked sharply at the eager little face.

"Who sent you here?" he asked gruffly.

"No one sent me," Eva replied in a surprised tone, while her candid eyes met his scrutinizing gaze unflinchingly. "I came because I wanted to help Davy and his little brothers and his poor old granny. I am so sorry for them—you see they are old friends of mine. No one knows I have come except Dickie, and he will keep it a secret."

The ogre of The Turrets still watched her face narrowly.

"And you came here alone, and expecting to see the terrible personage whom you so graphically described to me, just for this lad's sake—to plead for him?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes," said Eva simply, "that's why I came."

The master of The Turrets murmured something that was unintelligible to his little visitor. Then he said—

"What do you want me to do about this boy—this Davy?"

"I want you to let him out of prison," Eva replied earnestly. "Will you?"

"And she raised her pretty, pleading eyes to his face. A stern, hard face it was. A face that repelled most people, but Eva did not see it in that light.

"Will you?" she repeated gently.

"If I let this boy go," said the ogre slowly, and watching her eager face, "he will think that he is to shoot over my property with impunity, and the other

lads—young scoundrels—will be quick to follow his example."

"Oh, no, they won't," said Eva with conviction. "The boys of Lavender aren't so bad as that. They will all be grateful to you if you forgive Davy, and they will try to show you how grateful they are—I am sure of that," she added earnestly.

"H'm. I have not much confidence in human gratitude," the master of The Turrets remarked dryly. "Listen, child. If I let this young scamp go, I only do so because you ask me, and because you seem so anxious for his liberation. I detest boys—nasty, mischievous monkeys; and they might all go to prison and stay there, so far as I am concerned. Well, that's neither here nor there. Davy shall be set free because you ask me—does that please you?"

"Oh, you good, kind ogre!" cried the little girl, clapping her hands for joy. "Oh, how kind you are! I should think you are the kindest ogre that ever lived!"

Then she slid down from the big armchair.

"Off already?" the master of The Turrets asked, with actually a touch of disappointment in his tone.

"I will tell you why," said Eva. "I want to ride down and tell Davy's granny before I go home to tea. Oh, you can't think how 'lighted she will be when she hears how kind you are; I am sure she won't know what to do for joy."

"Well, you must explain to her that it is you she

has to thank; and that if it had not been for your intervention her precious grandson would have got the punishment he deserves," said the ogre. "It's only your pleading that has saved him. Some one else called on the same matter this morning and I declined seeing him. I never see any one."

"Is that because you are out-of-doors so much?" Eva asked innocently.

"Um—yes, I suppose so," replied the ogre in a rather embarrassed tone.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Ogre, and thank you very much for being so kind to Davy; I'm ever so much obliged to you," said Eva, extending her hand.

"Good-bye," said the master of The Turrets. "If you ring that bell a servant will get your pony," he continued.

"I can get him myself, thank you. I tied him up to the gate," said the little girl. "Good-bye, your highness. I shall come again very soon."

From his couch in the window he watched the pretty little figure cross the courtyard and disappear through the great gateway. Before she passed out of sight she stopped, and turning, looked up at the window and waved her hand to him.

The astonished porter at the gate could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses when he saw his master return this friendly salute.

He helped Eva to mount her pony in staring silence, and having seen her safely off the premises, returned to the gate lodge to talk the matter over with his wife.

The servants at The Turrets found ample fund for gossip in the visit of an intrepid little girl, who dared to beard the ogre in his castle. Eva's visit was a nine days' wonder in Captain Ransom's establishment.

THEODORA C. ELMSLIE.

THE CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

Permission of the Author.

FROM a dungeon permitted to go,
After years, to the world of the free;
Where the birds, as they swept to and fro
I had envied; it seeming to me
That their songs were songs always of freedom
While they mocked me with madness of glee.

Permitted at last to depart,
My joy seemed to leap with the light
Till earth's beauty placed a prayer in my heart.
I was free from my long prison night:
I was free from its woe, and its darkness,
And again in the world of delight!

Yes, was free; but forgot that, a felon,
I walked among freemen again,
Till the birds, whose songs died, as I passed them
Made all hope for glad greetings seem vain,
As the Court had recorded forever
What the world would forever maintain.

It was hard in a world filled with brightness
Where the dogs even barked in their glee
That the deeds of the past should be blood-hounds
From which, through my life, I must flee

Or be driven again back to prison,
  The one harbor of refuge for me.

For those whom the law is employing
  Are forever recalling the past,
And that past rises up as a shadow
  In my pathway, wherever 'tis cast,
And it stands there and mocks me with ruin
  And my heart, which is sick, dies at last.

From a dungeon permitted to go
  To the world, never more to be free,
With a heart that is dead; to and fro
  I wander, and mark the world's glee,
And it jars me: being dead now to laughter,
  While I wonder that laughter can be;
And I hope a release from my freedom
  Death will send, as a kindness to me.

ADAIR WELCKER.

AN EMPTY PRAYER.

I BREATHED a prayer one day,
  It had nor faith nor love to bear it on;
It had no thought of God, but words alone;
  I sent it on its way.

  It rose on heavy wing,
But could not pierce the walls that shut us in;
It seemed oppressed by weight as though of sin;
  It fell, a useless thing.

And as it slowly fell,
So sank my heart in deep humility;
I longed to burst my fetters and be free;
I longed in Christ to dwell.

I crushed it where it lay;
And, lo! from out its fragments seemed to grow,
An incense rising from an altar glow,
The blessed power to pray.

The fragrance of my prayer,
It floated now on wings of faith and love;
It reached the Father on His throne above:
It bore my spirit there.

Henceforth, be this my strife;
That all my failures, lying at my feet,
May be the rounds by which I climb to meet
My higher, fuller life.

KATHARINE C. PENFIELD.

THE MURDER OF NANCY SIKES.

IT was nearly two hours before daybreak—the time which in the autumn of the year may be truly called the dead of night; when the streets are silent and deserted, when even sound appears to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream—it was at this still and silent hour that the Jew sat watching in his old lair, with face so dis-

torted and pale, and eyes so red and bloodshot, that he looked less like a man than some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit.

Stretched upon a mattress upon the floor lay Noah Claypole, fast asleep. Toward him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, then brought them back again to the candle, which, with long-burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

"At last," muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last."

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept to the door, and presently returned, accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down, and throwing back his outer coat the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"There," he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get; I thought I should have been here three hours ago."

The Jew raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air.

Sikes turned round to where Noah was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. "Well," he said, resuming his former position.

"Suppose that lad," pursued the Jew, "was to peach—blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our likenesses, describe

every mark that they might know us by, and the crib where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and, besides, to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, earwigged by the parson, and brought to it on bread and water—but of his own fancy; to please his own taste; stealing out at nights to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?" cried the Jew, his eyes flashing with rage. "Suppose he did all this, what then?"

"Wot d'ye mean?" asked Sikes.

The Jew made no answer, but bending over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting posture. Noah rubbed his eyes, groaning and giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

"Tell me that again—once again, just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes.

"Tell yer what?" asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

"That about—NANCY," said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. "You followed her?"

"Yes."

"To London Bridge?"

"Yes."

"Where she met two people?"

"So she did."

"A gentleman, and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all

pals and Monks first, which she did; and to describe him, which she did; and to tell her what house it was that we met at, and go to, which she did; and where it could be best watched from, which she did; and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all, every word, without a threat, without a murmur—she did—didn't she?" cried the Jew, half mad with fury.

"All right," replied Noah, scratching his head. "That's just what it was."

"What did they say about last Sunday?" demanded the Jew.

"About last Sunday?" replied Noah, considering. "Why, I told yer that before."

"Again. Tell it again," cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft as the foam flew from his lips.

"They asked her," said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, "they asked her why she didn't come last Sunday as she promised. She said she couldn't—".

"Why—why?" interrupted the Jew, triumphantly "Tell him that."

"Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill the man she had told them of before," replied Noah.

"What more of him?" cried the Jew. "What more of the man she had told them of before. Tell him—tell him that."

"Why, that she couldn't very easily get out-doors

unless he knew where she was going to," said Noah; "and so the first time she went to see the lady, she—ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that it did—she gave him a drink of laudanum."

"Let me go," cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew.

Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

"Bill, Bill!" cried the Jew, following him hastily. "A word. Only a word."

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

"Let me out!" said Sikes. "Don't speak to me—it's not safe. Let me out, I say."

"Hear me speak a word," rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock, "you won't be—"

"Well," replied the other.

"You won't be—too—violent, Bill?" whined the Jew.

The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.

"I mean," said Fagin, showing that he felt that all disguise was now useless, "not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold."

Sikes made no reply, but pulling open the door, of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent street.

Without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber kept on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half dressed upon it. He had wakened her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up," said the man.

"It is you, Bill," said the girl with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning; but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in a low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragging her into the middle of the room, and looking once

toward the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill—" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear—"I—won't scream, or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what have I done?"

"You know," returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard."

"Then, spare my life, for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill! you cannot have the heart to kill me! Oh, think of all I have given up only this one night for you. You shall have time to think, and save yourself this crime. I will not loose my hold. You cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you; upon my guilty soul I have."

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and, tear as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman, and that dear lady, told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never

too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time."

Bill freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but rising with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—and holding it up in her folded hands as high toward Heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggered back to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A THANKFUL SOUL.

I TAKE life jest as I find it.
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin', why—I go,
Jest go a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)

Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;
That jest 'livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it, He
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then threw in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by day and stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things-
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's a sunshiny day,
Hot or cold, I never mind it—
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;

When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

FRANK L. STANTON.

HOW THE LA RUE STAKES WERE LOST

Permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"PARDON me for disturbing you, sir, but there is a little fellow here who's called about a dozen times to see you." MacMasters was standing in the doorway of Mr. Burnett's study. "We've sent him away always, but he keeps coming back, sir. He won't tell us what he wants. Says he must see you, because it's very important. He's a little English lad, I think, and he has one of your cards, the style you used when we were across last fall. He says his name is Hodge, sir."

"Yes, sir, if you please—Billy 'Odge." And little Billy, who had followed the man noiselessly up the stairway, struggled to the front.

"Well, my little man," remarked Burnett, smiling down at him over his shoulder, "what did you want to see me for, and where did you get this card?"

"It's one you gave me dad, sir, over in England. 'E was a jockey, if you please, sir, an' 'e were comin' to ride for you."

"Oh, yes. Yes, yes, I remember. And where is your father?"

"'E's dead, sir. Died comin' over. 'E 'adn't been well for some years, sir, and the steamer doctor said 'e'd trained finer'n 'e could stand. 'E was buried at sea, sir."

"And are you all alone over here, without any friends?"

"Only me mother, if you please, sir. I'll be 'avin to support 'er now."

"That's so; you will," responded Burnett, with the shade of amusement as courteously concealed as if he had been discussing the great game of base-ball with the Chinese Minister. "And what is your particular profession?"

"I 'aven't none, sir; but if you please, sir, me father always said I was 'andy with 'osses."

"You inherit it, I presume. I'm sorry your father's dead. It's hard to lose fathers. He was one of the best men in a crowd after the pole, MacMasters, I ever saw." And young Burnett mused so long over the treasure he had lost that the younger Billy ventured to break in:

"Don't you need another lad around your stables, sir?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure. A boy can't support his mother unless he has something to do, can he?"

"No, sir."

"Where are you now?"

"We 'as a little room down-town, sir, but we 'asn't much money left, an' the chap wot owns it 'e says I'll 'ave to 'ustle round an' get the rent, or hout we goes."

"Well, well, that is a financial crisis, isn't it?"

"I ain't just sure wot that is, sir, but I knows it's bloody tough."

"They all are, these financial troubles.—MacMasters, you might run down with this lad and see if what he says is all straight; and if it is, pay up their rent for a few weeks, and then take him up to the stables and tell Mr. Yorke to give him something to do. He may make a rider yet." And the young Mr. Burnett turned to his letters once more.

MacMasters found everything "all straight" at Billy's home. When it became known at the stables that Mr. Burnett himself had engaged the lad he promptly became an object of considerable envy among the little family of stable-boys, rubbers-down, and exercisers. Mr. Yorke soon discovered, too, that Billy was, as he had said, "'andy with 'osses," and he gave the boy considerably more latitude than he did the rest of the underlings, particularly after the day when the owner visited the stables, and, recognizing his young importation, had spoken to him kindly, and whispered to Mr. Yorke that it would be a great thing if Billy the younger should prove to have inherited certain talents from his father.

Billy was a grateful little chap, and, next to his mother, he worshiped his young master with a devotion which was as sincere as it was unknown to the owner of Seltzer.

Next after these came Seltzer herself. It was a curious affection which sprang up between the promising mare and the lad, and it dated almost from the

very moment that the animal had been assigned to Billy to care for and exercise.

A splendid mare was Seltzer, and great things were expected of her. What hours Billy spent in fussing over the thoroughbred's toilet! And then the glory of the early morning exercise spin and the warming up before Humber, the jockey, got around to put in the fine work on the mare's training.

"There's things I knows about that mare wot even 'Umber don't," he had remarked to Mr. Yorke one day after he had made a little private test of Seltzer's gait on the stretch of the practice track which lay around out of sight behind the woods. And Mr. Yorke had only smiled good-naturedly.

It was the evening before the great race for the La Rue stakes, and all the town, seemingly, was waiting on the result. Seltzer was a big favorite, with David only a point less popular, Rainbow next, Max O'Rell next, and a big field, with some rumors of "dark horses."

Billy was asleep, curled up like a little ball in his bed, when he awoke suddenly to find Burnett bending over him.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," said his employer, kindly, as the lad rose up quickly in a tremor of apprehension. "Do you suppose that you could ride Seltzer in the race to-morrow?"

Billy was too much surprised to speak, and could only gaze open-mouthed.

"What do you think?" remarked young Burnett, smiling.

"I don't know, sir. I could ride 'er, you know, sir, all right, but I don't know whether I could ride 'er to win or not, sir. I'd like mighty well to try, sir. An' I'd try 'ard, sir, bloomin' 'ard." And as the lad became more and more awake to a realization of what it all meant, his voice became eager, almost pleading.

"Yorke says that no one can ride Seltzer unless she is well acquainted with them, and that, for six months, only you and Humber have had much of anything to do with her."

"We knows each other, Seltzer and me do, all right, sir. She's a wonder, sir, Seltzer is. W'y, that 'oss,—that 'oss—w'y—" And Billy's command of superlative language proved so inadequate that he paused, gasping for fitting eulogy.

Burnett laughed. "Then you think she'd do as much for you as she would for any one?"

"I'm sure she will. But Mr. 'Umber—is 'e sick?"

"Well—eh—no; at least not yet; but I'm going to see him to-night, and—eh—he's going to decide not to ride. I've heard to-night that he's been placing bets against the mare, and that looks very much as if he meant to lose the race for me."

"But the association, sir. 'E's carded to ride. I saw it posted all over, 'SELTZER ('Umber hup),' an' four of the evenin' papers tips Seltzer for a winner, an' two more tips 'er for second place."

"I'll be able to fix that all right yet to-night. I'm on the way now. I shall depend on you, Billy. You'll do your best for me, won't you?"

"Indeed I will, sir, an' I'll ask Seltzer to do 'er best too, sir."

"All right. I trust you, remember. Now, you won't see me until after the race. Mr. Yorke will understand, and take care of you about your colors and all that. These are the only instructions for you to remember: Let her go for the first quarter then if you are well up among the leaders hold her in a bit until you round into the stretch, and then push her to win. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"They're off!"

The flag had dropped almost before Billy had expected, and the race for the La Rue stakes began.

At the first turn it is Rainbow, Max O'Rell, David, and Seltzer, with the field bunched close behind. Billy drew a poor position for the start, but he has pushed Seltzer for the pole at the turn in an almost miraculous way. He is lying close over the mare's neck, and is talking to her eagerly: "Run, darlin', run. We've got to win. We've jest got to. Dad's watchin' us, you know. Go! Hi! Hi! Go!"

The mare seems to understand, for she almost flies. Past David, past Max O'Rell, past Rainbow, a length ahead as the quarter-pole flashes by. Now, little by little, the mare drops back again. Billy is following instructions. It's taking big chances, he thinks, in his secret soul, to do it. It wouldn't be his way; but it's what Mr. Burnett said.

The terrible pace is beginning to affect the tem-

porary leaders. Max O'Rell and Rainbow are being outfooted by the rushing David. Now he is ahead, and Rainbow and Max O'Rell and Seltzer are abreast close behind. But Billy has taken advantage of the momentary lead to snatch the pole, and is close behind the leader. Now they are near the last turn. Rainbow and Max O'Rell are beginning to pound heavily, and are dropping farther and farther back. But what black nose is this which has come up close to Seltzer's flank? Billy glances around. Wonder of wonders, it is Mortality—a rank outsider. It looks as though there was to be a surprise-party. Inch by inch the new-comer is gaining. How Billy longs to get into the home-stretch, so that he can push the mare a bit! Mortality is coming on like a whirlwind. David is close ahead. Seltzer will be in a pocket in another dozen yards, with too short a distance left to go round on the outside, keep up the pace, and have an even show at the finish. It must be now or never, instructions or no instructions. He loosens up on the mare, calls to her, taps her lightly, and feels her respond as she straightens out under him.

They gain a foot or two, but still Mortality hangs close at Billy's saddle and David's tail brushes Seltzer's nose. It isn't enough. Something must be done, quick.

"Forgive me, ol' girl," ejaculates Billy, as he raises his whip and, with almost a sob that he is obliged to do it, brings the lash down sharply on the mare's flanks. With a maddened bound she springs ahead,

her ears laid back and her nose stretched out almost on a line with her neck. Billy swings her out, and they come straining down the stretch, with the mare gaining inch by inch on the leader; now she is on his quarter—the saddle; a few bounds, and it is neck and neck.

Mortality has swung out, and is following close behind, third from the pole. The wire is terribly near. Whoever wins will win by a short head.

Suddenly something happens. A nurse-girl with her escort down close by the fence has become too deeply interested, and her little charge has toddled out upon the track, and stands piteously helpless right in the path of the flying racers. Billy sees it all in an instant—the horrified expression on the nurse-girl's face and the dazed look of the little toddler on the track ahead. He can guide Seltzer around her, he thinks, but nothing can save the baby from the rushing "field" behind.

What can he do? A single false move, and the race is lost. It won't be his fault if the child is crushed, anyway, and to win the race means so much! But, someway, something in the appealing face of the baby makes him think of the little sister asleep in the tiny English church-yard so far away over the water, and—he can't help it, he must do something. But what?

Like a flash he remembers a picture he once saw of a brave hussar who snatched a little child from in front of a flying regiment of horse; but this was so different! He knew he would fail; but he must try

With one hard pull on the reins he drops them, and with a cry to Seltzer he slips his left foot through the stirrup and draws the slender iron up to his knee, kicks his other foot clear, and throws himself wildly to the right, straight down over the horse's side. There he hangs, by one knee, head down, his arms outstretched, and his little body swinging wildly against the racer's side at every bound.

Seltzer falters in her pace and drops back. With a wild sweep of his arms Billy clasps the little form close and lifts the baby clear of the ground as the horses hurl by. The strain is a terrible one, and he can only drag himself up a little way. His leg is almost broken by the sharp stirrup. He can only bend himself up as far as possible, close his eyes, and hold tight. He hears the wild shouts from the crowds as David sweeps by, a winner. On they go, for it seems a mile, but in reality only a dozen rods. Seltzer slackens and stops. A dozen stable-boys are springing at her head. Some one snatches the baby from his arms, and Billy drops down and steals hurriedly away to a quiet corner of the stables. It has all come over him now. Seltzer has lost. His dreams of making a name for himself are gone. Mr. Burnett will never allow him to ride again. His head is whirling yet. He feels deathly sick. Everything looks black, and he wishes he were dead.

Sinking down on the straw, he buries his face and sobs as though his faithful little heart would break.

"Well, young man."

It is Mr. Burnett.

Billy does not look up. "I'm sorry I lost the race, sir," he sobs. "I couldn't 'elp it, you know, sir. She'd 'a' been killed, sir—the baby."

"Well, I should say she would. And how in heaven's name it happened that you weren't beats me."

"I'm sorry sir, I didn't win."

"Eh? What?—didn't win? Why, boy, I'd rather have my jockey do that thing than have my horses win a dozen races. Yes, a hundred," adds young Mr. Burnett, after computing the matter more carefully.

"But the money, sir, wot's been lost?"

"Not a cent, except the purse. All bets on Seltzer declared off. Come along up in the stand, now; they're all howling for you."

And Billy went.

CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

HOW hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks.
Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home
By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
  Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
  Nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
  Like Hamlet, backward go,
And, as the tide was ebbing fast,
  Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
  Which makes me thus a talker,
And once, when I was out of town,
  My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying o'er the fire one day
  My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away,
  And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
  Than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore,
  Without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift,
  Another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
  As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
  Where late he stood elated,
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
  Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
  Is sunk to swell the ravage,
And what was Crusoe's fate to save,
  'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

E'en "Glover's" works I cannot put
  My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my "Foote"
  My "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed,
  My "Taylor," too must fail,
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
  In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
  The "Hood" so late in front,
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
  O, where was my "Leigh Hunt"?
I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
  Yet could not "Tickell" touch,
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle."
  And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
  My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
  Nor even use my "Hughes."
My classics would not quiet lie—
  A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,
  My "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away;
  I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray,"
  There's gray upon my locks.
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale,
  I see my "Butler" fly,
And when they asked about my ail,
  'Tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
  And thus my griefs divide;
For O, they cured me of my "Burns,"
  And eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say,
  Nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay,"
  They have not left me "Sterne."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BALLAD OF BEAU BROCADE.

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine:
  That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great George was buried and gone;
George the Second was plodding on.

Those were the days of the war with Spain
Porto-Bello would soon be ta'en;

Whitfield preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

Walpole talked of "a man and his price;"
Nobody's virtue was over-nice:—

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by . . . Highwaymen!

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "Beau Brocade."

This they knew on the whole way down
Best, maybe, at the "Oak and Crown."

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage;

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of the hostel's sister's son.)

Down the road on a March-day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "Plymouth Fly;"

Lumbering up from the Bagshot Heath,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth;

Passengers heavily armed inside;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried!

Tried!—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man!—in the open day!

Tried successfully, never a doubt,
Pockets of passengers all turned out!

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped!

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her money or life!

Highwayman's manners no less polite
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right;

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more;

Plucked them all at his ease, in short:
Such was the "Plymouth Fly's" report.

Sympathy! horror! and wonderment!
"Catch the villain!" (But nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the bar;
(That's where the best strong waters are!)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of Bragg's) made a terrible clangor:
But for the ladies had drawn his hanger!

Robber, of course, was "Beau Brocade"
Out spoke Dolly, the chambermaid.

Devonshire Dolly, plumb and red
Spoke from the gallery overhead;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard:--
"Why didn't you shoot then, George, the Guard?"

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute:—
"George, the Guard, why didn't you shoot?"

Portly John grew pale and red,
(John was afraid of her, people said;)

Gasped that "Dolly was surely cracked"
(John was afraid of her—that's a fact!)

George the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale:

"Shoot? Why—Rabbit him!—didn't he shoot?"
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too cute!"

"Shoot? Why, he'd flashed the pan in his eye!"
Muttered—"she'd pay for it by and by!"
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made
For George was in league with "Beau Brocade!"

And John the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not, on the whole, immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice
When Walpole talked of "a man and his price;"

And wherever Purity found abode,
'Twas certainly not on a posting road.

"Forty" followed to "Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the Hanover line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

Glorious news! from the Spanish Main;
Porto-Bello at last was ta'en.

Glorious news! for the liquor trade
Nobody dreamed of "Beau Brocade."

People were thinking of Spanish crowns;
Money was coming from seaport towns!

Nobody dreamed of "Beau Brocade,"
(Only Dolly the chambermaid!)

Blessings on Fernon! Fill up the cans;
Money was coming in "Flys" and "Vans."

Possibly, John the Host had heard
Also, certainly, George the Guard.

And Dolly had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew.

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the "Fly."

Lingering only at John his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore;

Saddling the gray mare, Dumpling Star;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of Malplaquet;)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in "Forty" to clear the flues;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in Devonshire.

These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B-sh-p of L-nd-n's "Pastoral Letter;"

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, Dolly
Clattered away to "Exciseman's Folly;"

Such was the name of a ruined abode
Just on the edge of the London road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "Fly."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,
As the Beau came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest;

And under his silver-gray surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to London Spaw,
And robbed Sir Mongo Mucklethraw.

Out spoke Dolly the chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
"Stand and deliver, O 'Beau Brocade!'"

But the Beau rode nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide;
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of Meg or Bet;
A freak of the "Rose" or the "Rummer" set.

Out spoke Dolly the chambermaid
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
"Stand and deliver, O 'Beau Brocade!'"

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the Beau in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went no one knows where,
But it carried away his solitaire;

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade;
Down from the saddle fell "Beau Brocade!"

Down from the saddle and never stirred;
Dolly grew white as a Windsor curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, Bet, the fleet
(Called after Bet of Portugal Street;)

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door;—
Roused fat John from a three-fold snore;—

Vowed she'd peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the "Plymouth Fly" was saved!

Staines and Windsor were all on fire:—
Dolly was wed to a Yorkshire squire;
Went to town at the K-g's desire!

George the Guard fled over the sea:
John had a fit—of perplexity;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state;—
But John was never immaculate.

As for the Beau, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at Whitsuntide;

Served, for a day, as the last of "sights,"
To the world of St. James's Street and "White's,"

Went on his way to Tyburn Tree,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers:—
Bouquet of pinks at St. Sepulchre's;

Flagon of ale at Holborn Bar;
Friends (in mourning) to follow his car
("t" is omitted where Heroes are!)

Every one knows the speech he made;
Swore that he "rather admired the Jade!"—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat:
Talked to the Chaplain after that;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed. . . .
This was the finish of "Beau Brocade!"

And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty "Londoner's Guide;"

"Humbly inscrib'd" (with curls and tails)
By the author to Frederick, Prince of Wales:—

Published by Francis and Oliver Pine;
Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign,
Seventeen hundred and thirty-nine.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

HOW bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and

inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before, he was yours; he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. No one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the mark of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will gave way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow whom a

nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ANOTHER DAY.

Permission of the Author.

ANOTHER day!
Oh holy calm,
This hour of dawn!
A prelude grand
To Nature's Psalm!

Another day!
  Oh solemn thought
That singing birds
And wakening Earth
  To me hath brought!

Another day!
  Oh gladsome light,
Benign and good!
So mystic, strange,
  Evolved from night!

Another day!
  Oh rested Earth
All thrilled with joy,
From pole to pole,
  By this new birth!

Another day!
  Oh hearts so worn
And weary grown
Last night, so brave
  And strong, this morn!

Another day!
  Oh fever-tossed
And stricken one,
For thee, the stream
  Of time is crossed!

Another day!
  Oh soul new-born

To this new day,
E'er blessed be
  Thy natal morn!

Another day!
  Oh may it be
The gladdest, best,
That ever dawned
  For you and me!

ALICE ARNOLD.

THE MORNING BIRD.

A Poem by Eugene Field's father.

A BIRD sat in a maple tree
  And this was the song he sung to me:
"O little boy, awake, arise!
The sun is high in the morning skies;
The brook's a-play in the pasture lot
  And wondereth that the little boy
It loveth dearly cometh not
  To share its turbulence and joy;
The grass has kisses cool and sweet
For truant little brown bare feet;
So come, O child, awake, arise!
The sun is high in the morning skies!"

So, from the yonder maple tree,
The bird kept singing unto me;
But that was very long ago—
I did not think—I did not know

Else would I not have longer slept
  And dreamt the precious hours away;
Else would I from my bed have leapt
  To greet another happy day—
A day untouched of care and ruth,
With sweet companionship of youth—
The dear old friends which you and I
Knew in the happy days gone by!

Still in the maple can be heard
The music of the morning bird,
And still the song is of the day
That runneth o'er with childish play;
Still of each pleasant old-time place
  And of the old-time friends I knew—
The pool where hid the furtive dace;
  The lot the brook went scampering through
The mill, the lane, the bellflower tree
That used to love to shelter me—
And all those others I knew then,
But which I cannot know again!

Alas! from yonder maple tree
The morning bird sings not to me;
Else would his ghostly voice prolong
An evening, not a morning, song;
And he would tell of each dear spot
  I knew so well and cherished then,
As all forgetting, not forgot
  By him who would be young again.

O child, the voice from yonder tree
Calleth to you and not to me;
So wake and know those friendships all
I would to God I could recall!

CONSTANTIUS AND THE LION.

A PORTAL of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led into the surroundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was, at the worst, but giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see that noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and

his misery wrought by me! I would have obtested heaven and earth to save him. My limbs refused to stir.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now, for an instant, life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion, reared upon his hind feet, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword now swung around the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose his hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck his terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; still, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat and sank. The savage beast yelled, and, spouting out blood, fled around the arena. But the hand still grasped the

mane, and the conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs; but his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name—called on her, by every feeling of nature, to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her

knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head—with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned—she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I have come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband—I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redcem him from the hand of evil that you abandoned your quiet home! Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration; that, to the last moment of his liberty, only sought how he might serve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed, and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of His people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—"

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang

upon me. I lay helpless under him; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above.

An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck—gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high into the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

GEORGE CROLY.

A LITTLE FELLER.

SAY, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
With pop and ma'am a-readin' all the while,
An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,
An' lookin' 's if they didn't know how to smile;
With hook an' line a-hangin' in the wood-shed,
An' lots o' 'orms down by the outside cellar,
An' Brown's creek just over by the mill-dam—
Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

Why, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller
  Right on from sun-up, when the day commences;
Fur little fellers don't have much to think of,
  'Cept chasin' gophers 'long the cornfield fences,
Or diggin' after moles down in the woodlot,
  Or climbin' after apples what's got meller,
Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' mill-pond—
  Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

But Sunday's never lonesome fur a little feller
  When he's stayin' down to Uncle Ora's:
He took his book onct right out in the orchard,
  An' told us little chaps just lots of stories;
All truly true, that happoned onct for honest,
  An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,
An' how some angels came an' shut their mouths up,
  An' how they never teched that Dan'l feller.

An' Sunday's pleasant down at Aunt Marilda's;
  She lets us take some books that some one gin her
An' takes us down to Sunday-school 't the school-house;
  An' sometimes she has a nice shortcake fur dinner
An' onct she had a puddin' full o' raisins,
  An' onct a frosted cake all white and yaller:
I think, when I stay down to Aunt Marilda's,
  That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

A LOVE SCENE.

THEY were sitting side by side,
And she sighed and then he sighed;
Said he, "My darling idol,"
And he idled and then she idled;
"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellowed and then he bellowed;
"On my soul there's such a weight,"
And he waited and then she waited;
"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"
And he groaned and then she groaned;
"You shall have a private gig,"
And she giggled and then he giggled;
Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he looked and then she looked;
"Shan't we?" And they shantied;
"I'll have thee if thou wilt,"
And he wilted and then she wilted.

CRIME REVEALED BY CONSCIENCE.

THE deed * was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined vic-

* The murder of Joseph White, Esq., of Salem, Mass., April 6, 1830.

tim and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beam of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah, gentlemen! that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant.

It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him,

and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees in it his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A TRUE STORY.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cozy kitchen,
With its dainty, whitewashed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.

All through house and garden,
  Far out into the field,
They searched each nook and corner,
  But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
  Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village;
  No use to look for him.
And the baby lost: "Where's Rover?"
  The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard,
  Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!"
  "Rover!" In vain they call.
They hurry away to the orchard;
  And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
  Holding to baby's dress;
She was clean over the well's edge,
  In perfect fearlessness!

She stretched her little arms down,
  But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
  The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
  But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
  While naughty baby said:

'There's a 'ittle dirl in the 'ater,
She's dust as big as me,
Mamma; I want to help her out
And take her home to tea;
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh, wy are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

ABBIE KINNE

BLACK ZEPH'S PARD.

NOW then! You! come up out o' that!
You'll be breaking y'r neck in the claim,
Or upsetting the traps there, mucking about—
Am I Black Zeph? I'm the same.
Can I tell you what became of a lad
Called Joseph Bellew? Wal, I can.
He was fair an' sparing o' chatter—Reserved?
Aye, that's it; as close as a clam.
But you sim a gospel-mill sorter ole chap,
What the deuce does it matter to you

What's become o' a digger? You're his father? I guess
That's a yarn here—away, that won't do!
Why, I were his pard, an' he let on to me
That his father and mother was dead,
An' his sweetheart had pitched 'en to marry a swell—
Not true? Wal, that's what he said,
An' you don't think I'm going to fancy as you
Knows anything more o' my pal
Then he did hisself! His father you are,
But 'twas right what he said 'bout the gal?
Wal, wal, p'raps Joe didn't want to tell me
He'd left an old dad 'way at home,
But it don't matter now he's out of it all—
Yes, the wust of the yarn is to come.
Got a knife? Don't you chaw? Guess I'll take a bit
Afore I lights out with the tale.
You see, twur like this, Joe were but a lad,
But wiry, although he wur pale;
An' we hitch'd up together at Devil's-hoof Gulch
An' tramped it to this very place,
Got perspectin' aroun' an' settled to work—
You needn't make up sich a face.
He catched right on to it 'thout any fuss,
Tho' he found that a shovel and pick
Wur mighty hard fits, to soft sorter hands,
But he got over that putty quick,
Tho' he never got over the loss o' the gal;
When the rest of us laughed at a joke

He'd smile a little, then suck at his pipe—
  (He allus war pun'kins on smoke).
I used to let out at the laddie sometimes,
  An' call 'en all sorts o' darn'd fools,
But he never got skeart: he'd say "Dry up, Zeph,"
  An' set to a cleanin' the tools—
We had middlingish luck an' pann'd out some dust
  By working hard, early and late,
An' little we spent at the shanty above,
  Fur liquor were cut by my mate.
Yet he never wur one to say to a soul
  As they oughtn't to drink—if they would,
An' he'd stroll up, wi' me o' Saturday nights;
  When I got as much as I should
He'd see me cl'ar out, an' many's the time
  That boy has snatched from my hand
This "Derringer" here, an' coaxed me away—
  Thar's nary-a-one in the land
But Joe, would have vent'red to do it, you bet!
  When I'm ha'f drunk, on the shoot,
I make up in lead what I'm short ov in words,
  So it's bullets, not preachin', I moot.
But I'm gitting away from the p'int. You see, Joe
  Went up one Saturday night
'Long wi' me to the store; a stranger come in:
  I never seed Joe look so white
As he did when his eyes lighted onter the chap,
  Who looked 's if he'd seed better days;
Tho' the whisky had play'd ole scratch wi' his phiz,
  An' his togs wurn't a match fur his ways.

I didn't say much to Joey jis then,
  Fur the new un call'd drinks fur the crowd,
An' we jined in to show we wur friendly, an' sich,
  But they soon started talking it loud,
And some o' the boys got chaffin' a few,
  An' the new un, he got rather riled;
D'rektly the pistols were handled, an' then
  That new un went right at it, wild!
Thar wur two of 'em on him, but Joey sprang by
  As they tumbled the strange feller down,
An' knocked over one, but the 'tother man fired,
  An' before I had time to look roun',
Joe fell. The bullet had gone through his lungs.
  Two or three of us soon cl'ared the bar
An' eased Joey up, but he whisp'red, "Say, Zeph,
  Jis stay right thar whar you are.
I'm just about finished. But whar is that man?"
  I told him I'd sent 'en safe out,
An' then I sed, "Joe, you saved that chap's life;
  Why, what were you thinking about
To make one in a muss that wur nothin' to you?
  The bullet you got were clean meant
Fur the 'new un;'" and I ses, "Sarve 'en well right."
  He signed me to stop an' I bent
My ear to his lips, his voice wur got weak,
  An' the last words he managed to say
Wur, "Good-bye, Zeph, you're grit as a pard,
  I'm glad that man got away,
'Tis true I'm going, but don't matter much,
  P'raps she'll give me a sigh
When she hears I was killed in a quarrel to save
  The life of her husband. Good-bye."

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

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THE Colonel had been detained at his office, but had sent word that I was to wait for him. Chad was serving the coffee. "My Marsa John," he remarked, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot of tea. Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring-house, an' she says:

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you and de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts oft a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down-stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin:

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'Is we got a goose? Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin'-knife.

"'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'

"'What'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose or slice o' ham?'

"'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't going to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin'-fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It didn't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I'll settle wid you after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was, shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de

table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck-pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you.'

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"'Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

FOR THE SLUMBER ISLANDS, HO!

A LITTLE song for bedtime,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country,
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy,
And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferryman is calling,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland,
While the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep, makes music
That the children only know,
When they listen to the boatman's
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me

In the boat of dreams that's waiting
  To bear me o'er the sea.
Oh! take a kiss and give one,
  And then—away—you go—
A-sailing—off—to—Dreamland!
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

THE LAST STRAW.

THESE are the letters she sent me
  —Sad little spendthrift of ink—
Vowing her love, to content me,
  Fifty times over—on pink.

These are my foolish old letters,
  —All that I wrote her—returned,
Shackled in dainty silk fetters
  Captives condemned to be burned.

Pleas for forgiveness or pity,
  Questions, and tender replies,
Missives inclined to be witty,
  Dozens—and none of them wise.

Stay! here's a sensible billet!
  Ah! 'tis her ultimate note—
"We have been long enough silly,
  Please return all that I wrote."

THE EXECUTION OF LADY DE WINTER.

Lady de Winter, who has committed numberless crimes and who has heretofore escaped punishment by reason of her beauty and seductive powers, is finally taken prisoner in a little, unused cottage near Armentières by the three men whom she has most cruelly wronged. They organize as a court of justice and pronounce upon her the sentence of death. They then proceed, accompanied by their lackeys, to the banks of the River Lys, which has been chosen as the place of execution.

IT was near midnight; the moon, lessened by its decline and reddened by the last traces of the storm, arose behind the little town of Armentières, which showed against its pale light the dark outline of its houses, and the outline of its high belfry. In front of the little troop, with its central figure enshrouded in black, the Lys rolled its waters like a river of melted lead; whilst on the other side was a black mass of trees, cutting a stormy sky, invaded by large coppery clouds, which created a sort of twilight amidst the night.

From time to time a broad sheet of lightning opened the horizon in its whole width, darted like a serpent over the black mass of trees, and, like a terrible scimiter, divided the heavens and the waters into two parts. Not a breath of wind now disturbed the heavy atmosphere. A death-like silence oppressed all nature, the soil was humid and glittering with the rain which had recently fallen, and the refreshed herbs threw forth their perfume with additional energy.

Two of the lackeys now led, or rather dragged along Milady by her arms; the executioner walked behind them, and Lord de Winter, D'Artagnan, Por-

thos, and Aramis walked behind the executioner. Planchet and Bazin came last.

The two lackeys led Milady to the banks of the river. Her mouth was mute; but her eyes spoke with their inexpressible eloquence, supplicating by turns each of those she looked at.

Being a few paces in advance, she whispered to the lackeys—

"A thousand pistoles to each of you, if you will assist my escape; but if you deliver me up to your masters, I have, near at hand, avengers who will make you pay for my death very dearly."

Grimaud hesitated; Mousqueton trembled in all his members.

Athos, who heard Milady's voice, came sharply up, Lord de Winter did the same.

"Change these lackeys," said he, "she has spoken to them, they are no longer safe."

Planchet and Bazin were called forward, and took the places of Grimaud and Mousqueton.

When they arrived on the banks of the river, the executioner approached Milady and bound her hands and feet.

Then she broke silence to cry out—

"You are base cowards, miserable assassins, ten men combined to murder one woman; beware! if I am not saved I shall be avenged."

"You are not a woman," said Athos coldly and sternly, "you do not belong to the human species; you are a demon escaped from hell, to which place we are going to send you back again."

"Ah! you virtuous men!" said Milady, "but please to remember that he who shall touch a hair of my head is himself an assassin."

"The executioner can kill, madame, without being on that account an assassin," said the man in the red cloak, striking upon his immense sword; "this is the last judge; that is all: Nachrichter, as our neighbors, the Germans, say."

And, as he bound her whilst saying these words, Milady uttered two or three wild cries, which produced a strange and melancholy effect in flying away into the night, and losing themselves in the depths of the woods.

"If I am guilty, if I have committed the crimes you accuse me of," shrieked Milady, "take me before a tribunal; you are not judges, you cannot condemn me!"

"Why, I did offer you Tyburn," said Lord de Winter, "why did you not accept it?"

"Because I am not willing to die!" cried Milady, struggling, "because I am too young to die!"

"The woman you poisoned at Bethune was still younger than you, madame, and yet she is dead," said D'Artagnan.

"I will enter into a cloister, I will become a nun," said Milady.

"You were in a cloister," said the executioner, "and you left it to destroy my brother."

Milady uttered a cry of terror, and sank upon her knees.

The executioner took her up in his arms, and was carrying her toward the boat.

"Oh! my God!" cried she, "my God! are you going to drown me?"

These cries had something so heartrending in them that M. D'Artagnan, who had been at first the most eager in pursuit of Milady, sank down on the stump of a tree, and leant down his head, covering his ears with the palms of his hands; and yet, notwithstanding, he could not help hearing her cry and threaten.

D'Artagnan was the youngest of all these men; his heart failed him.

"Oh! I cannot behold this frightful spectacle!" said he; "I cannot consent that this woman should die thus!"

Milady heard these few words, and caught at a shadow of hope.

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" cried she, "remember that I loved you!"

The young man rose and made a step toward her

But Athos arose, likewise, drew his sword and placed himself between them.

"One step further, M. D'Artagnan," said he, "and dearly as I love you, we cross swords."

M. D'Artagnan sank on his knees and prayed.

"Come!" continued Athos, "executioner, do your duty."

"Willingly, monseigneur," said the executioner; "for as I am a good Catholic, I firmly believe I am acting justly in performing my functions on this woman."

"That's well."

Athos made a step toward Milady.

"I pardon you," said he, "the ill you have done me; I pardon you for my blasted future, my lost honor, my defiled love, and my salvation forever compromised by the despair into which you have cast me. Die in peace!"

Lord de Winter advanced in his turn.

"I pardon you," said he, "the poisoning of my brother, the assassination of his grace, the Duke of Buckingham; I pardon you the death of poor Felton, I pardon you the attempts upon my own person. Die in peace!"

"And I," said M. D'Artagnan. "Pardon me, madame, for having by a trick unworthy of a gentleman, provoked your anger; and I, in exchange, pardon you the murder of my poor love, and your cruel vengeance against me. I pardon you, and I weep for you. Die in peace!"

"I am lost!" murmured Milady in English; "I must die!"

Then she rose up herself, and cast around her one of those piercing looks which seemed to dart from an eye of flame.

She saw nothing.

She listened, and she heard nothing.

"Where am I to die?" said she.

"On the other bank," replied the executioner.

Then he placed her in the boat, and as he was going to set foot in it himself, Athos handed him a purse of gold.

"Here," said he, "is the pay for the execution, that it may be plain we act as judges."

"That is correct," said the executioner; "and now in her turn, let this woman see that I am not fulfilling my trade, but my duty."

And he threw the money into the river.

The boat moved off toward the left-hand shore of the Lys, bearing the guilty woman and the executioner; all the others remained on the right-hand bank, where they fell on their knees.

The boat glided along the ferry-rope under the shadow of a pale cloud which hung over the water at the moment.

The troop of friends saw it gain the opposite bank; the persons cut the red-tinted horizon with a black shade.

Milady, during the passage, had contrived to untie the cord which fastened her feet; on coming near to the bank, she jumped lightly on shore and took to-flight.

But the soil was moist; on gaining the top of the bank, she slipped and fell upon her knees.

She was struck, no doubt, with a superstitious idea; she conceived that heaven denied its succor, and she remained in the attitude she had fallen in, with her head drooping and her hands clasped.

Then they saw from the other bank the executioner raise both his arms slowly, a moonbeam fell upon the blade of the large sword, the two arms fell with a sudden force; they heard the hissing of the scimiter and the cry of the victim, then a truncated mass sunk beneath the blow.

The executioner then took off his red cloak, spread

it upon the ground, laid the body in it and lifted it into the boat.

When arrived in the middle of the stream, he stopped the boat, and suspending his burden over the water—

"Let the justice of God be done!" cried he, with a loud voice.

And he let the body drop into the depths of the waters, which closed over it.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

WHEN SUMMER SAYS GOOD-BYE.

THE cane is growin' juicy for the grindin' at the mill,
An' the punkin's like a big an' yellow moon;
An' the "Mountain Dew" is drippin' in the shadders o' the still,
An' the fiddle strings are twangin' for a tune!

"Summer, sweet summer!"
The windy bugles call;
But we're rollin' on to glory
An' good times in the fall!

The fireplace is ready for the heavy logs o' oak
An' the hick'rynuts will give us all a chance;
An' a feller'll kiss his sweetheart, an' another'll tell his joke,
An' the cabin floo'll be creakin' in the dance!

"Summer, sweet summer!"
The birds an' blossoms call;

But we're rollin' on to glory
An' good times in the fall!

Oh! Georgia—she'll be jolly when the melon crop is in,
When there's little less o' summer an' o' sun;
So balance to yer partner, fer the dance'll soon begin,
An' the fiddle's in a fidget for the fun!

"Summer, sweet summer!"
The windy bugles call;
But we're rollin' on to glory
An' good times in the fall!

FRANK L. STANTON.

PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE.

I'LL tell you a story that's not told in Tom Moore;
Young love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door;
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss, when she hears a rat-tat;
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go;

So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE COURTING OF T'NOWHEAD'S BELL.

FOR two years it had been notorious in the square that Sam'l Dickie was thinking of courting T'nowhead's Bell, and that if little Sanders Elshioner went in for her, he might prove a formidable rival. Sam'l was a weaver and Sanders a coal-carter.

The courting reached its crisis on a Sabbath morning. It was a fateful Sabbath for T'nowhead's Bell and her swains, and destined to be remembered for the painful scandal which they perpetrated in their passion.

Bell was not in the kirk. There being an infant of six months in the house, it was a question of either Lisbeth or the lassie's staying at home with him, and though Lisbeth was unselfish in a general way, she could not resist the delight of going to church.

The first half of the service had been gone through on this particular Sunday without anything remarkable happening. It was at the end of the psalm which preceded the sermon that Sanders Elshioner, who sat near the door, lowered his head until it was no higher than the pews, and in that attitude, look-

ing almost like a four-footed animal, slipped out of the church. In their eagerness to be at the sermon, many of the congregation did not notice him, and those who did, put the matter by in their minds for future investigation. Sam'l, however, could not take it so coolly. From his seat in the gallery he saw Sanders disappear, and his mind misgave him. With the true lover's instinct, he understood it all. Sanders had been struck by the fine turn-out in the T'nowhead pew. Bell was alone at the farm. Sanders, doubtless, was off to propose, and he, Sam'l, was left behind.

The suspense was terrible. Sam'l and Sanders had both known all along that Bell would take the first of the two who asked her. Even those who thought her proud, admitted that she was modest. Bitterly the weaver repented having waited so long. Now it was too late. In ten minutes Sanders would be at T'nowhead; in an hour all would be over. Sam'l rose to his feet in a daze. His mother pulled him down by the coat-tail, and his father shook him, thinking he was walking in his sleep. He tottered past them, however, hurried up the aisle, and was gone before the minister could do more than stop in the middle of a whirl and gape in horror after him.

A number of the congregation felt that day the advantage of sitting in the loft. What was a mystery to those down-stairs was revealed them. From the gallery windows they had a fine open view to the south; and as Sam'l took the common, which was a

short cut, though a steep ascent, to T'nowhead, he was never out of their line of vision. Sanders was not to be seen, but they guessed rightly the reason why. Thinking he had ample time, he had gone round by the main road to save his boots—perhaps a little scared by what was coming. Sam'l's design was to forestall him by taking the shorter path over the burn and up the commonty.

It was a race for a wife, and several onlookers in the gallery braved the minister's displeasure to see who won. Those who favored Sam'l's suit exultingly saw him leap the stream, while the friends of Sanders fixed their eyes on the top of the common where it ran into the road. Sanders must come into sight there, and the one who reached this point first would get Bell. The chances were in Sanders' favor.

Had it been any other day in the week, Sam'l might have run. So some of the congregation in the gallery were thinking, when suddenly they saw him bend low and then take to his heels. He had caught sight of Sanders' head bobbing over the hedge that separated the road from the common, and feared that Sanders might see him. The congregation who could crane their necks sufficiently saw a black object, which they guessed to be the carter's hat, crawling along the hedge-top. For a moment it was motionless, and then it shot ahead. The rivals had seen each other. It was now a hot race. Sam'l, dissembling no longer, clattered up the common, becoming smaller and smaller to the onlookers as he

neared the top. More than one person in the gallery almost rose to their feet in their excitement. Sam'l had it. No, Sanders was in front. Then the two figures disappeared from view. They seemed to run into each other at the top of the brae, and no one could say who was first. The congregation looked at one another. Some of them perspired. But the minister held on his course.

Sam'l had just been in time to cut Sanders out. It was the weaver's saving that Sanders saw this when his rival turned the corner; for Sam'l was sadly blown. Sanders took in the situation and gave in at once. The last hundred yards of the distance he covered at his leisure, and when he arrived at his destination he did not go in. It was a fine afternoon for the time of year, and he went round to have a look at the pig, about which T'nowhead was a little sinfully puffed up.

"Lord preserve's! Are ye no at the kirk?" cried Bell, nearly dropping the baby as Sam'l broke into the room.

"Bell!" cried Sam'l.

Then T'nowhead's Bell knew that her hour had come.

"Sam'l," she faltered.

"Will ye hae's, Bell?" demanded Sam'l, glaring at her sheepishly.

"Ay," answered Bell.

Sam'l fell into a chair.

"Bring's a drink o' water, Bell," he said.

Sanders remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left

the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel, Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause—

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' yer to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' o' notion o' Bell mysel," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean?" asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no the thing to tak up withoot conseederation."

"But it's a blessed and honorable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sair wi' the wife himsel."

"So they do," cried Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin you

can get the upper han' o' the wife for awhile at first, there's a mair chance o' a harmonious exeestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l, appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'ye think she is, Sanders?"

"Weel, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' Lisbeth Fargus no to hae learnt her ways. An' a'body kins what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guid sake, Sanders, hoo did ye no speak o' this afore!"

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer way to spier her yersel."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu ye was ower quick for's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never hae thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man, Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, wofully.

"It's a serious thing to spier a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice.

They were close to the Tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There's was verra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man, Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thoct o't."

Then the soul of Sanders Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course.

"I hav'na a word to say agin the minister," said Sanders; "they're gran' prayers, but, Sam'l, he's a mairit man himsel."

"He's a' the better for that, Sanders, isna he?"

"Do ye no see," asked Sanders, compassionately, "'at he's tryin' to mak the best o't?"

"Oh, Sanders, man!" said Sam'l.

"Cheer up, Sam'l," said Sanders; "it'll sune be ower."

Their having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they had hitherto been mere acquaintances, they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and

that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the church-yard. When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell, he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders' was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll a' be ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, licht-hearted critur after a'."

"I had ay my suspeechuns o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at

the heart o' women. Man, Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin't; I'm sair dootin't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry i' the futur'," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a michty talk i' the hale country-side gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders, decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders!" he cried.

"Sam'l?"

"Ye hae been a guid friend to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders; "dount mention't."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin oot o' the kirk that awfu day was at the bottom o't a'."

"It was so," said Sanders, bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l, bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice, "I aye thocht it was you she likeit."

"I had some sic idea mysel," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ane anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid mak ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel, There's a lass ony man micht be prood to tak. A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man; nane to speak o'. Tak her, laddie, tak her, Sanders, it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's your's for the spierin. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wid raither," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my han' on't," said Sam'l. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

Then they shook hands for the first time in their lives; and soon afterward Sanders struck up the brae to T'nowhead.

Next morning Sanders Elshioner, who had been very busy the night before, put on his Sabbath clothes and strolled up to the manse.

"But—but where is Sam'l?" asked the minister "I must see himself."

"It's a new arrangement," said Sanders.

"What do you mean, Sanders?"

"Bell's to marry me," explained Sanders.

"But—but what does Sam'l say?"

"He's willin'," said Sanders.

"And Bell?"

"She's willin', too. She prefers it."

"It is unusual," said the minister.

"It's a' richt," said Sanders.

"Well, you know best," said the minister.

"You see, the hoose was taen at ony rate," continued Sanders. "An' I'll juist ging in til't instead o' Sam'l."

"Quite so."

"An' I cudna think to disappoint the lassie."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Sanders," said the minister; "but I hope you do not enter upon the blessed state of matrimony without full conseederation of its responsibilities. It is a serious business, marriage."

"It's a' that," said Sanders; "but I'm willin' to stan' the risk."

So, as soon as it could be done, Sanders Elshioner took to wife T'nowhead's Bell, and on that day Sam'l Dickie was seen trying to dance at the penny wedding.

JAMES M. BARRIE.

THE TRUE IMMORTALITY.

LONG years a sculptor wrought,
Slowly to carve upon the pulseless stone
The glowing vision in his heart that shown;
Then dying proudly thought,
"Long as the heavens endure, a glorious fame
Shall keep the deathless memory of my name."

A poet sang such songs,
Where, with his dreaming soul he sat apart,
As thrilled the great world to its mighty heart
And swayed the listening throng;

Then dying thought, "While sun and stars shall shine
All men shall sing these deathless lays of mine."

Beside a sleeping child,
In the still twilight of a summer day,
A mother knelt with folded hands to pray;
Saying in accents mild,
"Ah, loving Christ, how blest my life would be
Might I but lead my little child to Thee."

Ages have passed since then:
The sculptor's marble is a shapeless thing;
The poet's song all lips forget to sing,
And from the hearts of men
The mother's name has faded with the rest,
And only daisies grow above her breast.

Yet in the world of light,
The child she prayed for by the cradle side
Is singing now among the glorified.
Praise God, both day and night,
And so shall sing a seraph high and pure
Long as the years of God's right hand endure.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

COLORED PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN de worl' don' go to suit you,
An' yer feelin' kin' o' blue;
An' everybody seems to have
Er special pick at you,

Jest because yer hair is kinky,
An' yer hide is kin' a' black;
You jest wanter mosey forards, an'
don't
hol'
back!

An' when you tries to lift a pullet,
When the pullet man's asleep;
An' you git yer head stuck in the fence,
Through which you's tried ter creep,
An' you feel de bulldog at yer pants,
A-takin' in de slack;
Yer jest wanter mosey forards, an'
don't
hol'
back!

An' when Satin's jest er achin'
For to git you in his grip,
So's ter hea' you holler murder,
Afore he lets you slip;
An' you hea' him come a-puffin'
An' a-snortin' up de track;
You jest wanter mosey forards, an'
don't
hol'
back!

Dar's a pow'ful heap ob logic,
In what I'se 'bout ter say;

An' if you memorize it,
It'll do you good some day :
You can't git a watermillion
By jest peekin' through de crack.
So you wanter mosey forards, an'
don't
hol'
back!

W. EUGENE COCHRAN.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

EARLY on the morning of the 23d, intelligence was brought King Robert of the march of the English army from Falkirk, and, without a moment's delay, the patriot sovereign drew forth his rejoicing troops, to form them in the line of battle on which he had resolved. The drums rolled to arms; the silver clarions and deeper trumpets echoed and re-echoed from various sides, and under each, the gallant soldiery sprung up around their respective leaders. Slowly Bruce rode along the line once and again, then he paused, and a deep, breathless stillness for a brief minute prevailed. It was broken by his voice, clear, sonorous, rich, distinguished for many paces round :

"Men of Scotland : We stand here on the eve of a mighty struggle. Slavery or freedom are in the balance; misery or joy hinge on the result. I hesitate not to avow there are odds, fearful odds against

us. England hath more than treble our number; but, soldiers, your monarch fears not—the fewer men, the greater glory! We shall win, we shall give freedom to our country, fling from us her last chain, crushed to atoms, into dust; and to do this, what do we need?—bold hearts and willing hands, and those who have them not, let them now depart. Friends, subjects, fellow-soldiers, if there be any amongst ye whose hearts fail them, who waver in their determination to conquer or die with Robert Bruce, I give ye liberty, perfect liberty to depart hence. Our hearts are not all cast in the same mold, and if there be any excuse for wavering spirits, men of Scotland, behold it in the whelming flood that England's power hath gathered to appall us. Be this proclaimed: I would not one hand should stay whose heart hath failed."

Scarce had he ceased to speak when the wild cry of confidence, of love, of fidelity to death, burst from every lip.

"To the death, to the death, we will abide with thee!—thy fate is ours, whatever it may be—victory or death—we will share it! Death hath no terror when thou art by! Victory shall be ours, for 'tis the Bruce that leads; with thee we live or die!"

And then, as by magic—calmed, silenced, disciplined as before—they fell into their ranks, and waited the orders of their king.

About four hours after noon of the same day, the vanguard of the English came in sight; standard and pennon, banner and plume, of every shade and gorgeous material, gleamed in the sunshine, as

moving pavilions, ere their bearers could be distinguished. Bruce, riding forward, his lightning glance seeming to rest on every point at once, fancied he perceived a large body of men detaching themselves from the main body of the English, and advancing cautiously through some low, marshy ground in the direction of the castle.

"Ha!" he shouted, in a voice that called the attention of his leaders at once. "Randolph, Randolph! See yon cloud of dust and lances; they have passed your ward."

"But gained not the goal," answered Randolph, the red flush of indignation mounting to his cheek; "nor shall they, my liege. Follow me, men!" And with about fourscore spearmen he dashed onward, halted in the spot the English must pass, and, in that compact circle of three-lined pointed spears—one rank kneeling, the next stooping, the last upright—awaited the charge of eight hundred horse.

On came the English cavalry, but unable to penetrate the sharp phalanx presented to them, they fell back in complete disorder, like a repelled tide, amid whose retreating waves Randolph's men stood like a stubborn rock. Horses, speared and terrified, fell, crushing many a gallant knight beneath them, and effectually barring the onward charge of their companions; while, without the slightest change in rank, position, or steadiness, Randolph's patriot band remained, and the first day's fight was ended.

There was deep silence on the plain of Bannockburn—silence, as if not a breathing soul were there;

yet when the shrouding drapery of night was drawn aside, when the deep rosy tint of the eastern skies proclaimed the swift advance of the god of day, what a glorious scene was there! Both armies were drawn forth facing each other. The vanguard of the English, composed of the archers and billmen, under command of Gloucester and Hereford, forming an impenetrable mass of above twenty thousand infantry, with a strong body of glittering men-at-arms to support them, occupied the foremost space, directly in the rear, and partly on their right. In front, and slightly in the rear of Gloucester's infantry, stood a regally attired group of about four hundred chevaliers, in the centre of which, gallantly mounted and splendidly accoutred in golden armor, his charger barded in unison, bearing himself in very truth right royally and bravely, as the son of his father, the monarch of England sate, his white and crimson plumes falling from his golden helmet in thick masses to his shoulder.

Suddenly a hundred trumpets sounded from the English line, followed by a rush like thunder, and a discharge of arrows so thick, so close, the very air was darkened. Onward, in full career against Edward Bruce's left wing, the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester rushed; but one glance sufficed to prove somewhat had chanced to discompose their steady union, and that they had rushed forward to the charge with infinitely more of rivalship than order. Again and yet again they strove to penetrate the solid ranks of the Scottish spearmen; horses rolled on the

earth, flung headlong back by the massive spears, leaving their masters, often unwounded, to the mercy of their foes. Fiercely and valiantly the earls struggled to retrieve their first error, and restore order to their men-at-arms. Indignant, almost enraged, Gloucester fought like a young lion, and little did his enemies imagine the youthful knight, whose mighty efforts excited even their admiration, was the very noble for whose safety their monarch was so anxious, that almost his last command had been to spare the Earl of Gloucester.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of this confusion, Douglas and Randolph, at the head of their respective divisions, attacked with skill and admirably tempered courage the mass of infantry, who stood bewildered at the unexpected discomfiture of the body they had looked to for support; the charge, however, roused them to their wonted courage, and they resisted nobly. Again the archers raised their deadly weapons to the ear, and again the air became thick with the flight of arrows, longer, heavier, more continued than before. Their effect was too soon perceived in the ranks of the spearmen; many places left void, which had received unmoved the charge of the men-at-arms. Quick as the lightning flash King Robert darted along the line. "Now, then, on for Scotland—the Bruce and liberty!" he shouted, and quick as the words were spoken, the Marshal of Scotland, at the head of four hundred men-at-arms, wheeled round full gallop, and charged the English bowmen in the flank and rear with such vigor and precision as

speedily to turn them from their fatal attack upon the Scots to their own defense. It was now the Scottish archers' turn to gall their adversaries, and the flight of arrows fell swift and true.

The Bruce returned to his post; his eagle glance moved not for an instant from the field. Order had disappeared from the English ranks, their massive bands broken through and through, tottering, falling like gigantic columns shaken by mighty winds; while firm, cool, inflexible, the bodies of the Scotch rushed amongst them, dealing destruction at every step, proving superiority, valor, strength in the very face of numbers.

The strife was becoming more and more general, more and more deadly, despite the multitude in rapid retreat. Edward of England still kept his ground, flying from post to post, from group to group, urging, impelling, conjuring them still to stand, to recall the ancient glories of his father, and make one last effort for England's honor, and struck by this unexpected spirit in their much-abused sovereign, his warriors, rallying the drooping spirits of their men, still presented a formidable front to their determined foes. The order of battle was utterly broken; but above a score of detached troops still struggled on, falling on both sides without giving an inch of ground.

Scathless the monarch of Scotland rode that field; the distant arrow bounded harmless from his faultless armor; the weapons, close at hand, turned ere they struck one blow; the lance had no power to turn his gigantic charger from his onward way; and

thus he seemed, alike in view of friends and foes, the spirit of that mighty strife, the soul of victory, on which no mortal hand had power. Again the terrible war-cry sounded; new shouts arose of triumph, the closing ranks of the English fell back, appalled by the sound, then, panic-stricken, fled; the last link of slavery was broken and Scotland was free.

GRACE AGUILAR.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

TWO gay young frogs, from inland bogs,
Had spent the night in drinking;
As morning broke and they awoke,
While yet their eyes were blinking,
A farmer's pail came to the swale,
And caught them quick as winking,
Ere they could gather scattered senses,
Or breathe a prayer for past offenses,
The granger grave—that guileless man—
Had dumped them in the milkman's can.
The can filled up, the cover down,
They soon are started off to town.
The luckless frogs begin to quake,
And sober up on cold milk shake.
They quickly find their breath will stop
Unless they swim upon the top.
They swim for life and kick and swim,
Until their weary eyes grow dim;

Their muscles ache, their breath grows short
And, gasping, speaks one weary sport:
"Say, dear old boy, it's pretty tough
To die so young, but I've enough
Of kicks for life. No more I'll try it,
I was not raised on a milk diet."
"Tut, tut, my lad," the other cries,
"A frog's not dead until he dies.
Let's keep on kicking, that's my plan,
We yet may see outside this can."
"No use, no use," faint-heart replied,
Turned up his toes and gently died.
The braver frog undaunted still,
Kept kicking with a right good will,
Until with joy too great to utter,
He found he'd churned a lump of butter,
And climbing on that chunk of grease,
He floated round with greatest ease.

MORAL.

When times are hard—no trade in town—
Don't get discouraged and go down,
But struggle still—no murmur utter—
A few more kicks may bring the butter.

WHICH?

ONCE a poet wrote a sonnet
All about a pretty bonnet.
And a critic sat upon it

On the sonnet,
Not the bonnet
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were high treason,
He said, " Neither rhyme nor reason
Has it, and it's out of season."
Which? The sonnet
Or the bonnet?
Maybe both.

" 'Tis a feeble imitation
Of a worthier creation—
An æsthetic innovation!"
Of a sonnet,
Or a bonnet?
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
Harmonizing very sweetly,
But the critic crushed completely,
Not the bonnet
Or the sonnet,
But the bard.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any

property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion, and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor, are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only, and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance, but remember they have been re-

pulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it, and, if opposed by firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

WALTZ in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn from me.
I kinnot sling a fairy-tale of Jinny's * fierce and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to hear
Of a "Spelling Bee" at Angel's that we organized last year.

It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough for two.

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* Qy. Genii.

There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of Lagrange,
And Pistol Bob, who wore that day a knife by way of change.
You start, you little kids; you think these are not pretty names,
But each had a man behind it, and my name is Truthful James.

Thar was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend—
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—you have five.
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp ain't now alive.
'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that same.

The nights were kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual fun;
But we all sot kinder sad-like around the bar-room stove
Till Smith got up, permisskiss-like, and this remark he hove:

"Thar's a new game down in Frisco, that ez far ez I kin see;
Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls the 'Spellin' Bee.'"

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and spake:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez "Shake!"
And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say right thar
That the man who tackled euchre hed his eddication squar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the schoolmaster, who said
He knew the game, and he would give instructions on that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like 'separate,'
Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in eight.
This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs was put in row,
And at the head was Lanky Jim and at the foot was Joe,
And high upon the bar itself the schoolmaster was raised,
And the bar-keep put his glasses down, and sat and silent gazed.

The first word out was "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a" and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe that night—
Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said, "they had him there,"
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride, got up and took his chair.

Oh! little kids! my pretty kids! 'twas touchin' to survey
These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead the van,
And Bob sat up as monitor, with a cue for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said he'd be durned
If any such blamed word as that in school was ever learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed the man who rung
Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and hung.
As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown of Calaveras was a-twistin' his mustache,

And when at last Brown slipped on "gneiss" and
Bilson took his chair,
He dropped some casual words about some folks who
dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair
said he'd adjourn,
But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and
get his turn;
Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and with a
wanderin' eye,
The Chair next offered "eider-duck," and Dick began
with "I,"
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just
how the fight begun
I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he
moved up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business
down in camp,"
And "ez the road was rather dark, and as the night
was damp,
They'd"—here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked
the door and yelled:
"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar
word is spelled!"
But while the words were on his lips he groaned and
sank in pain,
And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester
on his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick, and tried to look ez he
Was huntin' up authorities thet no one else could see;
And Brown got down behind the stove, allowin' he "was cold,"
Till it upsot, and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple way
Poor Smith began with "O," "R"—"or"—and he was dragged away.

Oh! little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray,
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;
And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought of care—
You wants to know the rest, my dears? Thet's all! In me you see
The only gent that lived to tell about the Spellin' Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children went their way
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to sport or play.

For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless
to bed
Each child was sent, with tasks undone and lessons
all unsaid,
No man might know the awful woe that filled their
youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought
of Truthful James.

BRET HARTE.

THE SHERIFF OF SAUMUR.

By permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

ONCE, when the King was traveling through
His realm, as kings were wont to do
In ancient times when royalty
Was deemed a goodly sight to see,
It chanced the Sheriff of Saumur,
A city in the royal tour,
Was chosen by the magistrates
To meet the monarch at the gates,
And in a handsome speech declare
How glad and proud the people were
To see his Majesty; and say
Such compliments as subjects pay,
As being but the proper thing,
On such occasions to the King.
"Sire," said the Sheriff (so the speech
Began, of course), "Sire, we beseech
Your gracious Majesty to hear
The humble words of hearty cheer

With which, great Sire, with which, through me,
The people greet your Majesty.
We are so glad to see you, Sire,
That—that—" And here the speech hung fire.
"So glad—the people of our town—
That—that—" And here the man broke down.
Whereat a courtier said, "I'm sure
These worthy people of Saumur
Are glad, my liege, to see you here;
That seems to me extremely clear;
And don't his Honor's speech confess it?
So glad, indeed, they can't express it!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

DEATH OF CARVER DOONE.

VARIOUS occurrences had led to the broadest excitement about my wedding of Lorna. We heard that people meant to come from more than thirty miles around, upon excuses of seeing my stature and Lorna's beauty; but in good truth, out of sheer curiosity and the love of meddling.

Dear mother arranged all the ins and outs of the way in which it was to be done; and Annie and Lizzie, and all the Snowes, and even Ruth Huckaback made such a sweeping of dresses that I scarcely knew where to place my feet, and longed for a staff to put by their gowns. Then Lorna came out of a pew halfway, in a manner which quite astonished me, and took my left hand in her right.

My darling looked so glorious that I was afraid of glancing at her, yet took in all her beauty. She was in a fright, no doubt, but nobody should see it; whereas I said (to myself, at least), "I will go through it like a grave-digger."

Lorna's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender, and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness. I was afraid to look at her, as I said before, except when each of us said, "I will;" and then each dwelt upon the other.

It is impossible for any who have not loved as I have to conceive my joy and pride when, after ring and all was done, and the parson had blessed us, Lorna turned to look at me with her glances of subtle fun subdued by this great act.

Her eyes, which none on earth may ever equal or compare with, told me such a depth of comfort, yet awaiting further commune, that I was almost amazed, thoroughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the sweetest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes—the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were filled with death.

Lorna fell across my knees when I was going to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do; a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps; and at my feet lay Lorna, trying to tell me some last message out of her faithful eyes. I lifted her up, and petted her, and coaxed her, but it was no good; the only sign of life remaining was a spirt of bright red blood.

Some men know what things befall them in the

supreme time of their life—far above the time of death—but to me comes back as a hazy dream, without any knowledge in it, what I did, or felt, or thought, with my wife's arms flagging, flagging, around my neck, as I raised her up, and softly put them there. She sighed a long sigh on my breast, for her last farewell to life, and then she grew so cold, and cold, that I asked the time of year.

It was now Whit-Tuesday, and the lilacs all in blossom; and why I thought of the time of year, with the young death in my arms, God or His angels may decide, having so strangely given us. Enough that so I did, and looked; and our white lilacs were beautiful. Then I laid my wife in my mother's arms, and begging that no one would make any noise, went forth for my revenge.

Of course I knew who had done it. There was but one man in the world, or, at any rate, in our part of it, who could have done such a thing—such a thing. I use no harsher word about it, while I leaped upon our best horse, with bridle but no saddle, and set the head of Kickums toward the course now pointed out to me. Who showed me the course, I cannot tell. I only knew that I took it. And the men fell back before me.

With my vicious horse at a furious speed, I came upon Black Barrow Down, directed by some shout of men, which seemed to me but a whisper. And there, about a furlong before me, rode a man on a great black horse, and I knew that the man was Carver Doone.

"Your life, or mine," I said to myself; "as the will of God may be. But we two live not upon this earth one more hour together."

I knew the strength of this great man; and I knew that he was armed with a gun—if he had time to load again, after shooting my Lorna—or at any rate with pistols, and a horseman's sword as well. Nevertheless, I had no more doubt of killing the man before me than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

Sometimes seeing no ground beneath me, and sometimes heeding every leaf, and the crossing of the grass-blades, I followed over the long moor, reckless whether seen or not. But only once the other man turned round and looked back again, and then I was beside a rock, with a reedy swamp behind me.

The man turned up the gully leading from the moor to Cloven Rocks. But as he entered it, he turned round, and beheld me not a hundred yards behind. With a vile oath, he thrust spurs into his flagging horse, and laid one hand on a pistol-stock, whence I knew that his slung carbine had received no bullet since the one that had pierced Lorna. And a cry of triumph rose from the black depths of my heart. What cared I for pistols? I had no spurs, neither was my horse one to need the rowel; I rather held him in than urged him, for he was fresh as ever; and I knew that the black steed in front, if he breasted the steep ascent, where the track divided, must be in our reach at once.

His rider knew this, and, having no room in the rocky channel to turn and fire, drew rein at the cross-

ways sharply, and plunged into the black ravine leading to the Wizard's Slough. "Is it so," I said to myself, with brain and head cold as iron; "though the foul fiend come from the slough to save thee, thou shalt carve it, Carver."

I followed my enemy carefully, steadily, even leisurely; for I had him as in a pitfall, whence no escape might be. He thought that I feared to approach him, for he knew not where he was: and his low disdainful laugh came back. "Laugh he who wins," thought I.

A gnarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as my own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above me. Rising from my horse's back, although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb, and tore it (like a mere wheat-awn) from the socket. Men show the rent even now with wonder; none with more wonder than myself.

Carver Doone turned the corner suddenly on the black and bottomless bog: with a start of fear he reined back his horse and I thought he would have turned upon me. But instead of that he again rode on, hoping to find a way round the side.

Now there is a way between cliff and slough for those who know the ground thoroughly, or have time enough to search it; but for him there was no road, and he lost some time in seeking it. Upon this he made up his mind; and wheeling, fired, and then rode at me.

His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. Fearing only his escape, I laid my

horse across the way, and with the limb of the oak struck full on the forehead his charging steed. Ere the slash of the sword came nigh me, man and horse rolled over, and well-nigh bore my own horse down with the power of their onset.

Carver Doone was somewhat stunned, and could not arise for a moment. Meanwhile I leaped on the ground and awaited, smoothing my hair back, and baring my arms as though in the ring for wrestling. There and then I might have killed mine enemy with a single blow while he lay unconscious, but it would have been foul play.

With a sullen and black scowl, the Carver gathered his mighty limbs and arose, and looked round for his weapons; but I had put them well away. Then he came to me and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said, with a lofty style of sneering. "I have punished you enough, for most of your impertinence. For the rest I forgive you, because you have been good and gracious to my little son. Go and be contented."

For answer I smote him on the cheek, lightly, and not to hurt him, but to make his blood leap up. I would not sully my tongue by speaking to a man like this.

There was a level space of sward between us and the slough. With the courtesy derived from London and the processions I had seen, to this place I led him. And that he might breathe himself, and have every fibre cool, and every muscle ready, my

hold upon his coat I loosed, and left him to begin with me whenever he thought proper.

I think he felt that his time was come. I think that he knew from my knitted muscles, and the firm arch of my breast, and the way in which I stood, but most of all from my stern blue eyes, that he had found his master. At any rate a paleness came, an ashy paleness on his cheeks, and the vast calves of his legs bowed in as if he was out of training.

Seeing this, villain as he was, I offered him first chance. I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and I let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous; having forgotten my pistol-wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist with such a grip as never yet had been laid upon me.

I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling, but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged, and strained, and writhed, dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes, and his fiery eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," I cried, so far as I could for panting, the work being very furious. "Carver Doone, thou art beaten; own it, and thank God for it; and go thy way, and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy—for his beard was like a mad dog's jowl—even if he would have owned that, for the first time in his life, he had found his master; it was all too late.

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew on him, like the thirsty lips of death. In our fury, we had heeded neither wet nor dry; nor thought of earth beneath us. I myself might scarcely leap, with the last spring of o'erlabored legs, from the ingulfing grave of slime. He fell back, with his swarthy breast (from which my gripe had rent all clothing), like a hummock of bog-oak, standing out the quagmire; and then he tossed his arms to heaven, and they were black to the elbow, and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. I could only gaze and pant; for my strength was no more than an infant's, from the fury and the horror. Scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sunk from sight.

I had spent a great deal of blood, and was rather faint and weary. And it was lucky for me that Kickums had lost spirit like his master, and went home as mildly as a lamb. For when we came toward the farm, I seemed to be riding in a dream almost; and the voices both of men and women (who had hurried forth upon my track), as they met me, seemed to wander from a distant muffling cloud. Only the thought of Lorna's death, like a heavy knell, was tolling in the belfry of my brain.

When we came to the stable door, I rather fell from my horse than got off; and John Fry, with a

look of wonder, took Kickums' head and led him in. Into the old farm-house I tottered, like a weanling child, with mother in her common clothes, helping me along, yet fearing, except by stealth, to look at me.

"I have killed him," was all I said, "even as he killed Lorna. Now let me see my wife, mother. She belongs to me none the less, though dead."

"You cannot see her now, dear John," said Ruth Huckaback, coming forward, since no one else had the courage. "Annie is with her now, John."

"What has that to do with it? Let me see my dead one, and pray to die."

All the women fell away and whispered, and looked at me with side glances, and some sobbing, for my face was hard as flint. Ruth alone stood by me, and dropped her eyes, and trembled. Then one little hand of hers stole into my great shaking palm, and the other was laid on my tattered coat; yet with her clothes she shunned my blood, while she whispered gently:

"John, she is not your dead one. She may even be your living one yet—your wife, your home, and your happiness. But you must not see her now."

"Is there any chance for her? For me, I mean; for me, I mean?"

"God in heaven knows, dear John. But the sight of you, and in this sad plight, would be certain death to her. Now come first, and be healed yourself."

I obeyed her like a child, whispering only as I went, for none but myself knew her goodness—"Almighty God will bless you, darling, for the good you are doing now."

Ten-fold, ay, and a thousand-fold, I prayed and I believed it, when I came to know the truth. If it had not been for this little maid, Lorna must have died at once, as in my arms she lay for dead, from the dastard and murderous cruelty. But the moment I left her Ruth came forward, and took the command of every one, in right of her firmness and readiness.

And whether it were the light and brightness of my Lorna's nature, or the freedom from anxiety—for she knew not of my hurt—or, as some people said, her birthright among wounds and violence—I leave that doctor to determine who pronounced her dead. But anyhow, one thing is certain; sure as the stars of hope above us, Lorna recovered long ere I did.

R. D. Blackmore.

MAMMY GETS THE BOY TO SLEEP.

COME erlong, you blessed baby,
Mammy'll tell you story, maybe;
Dat's right; cla'm up in my lap
Lak er man, an' tak er nap.
Wuk so hard he almos' dead;
Mammy's arm will res' his head.
Pore chile oughter bin in bed
An hour ago.

Tell you 'bout de possum, honey?
De mammy possum got er funny
Leetle pouch, er bag o' skin
Lak' you totes yore marbles in—

All along her underside,
Whar de baby possums hide
When dey's skeered, er wants ter ride—
Quit wigglin' so!

Some time dat mammy—pore old critter—
Has sixteen babies at one litter;
Wide-mouf, long-nose, squirmin' things,
Wid tails dat twist lak fiddle strings,
Sixteen lak you ter mek er fuss,
Ter tote, an' feed, an' rock, an' nuss—
Keep still! Hit's no 'sprise ter us
Possum's hair's gray!

Honey, when de houn' dawgs ketch 'im
Dere nose an' paw ain't more'n tech 'im
Tell drop, dat possum he done dead;
No sign er life from foot ter head;
Wid eyes shet tight, he lay and smile,
An' fool dem houn' dawgs all de while.
Play lak you's er possum, chile—
Yes, dat's de way.

Possum in de oven roastin',
Slice sweet taters roun' 'im toastin',
Taste so good when he git done!
Mammy'll give her baby some.
Eyes—shet—tight—yes, dat's de way—
Houn' dawgs goin', goin' er way—
Bless de boy, no possum play
In dat sleep!

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

CITY MAN'S DREAM OF THE COUNTRY.

I WOULD flee from the city's rule and law,
  From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
  And the gooseberry grows on its goose;
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
  As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
  On the rattan bush at play.
I will watch at ease the saffron cow,
  And her cowlet in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
  On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
  And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dogwood plum
  In the primitive solitude.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
  That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
  From form and fashion free.
New-gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
  And milk from the milkweed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
  Such food as the gods might eat!
And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
  Where the dairymaid hastening hies,

Her ruddy and golden red butter to churn,
From the milk of her butterflies!
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farmyard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

S. W. Foss.

EZRA AND ME AND THE BOARDS.

Permission of the New York Observer.

WE'RE plain old-fashioned folks, my husband and me, and we're getting along into years. Ezra is past seventy, and I'm so near it there ain't any fun in it—but we're considerable smart and independent yet, and so we live in our snug little home instead of breaking up and going to live with the children as some folks would. The children are all married and settled, making a fight for a living just as we used to, and they're all steady go-to-meeting folks, I'm thankful to say, and prosperous enough, I guess. Once I was going to have the boys all presidents and the girls riding in coaches, but now I'm just thankful to have them good, plain, honest folks. There's nothing like seventy years to take the nonsense out of a body!

Yes, we're fixed so that we don't need to worry if we're keerful and don't go into no extravagances, like keeping two fires or having a fit of sickness, but we always pay our pew rent and help support the

causes—that's the way we were both brought up. But goodness me, how the causes do grow and multiply! Once there was only foreign missions and home missions and the Bible society and the tract society, but now there's the women's boards, too, and the freedmen and the old ministers and church extension and the Sunday-school and Y. M. C. A., and W. C. T. U., and land knows what. Of course we couldn't give only a mite to the old Boards, and the only way we can do anything for all these new causes is too keep crowding on a little more load every time—same as the man who got so he could carry an ox just by beginning with it as a calf.

Well, we were thinking and talking a great deal about the debts of the Boards, three years ago this summer, and casting about to see what we could do. Of course I've always had missionary eggs; every fifth egg, is my rule. If the old Jews gave a tenth, pity if the Christians can't give a fifth! And there's my cherry and apricot trees. Some years they've helped me out ever so much; but what was it all among the causes when each wanted an extra effort, and deserved it, too? It's the extras that make the trouble always. What was left for the debts? On our mite-box it says, "Freely ye have received," and I hope I'm not a stock or a stone not to know that I had mercies enough! Just to be well and breathe is a pretty big blessing, Ezra says. But it's when he goes to talking about history that Ezra gets real eloquent. Why, he'll go on by the hour about what the early Christians went through, just to spread the

Gospel, and the way they crept here and there with their little rolls of Scripture, even across the sea, into England, among the awfullest heathens that ever was, if they was our ancestors; and about the Waldenses, and the Huguenots, and the Covenanters. I declare for it, when Ezra gets to telling these stories I feel so worked up I'm ashamed to think I've had my bonnet done over at all.

But to go back about those debts. When mother came to live with us she brought from the old home the things her mother gave her when she was married—an old cherry desk and an eight-day clock and a spinning-wheel, if you'll believe it—a little old-fashioned flax-wheel, spindle, distaff, and all. We thought that was a big joke, but you'll see. We put the wheel up in the loft, and the children used to play with it. After mother died, the young folks used to get it down for tableaux, and New England kitchens, and such things, and once Cora Gillette, the banker's daughter, asked my Eliza if we would sell it, which, of course, Eliza wouldn't listen to—sell grandma's wheel, indeed!

Talking about the debts—"if we had something we could sell," says Ezra, and I just laughed, but he fell to telling about the early Christians living underground and starving to death, till I was sober enough to cry. I always lie awake nights when anything troubles me—foolishest thing in the world to do!—and I was lying awake that night, and all at once I thought of the wheel. Of course I hated to part with it, but what was that to be thinking about at

such a time as this! So in the morning I got down the wheel and cleaned it and oiled it and rubbed it till it shone, and then I put on my bonnet and went over to Mrs. Gillette's, who is such a genuine lady that nobody is afraid of her, so I just told her I'd like to sell mother's wheel. Miss Gillette was in the room and she joined right in. "Of course we want it, mamma," says she; "do send the man right over for it."

"I think I'll step over to Mrs. Johnson's and look at it myself," says her mother; and so she came home with me, and when we came in she sat down and we had a nice visit. She said right away that she'd take the wheel, and would give me ten dollars for it, which I thought a real good price. Then she says, in her soft, beautiful way: "Dear Mrs. Johnson, you're not in any trouble, I hope, that makes you anxious to sell this wheel?"

"No," says I; "only those Board debts."

"Whose debts? What debts?" says she, in a kind of surprised, inquiring voice.

"Board debts," says I, and upon my word I had to explain it to her, although she's one of our church members, and a most lovely woman, but she never had an Ezra for a husband. Well, when she understood it, her great soft eyes filled with tears and she took out her purse: "Dear Mrs. Johnson," says she, "I didn't offer you half enough for that wheel," and she just made me take twenty dollars!

It's always Mrs. Gillette's way when she's been doing anything generous to act as if it was nothing

remarkable, and so she began to walk around the room and to look at father and mother's pictures and the old clock and the desk. "You have a fortune in these quaint old things," says she. "People give a great deal for them nowadays, but of course you'll never part with them."

"No, indeed," says I, and I felt almost hurt to have her speak of it, but she came and took both my hands in her soft, pretty ones, and kissed me, and said she was more grateful to me than she could tell, for the wheel and for a lesson, and then she went away. Poor thing, she's just crowded to death with her big house, and her help and her company! It's no wonder she hadn't thought about the debts.

Well, you should have seen Ezra when he came home and I told him. "Twenty dollars!" says he. "Who'd have thought we could give twenty dollars toward the debts?" But we did. I put it in my envelope at our thank-offering meeting with this text, which Ezra found for me: "Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor." But there was a gift of a hundred dollars that was taken from another envelope, with this verse:

> "I thank Thee for Thy written Word, my God,
> For every sacred line;
> But more I thank Thee for Thy humblest saint,
> Whose daily life doth shine;
> A living page, most true, most pure, most sweet,
> Fresh from Thy hand divine."

That was Mrs. Gillette's, we all knew. Of course

she meant Ezra. Nobody ever thought of calling me a saint!

Well, a year went by, and if those blessed old Boards wa'n't just as bad off as ever! Some says they ain't managed right, but Ezra says, "How can they stop spending when they get such letters, not not only from missionaries, but from converted heathens?"

I'd noticed Ezra looking at the desk, and I just felt in my bones what was coming. It would have to go, much as we sot by it, and so it did. Mr. Gillette came over himself and gave us twenty-five dollars for it. Of course, we missed it some, but what's that when you think of what you have received? Mrs. Gillette gave a hundred dollars to foreign missions and a hundred dollars to home missions last year, and I'm pretty sure that the Boards are beholden to Ezra for a good share of it, but that's the last thing he thinks of.

And now here is the same old story ringing in our ears again about the debts! There's just one thing left. It did seem for awhile as if I couldn't part with it. I'm a natural born miser, I am! I was gazing at the clock the other evening, and says I to Ezra: "What an heirloom this clock is!"

"Yes," says he, "but the gospel is a great deal older and preciouser heirloom, thanks to the missionaries who brought it to England!"

I was lying awake that night, and got to thinking how I'd been blessed by my godly mother and grandmother, and how glad they'd be to have the

old clock spread the gospel, and then the queerest thing happened. The clock began to tick : "Free-ly, ye-have, re-ceived ; free-ly, ye-have, re-ceived !"

It's kept it going ever since, till I'm most crazy. I told Ezra of it this morning, and he says maybe if it went over to Mrs. Gillette's and stood on that broad landing up on her stairs, it might keep on saying the same thing till even Mr. Gillette, who never goes to church, would hear it. Who knows ?

MARY H. FIELD.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

From "Love Songs of Childhood," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-by street
Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hung from her head to her feet.
And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub !" it goeth ;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum
And, lo ! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tintops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth !

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing ;

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-by street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1795.

A DROWSY drone;
A garden sweet
And, all alone,
In kirtle neat
So deft and prim,
To guide the reel,
With sunshine in her dove-like eyes,
The maid Priscilla daily plies
Her wheel.

1896.

A noisy street,
Or lane or park,

Where cyclists meet,
By day or dark;
In bloomers clad
From head to heel,
And resolution in her eyes,
The modern maiden defly plies
Her wheel.

THE STRIKE AT COLCHESTER.

Permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

THE United Sisterhood of Colchester was holding its weekly session. The room in which it met was large and lofty, its coloring a harmony of rich, subdued tones. There was a blazing back-log on the wrought andirons of the great chimney-place, that added a charm to the crispness of the autumn air. Afternoon sunshine transferred the colors of the stained glass in the windows to the polished floor, and threw marvelous tints over the whole assemblage. One yellow gleam transformed the fair hair of the president into a saint's aureole. She was young to be the presiding officer of so large a body, but a certain serious enthusiasm on her delicate face lent it the dignity her years would have denied.

On this autumn day, as the aureole fell upon the head of Angelica Starr, the president, it was noted by many that her face wore a look of peculiar exaltation. Its cause was not left long to conjecture. Passing as rapidly as possible over the preliminary

business of the meeting, she came quickly to her point.

"I am about, dear sisters," she began, "to overstep my office and the usual formalities and speak to you as a woman to women, as a sister to sisters, heart to heart." The tender thrill in her voice touched every soul to sympathy.

"You all know that our Sisterhood is interested in everything that makes for the elevation and freedom of womanhood, that we are banded indissolubly together to this noble end. We are a unit in this cause. There should be no individuality. What hurts one hurts all. Shall one of the members suffer and the whole body not be affected?

"There has recently come to my knowledge a tale of wrong and outrage that has wrung the very fibres of my soul, and awakened in me a desire to aid the unfortunate victim, which I trust will be shared by all the Sisterhood.

"In this very town, one of our very own Sisterhood, who would have been with us this afternoon had not these unrighteous circumstances prevented, lies crushed under the heel of household tyranny. Claiming the prerogatives of man, her husband has declared that the present hard times demand retrenchment in his family, and has insisted that she dismiss her servant. His pretense is that he has been thrown out of his situation; that all his reserve fund has been used except what is necessary to pay butchers' and grocers' bills; that he cannot pay a servant's wages. When she protests, the monster

offers to show her his bank-book. He adds hypocrisy to injury by doing this with an appearance of kindness. When, following the spirit of the age, she has offered to leave the dispute to neighbors to settle, he responds that there is nothing to arbitrate, and dismisses the servant.

"Women of Colchester, shall such things be? Shall we see our sister thus maltreated, and sit tamely by and make no protest? Or shall we rise in the might of our womanhood and declare war against the greed of husbands, the Monopoly of Man?"

The audience was much stirred. Faces were flushed, eyes were brilliant with scorn, eager whispers passed to and fro. Several members at once rose to attract the attention of the chair. But the chair's attention was distracted by her own eloquence, and she went on with her appeal. When at last she paused there was a simultaneous cry of, "We do! We will! What shall we do?"

The president's face changed. From its glowing enthusiasm it settled into an expression of cold resolve. The sweet mouth was firmly set, the delicate brows were knit, and under them the ardent eyes contracted to steely points of light.

"Strike!" she hissed, between her clinched teeth. "Boycott all men!"

A shudder ran through the assembly.

"Strike?" "What for?" "What use will it be?" "How?" "When?" The questions pattered down like a hailstorm.

"What for? To express our sympathy with our injured sister. What use will it be? It will put our husbands and brothers and fathers in such a position that they will force this wretched man to yield in order to free themselves from discomfort. How and when? At nine o'clock to-morrow morning we will go out."

A little maid, in the rear of the hall, jumped to her feet.

"Mrs. President," she said, without waiting to be recognized, "I would suggest that before we take action on this matter we retire to some place where we can do so without infringing the laws of hospitality. We are here by the courtesy of the Colchester Club; we accept the use of this hall from man, whom we are about to boycott." Then she dropped into her seat as suddenly as she had popped up. It was the longest speech she had ever made in public, and her voice frightened her.

The president calmly ruled her out of order, and went on.

"She is a great deal more out of order herself," murmured the little maid. "The times are out of joint, too;" and there was something quizzical in her smile as she rose and slipped from the hall. No one noted her exit in the excitement consequent upon a speech made by one of the older ladies of the club.

"The insult!" she said, under her breath. "In their own hall, too! I'd like to know what my father has ever shown me but kindness, that they should think I could be willing to treat him so!"

The little maid was housekeeper for a widowed father, who worshiped her as the particular jewel of his soul and would have been glad to keep any other man from similar sentiments. But another one had found her out, and also he was young. He was a fine fellow, too, in every way worthy of her; but the little maid was self-reliant and independent, and so happy in the love of her father that she did not like to think of any other love yet, and so she had been rather cruel to him.

It was a coincidence that, walking straight before her in bubbling wrath, looking at the ground and not seeing where she went, she should have walked squarely into him.

He looked down very kindly at her from his six feet of vantage. "I don't think you can run me down," he said, smiling.

In her excited state, she took his words literally.

"Oh, I don't want to," she exclaimed, with quite unnecessary benevolence. Six feet two looked down at five feet three and laughed outright. But she never noticed it. "Why should I want to be so cruel, so treacherous, to those who have been so good to me? It's an outrage and a shame. I suppose there are men who are not good to their wives and daughters; but that is no reason why I should maltreat the kind ones about me. Papa and you—all my friends—why, I wouldn't treat you so for anything!"

The young man was at a loss to understand the occasion of this outburst, but thought it was a happy one for him.

"Tell me all about it," he said; and, as the twilight was falling fast, he tucked her hand under his arm and she let him take her home. That was a privilege he had not been allowed for a long time, and he was very happy.

At nine o'clock the next morning the United Sisterhood of Colchester went out in a body.

The matron who was baking bread left it in the oven, she who was ordering dinner left it without dessert, she who was darning her husband's socks left the needle sticking in the half-mended hole, she who was washing her little boy's face left one-half of it unwashed.

The president shone like a star of the first magnitude that day. She was radiant, she gleamed and scintillated, as one after another of the ladies who had gone out came into the hotel.

The hostess met them with some concern. "I'm sure I don't know what ever we are to do," she said. "When the servants heard about the boycott, they said they would willingly do all they could to help us, they had no great opinion of the men anyway; and so they have all boycotted my husband and gone off to the city."

"We will divide the work among us," said the president, "and I will take for my share, if you like, the systematizing of the labor. This will save a great deal of time. Can any one lend me paper and pencil?"

"We shall have to buy supplies, and the provision-dealer is a man," suggested one of the Sisterhood.

How this point of ethics of the boycott would have been got over never appeared, for into the midst of their deliberations rushed a breathless maid-servant.

"Is Mrs. Merrill here? Oh, won't you please come home and look at little Philip, ma'am? He's all broken out red and spotted, and he says his throat's sore."

Mrs. Merrill was out of the house before the sentence was finished, leaving behind her a trail of disjointed words—"He didn't seem well this morning—How could I—boycott"—that found an echo in the hearts of other young mothers.

"If it is measles," said one.

"Or scarlet fever," said another.

"Philip is in school with all of our children."

And forthwith all the young mothers stood not upon the order of their going. Now, Colchester is a favorite resort for young married couples, and this defection thinned the boycotting ranks by at least one-third.

A fine scorn curled the red lip of the president. "It is sad," she said, "to see how the most ordinary promptings of nature will conquer the claims of duty."

"Is Mrs. Green here?" Another maid-servant appeared, wearing her Sunday hat and gloves. "I thought you might be glad to know, ma'am," she went on, "that a lot of us girls has heard about the boycott and how the girls at the hotel is going to help the ladies along by all going out too; and so

we're going to join the strike and go out likewise. We think we'll go out to the city, ma'am; and will you please lend me your ticket-book?"

This unexpected reinforcement did not seem to strengthen the strike.

"I can't have my house left alone," said one lady, and "there must be some lunch for my daughters when they come home from school. I didn't agree to boycott my daughters," said another.

"We wish the strike well, Mrs. Starr," said a third, making herself spokeswoman for the crowd, "but really—" And she melted away, followed by another large contingent.

Example is as contagious among human beings as among sheep. As small a thing as will start them in one direction will bring them back pell-mell in the other. By eleven o'clock all the ladies of the Colchester Sisterhood who had gone out at nine had gone in again, and the sympathetic strike was over.

As it had been conducted from the beginning with such secrecy, and as the Sisters saw no particular moral effect to be gained by telling the history of the broken boycott, the men of Colchester never knew anything about it. They came home at night to find their good wives busy about their sick children, or supplying the place of the servants who were "having a day out in town."

"Don't read me about the labor troubles," said one of them, when the head of the house proposed reading the newspaper aloud that evening. "I have no sympathy with strikes."

One of the men of Colchester must be excepted. He knew all about the great boycott, how it was begun and how it was ended. But the little maid made him promise that he would never tell. "Because, after all," she said, "we are more reasonable than we seem sometimes. The women of Colchester have just proved it."

And the young man said he thought so too, and that he would be glad to promise.

Now, this was not pure magnanimity on his part. The little maid had practically proved her reasonableness to his mind half an hour before by listening very kindly to something he had to say to her. And this was the only permanent result of the strike at Colchester. T. B. EXETER.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

THERE'S a little old man with silvery hair,
An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air,
With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face,
An' onct a year he comes to our place.
An' our little maid
An' our little man
Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can.

In the dead o' night when all's asleep
An' the cold frost snaps an' the snow ez deep,
With a reindeer team an' a silver sled
He comes straight from fairyland, 'tis said.

So our little man
An' our little maid
Ez anxious to see 'im—they ain't afraid!

But you better take keer, fer some folks say
'At ef yer naughty he'll fly away.
An' quicker'n you kin whistle—phew—
Away he's gone up the chimney flue!
So our little maid
An' our little man
Ez tryin' to be jest ez good's they can.

But ef yer good an 'bey yer pa
An' don't never cry an' vex yer ma
He'll fill yer stockin's with games an' toys
An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys.
So our little maid
An' our little man
Wants Santy to come jes' as quick's he can.

ODD SEE-SAWS.

I SAW a cow-hide in the grass,
A rush light on the door;
I saw a candle-stick in the mud,
And a bell-pull on the door.

I saw a horse-fly up the creek,
A cat-nip at her food;
I saw a chestnut-burr, and heard
A shell-bark in the wood.

I saw a jack-plane off a board,
  A car-spring off the track;
I saw a saw-dust off the floor,
  And then a carpet-tack.

I saw a monkey-wrench a hat
  From a fair lady's pate;
I saw a rattle-snake a bird,
  And hogs-head on a plate.

I saw a brandy-smash a glass,
  I saw a shooting-star;
I heard the corns-talk in the field,
  A pig-iron crow bar.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the "Dolphin's" anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now: the bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow the little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound, and fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round; all clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there. The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below, and red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe: It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow! 'tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out!" bang, bang the sledges go; hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low. Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time; your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime. But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be, "The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!" Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red; our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped. Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array, for a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay. In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last; a shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast. O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me, what pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend, with sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee, thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand to shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave so freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave. Oh, though our

anchor may not be all I have fondly sung, honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

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ON the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
To vent their opinions of matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic.
'Twas much the same gathering as any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lip curled;
"See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!
Ze grandest colossal zat evair was known!
Thus Bartholdi, he speak:
Viva la France—Amérique!
La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "No need o' yer spakin' sae free!
The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I kenna why that ye
Didna keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel'!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal
eye;
"Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
A monstwosity, weally, too large to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's too large faw the Bay.
So much larger than one we've at 'ome of the
Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
"I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I call-a 'Bartholdi,'——Frenchman got spunky—
Call-a me 'Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plenty money!
He break-a my organ and keela-a my monkey!

"My-a broder a feesherman; herr-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay;
He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.
When he make-a de graba-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a,
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the home rule!" said Pat, "and is that Libertee?
She's the biggest old woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
But the truth is, Oi'm towld
That the stone is too cowld.
Would ye moind the shillalah she holds in her
hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "Thaät's noä 'shillalah,'
ye scaämp!
Looäks to I like Diogenes' 'ere wi' 'is laämp,
Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith, that is
true,"
Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
Fur he's lookin' my way,
And by the same favor don't recognize you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans; "vats der
matter,
It vas von of dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der
vater
Unt she hat noddings on; unt der vintry vind plows,
Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
She vent to der city,
Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

Says the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger,
And I reckon you strangers haint seen nuthin' bigger.
Wal, I haint much on boastin' but I'll go my pile;
When you furreners cum
You'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wal, somewhat—I
should smile!"

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
You no like Idol, you heap takee walkee.
Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee,
Him Uncle Sam gal-ee;
Catch um lain, no umblallee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

THE DIAL OF TIME.

TWO slender hands upon Time's dial-plate
Go creeping round, and mark the hours of man,
Unconscious of his momentary plan
In all the circling years of Time's estate;
Nor fast nor slow, nor pause for small or great,
An hour for Cæsar or Napoleon;
And so it was since first Time's march began.
The lover cries, "My soul, it cannot wait;"
The murderer, "That hour will bring my doom;"
The sick man sighs, "To-morrow and the tomb;"
While empires crumble like the cliffs to sand
Before the waves of years, and planets cold
Are clothed with life, and virgin spheres grow old
Beneath the dial balanced in God's hand.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE.

THE literature of the world is, in a very deep sense, the direct and most beautiful outcome of its life. Men have had but a partial success in shaping their external life, but their ideals, their aspirations, their highest thoughts of themselves are to be found in books. It is only as we unite the actual which we find in its history with the ideal which we find in its literature, that we are able to get any true understanding of an age. The value

and vitality of great books lie not so much in their art as in the fidelity and completeness with which they represent human life. Literature is, in a word, the best that has been thought or dreamed in the world, and must therefore remain to the very end of time the most fascinating and the most fruitful study to which men can give themselves.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

POINT SUBLIME, COLORADO CAÑON.

Permission of the Author.

RAINBOW-HUED, ragged, wild, and terrible,
The giant gulf lies open at my feet;
A wilderness of ruins that repeat
All architectural forms—pinnacle
And pyramid and tower; the rocky shell
And ribs of some old crumbled world, replete
With horror, scorched by an intolerable heat:
Some agony of Nature here befell!
The ponderous Earth alone in some fierce throe,
Convulsion, paroxysm, passion fit,
Has force to shatter thus! Nay, far below,
The petty cause of the enormous pit,
Lost, buried in the gloom itself hath made,
The river burrows in eternal shade.

The power that built above the cloudy skies
Andes and Caucasus with heads of snow,
Wrought here with equal strength in earth below,

And dug th' abyss by giant contraries;
Opening the mouths of monstrous cavities,
Whose depths profound are shut in walls which throw
Perpetual gloom; driving the rocks to flow
Like water to the seas whence they did rise.
Nature here turned upon herself with beak
And claw, and tore her breast in blind despair;
Her very entrails lie expos'd and bare,
The stony structure of a world antique,
Sculptur'd in mighty forms of dome and peak,
Uplifted far below in liquid air.

J. E. NESMITH.

DON'T BE SORRY.

DON'T be sorry mo'ners, when de sun don't shine;
Worl' is full er trouble an' complainin';
But still dey is a blossom what's a-growin' on de vine,
De storm is blowin' over en de weather's mighty fine
En de fiel's is smellin' sweeter fer de rainin'!

Don't be sorry, mo'ners, when de night come down;
Worl' is mighty full er sin en sorrer;
But a little star's a-peepin'—des a-peepin' all aroun';
Somewhar de day's a-breakin', en de bells er glory soun',
En de birds'll all be singin' on termorrer!

LITTLE BILL.

THE first time I saw him I was hurrying up the stairway of a down-town elevated station, and heard some one say, "Oh! hold back, Jim, and give Bill a show," as a big youth pushed a small figure out of my way, and then fell back at the rebuke of his comrades. The small figure accosted me in a shrill voice, "Tel'gram—paper?"

It seems strange to me that the boys with him should call him "Bill." He was a very frail little fellow to carry that sort of a name.

The next evening, on my way from the office, as I stopped at the stand where I usually bought my papers, Bill's sad little face came up before me, and I turned about without buying. I was looking around for him when I came to the elevated station, and there at the foot of the steps he was with his bundle of news under his arm. He seemed to remember me, and smiled as he handed up the "Post." I stopped a moment and spoke to him.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"With Jim an' Bob, sir."

"Haven't you a father or mother?"

He shook his head. "Father's drunk and mother's dead," he answered. I saw my train coming, and hurried up the stairs, leaving a small silver piece in the boy's hand. With his last answer still sounding in my ears, I took a seat in the car, and forgot to

get out until I heard the guard call the station beyond mine.

The next night Bill met me, and held out his hand with some money in it.

"It's the change," he said, "from last night. Jim said it'd pay best in the end to give it back. He says, 'hon'sty's the best pulusy, 'specially with gents.'"

I explained that I had given the money away, but he looked at me fully a minute before he cried, "Oh, thank yer! Hi! won't Jim an' Bob an' I hev a treat!" He put down his papers and flung up his cap with a "Hooray! Whoop! Jim!" And I confess it was with rather a thick voice I asked for my ticket at the station window. "Eight cents," I thought, "and it's a bonanza to him."

One night, not long after this, no "Little Bill" put in an appearance; instead, one of the larger boys met me with a "Post." "There's a letter writ on the top," he volunteered. And so I found on looking:

"Dere Mister Post. Little Bill is sorter sik, but Jim will giv you the paper every nite.

"P. S.—'Taint ketchin."

I read this note through twice, and then, glancing at Jim, asked him about Bill. He had a cold and a cough and was "laid up," the boy told me with a husky voice and in a lowered tone that spoke words for Jim's own heart, beating away beneath his faded, dirty jacket. By him I sent fruit to "Little Bill" several times, much to Jim's delight; he would

thank me most profusely, and on one occasion wanted to insist on my taking a "Telegram" for nothing. He was always waiting for me with my paper and some message, as "Little Bill says as he always thinks to hisself at half-past five, now Mr. Post is gettin' his paper, and he says to tell you he can see you just as if he was there."

It was more than a week before he came back, and when he did the little chap was changed sadly; he looked smaller and frailer than ever. "I am glad to have you back with my paper, Little Bill," I said; and he gave me such a joyful look from his big brown eyes, while two tears rolled out of them, that I was glad a coming train gave me excuse to hurry away. He stirred in me feelings, sentiments, or what you will, that business had long crowded out of the way.

The following three days I did not go down town, being called away on business. The fourth evening was dark and stormy as I hurried up from the office, and I happened to be on the opposite side of the street from that I usually reached the elevated station by. Trying to decide if I ought to go back to Boston the next day or not, "Little Bill" was, I am afraid, for the time quite forgotten. I stopped a moment at the foot of the stairs which led up to the station, and was just starting up when I heard a shrill voice cry out:

"Mr. Post! Here I am; I'm coming—"

I looked around just in time to see a forlorn, bare-headed, excited little figure stumble in the middle

of the street, and fall, while a cab swung at full speed around the corner. I am not a weak man, but the touching attitude, the eager action of this boy, with a hint of reproach in his little voice, it all unnerved me as I have never been moved before. I clutched the side railing and shut my eyes. In a moment I opened them; there was already a crowd in the middle of the street. Through the rain and wet I strode to the edge of the crowd. The men and boys fell back and gave me way. I motioned Jim aside and took the still little form up in my arms without a word. The crowd opened again and let me pass to the cab that was already at hand, into which I stepped with my burden, giving orders to be driven to my doctor's. The boy moved slightly as he felt the motion of the wheels, and opened his eyes.

"I knew you'd come," he said, and then he fainted. It was when the doctor and I were taking off his wet and bedraggled clothing that I found clutched tightly in his small hand a stained and ragged "Evening Post." After a short examination, the doctor said the boy must be taken immediately to the hospital. Little Bill started uneasily at the word, and opened his eyes; the rebellion fairly burned in them. I was folding the paper I found in his hand. I could not hesitate.

"He must not go to the hospital," I said. "I—I cannot explain now, but I think I will take him home with me." A most perfect sigh of relief from the little sufferer encouraged me to insist.

Mrs. Rawlston, my housekeeper, was drawn to him immediately, and saw that he was never alone when I was away down-town. His patience was marvelous; he lay perfectly still all day in the great bed, and when I came in at night would open his eyes and whisper, "at last," and then be perfectly content to lie with his hand in mine.

"Well, Little Bill, how are we to-night?" I said, as I entered my room a few evenings later, with a cheerfulness I did not feel.

He gave me his usual smile of welcome, opened and shut his eyes; he seemed weaker, and in a few moments I sat down by him and took his hand in mine. A very faint pressure thanked me.

"Little Bill"—I tried to speak softly—"did you ever make a prayer?"

"Never made nothin'," he said, "only sold papers."

He evidently did not know what praying was. I continued: "Did you ever see any one on their knees praying? or don't you know what praying is? Didn't you ever see your mother pray?" A light broke over his face.

"Yes, mother did"—I felt relieved—"when father was so bad." I shuddered.

What had I to build on in this small life, and also what had I to rest on in my own?

"My boy," I commenced again, "mother was asking some one to take care of her. That some one is God. God is great and good, and cares for all the people in the world. He loves us all, even little

boys, and if we love Him He will help us when we are in pain."

"Are you God?" asked the child.

The question awed me. It was wonderful.

"No, dear," I answered, "God is far, far better than I," and then I went on and told him in the simplest language I could use, about the Saviour's boyhood, and tried to interest him in it. I told him we were to love God because He had suffered and died for us. He seemed to understand, and added after me:

"Even for little Bill! Oh!"

Then he slept for awhile. And then he waked, and dragging my hand to his face, laid his cheek against it and said:

"Dear Mr. Post—please, more about God—who loves—little Bill."

But there was no need to tell it.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

WELL, Maud, I'm twenty-four to-day.
Somehow, a man feels rather queer
And wonders if his hair's turned gray,
The day he adds another year.

No, I don't mind; but then, you know,
Some things you used to do at ten
You can't do any more, although
You'd like to better now than then.

For instance? Well, I used to find
To kiss you was an awful bore;
But now I've rather changed my mind,
Since I've grown up to twenty-four.

I'd like to hear my mother say
"Go kiss your cousin, dear," again.
But then she won't. Say, Maud, let's play
That I'm both twenty-four and ten!

UNCLE TOMMY'S PHILOSOPHY.

Permission of the Author.

MY old Uncle Tommy, why, he allus used to say:
"Well, what's the use to worry over trouble, anyway?
The older that I git," he said, "the more and more I see,
That learnin' not to worry is a wise philosophy:
It's good religion, every word, and common sense, beside,
It sees the gates of mercy, sir, and throws 'em open wide."
And so I just repeat the words my uncle used to say:
"Well, what's the use to worry over trouble, anyway?"

Old Uncle Tommy had his share of worriment, I guess;
He said that "grievin' 'bout it was the worst of foolishness."

He had an ear for sufferin', and for every kind of
wrong,
And when he gave his sympathy, his money went
along;
They was a mortgage on his farm, for twenty years
he owed,
It seemed to thrive and get ahead of every crop he
growed;
But when they come to sell his place, the Sheriff
heard him say:
"Well, what's the use to worry over trouble, any-
way?"

'Twas hard on Uncle Tommy, boys, when Aunt
Eliza died,
He'd tended to her day and night, and never left
her side,
And when they tried to comfort him, old Uncle
Tommy said:
"They ain't no use of grievin', for my dear old wife
is dead,
Them poor old withered hands of hers has found a
place to rest;
It ain't for me to worry, for the Father knoweth best.
It may be lonesome, but I know she couldn't allus
stay,
So, what's the use to worry over trouble, anyway?"

Poor old Uncle Tommy allus seemed to fill the place
With the music of his shaky voice and sunshine of
his face,

And when he took to bed at last, the preacher come
to pray.
He thanked him for his visit, sir, and sent him or
his way.
"I know one thing," he said to us, "as sure as sure
can be,
The Bein' who has made me is a-lookin' out for me,
If life was all before me, boys, then I should need to
pray,
Now, what's the use to worry over trouble, anyway?'

And when they come to bury him, the people come
for miles,
They was lots of tears, I reckon, but they wasn't any
smiles;
The meetin'-house was silent as the preacher took
his text:
"Let not your hearts be troubled," and he preached
his sermon next.
His voice was low and solemn-like, and tears was in
his eyes,
He said: "Old Uncle Tommy now is safe in Paradise,
And with his dear old wife, I know, is happy there
to-day,
'So what's the use to worry over trouble, anyway?'"

GEORGE B. HYNSON.

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

A FEW days ago young Gurley, whose father lives on C—— Street, organized a theatrical company, and purchased the dime-novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and an hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl, who was to be the ghost, if the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night.

Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out a professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood, he replied:

"Though I am penniless thou canst not degrade me!"

"You trot out after that wood, or I'll have your father trounce you!" she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hand on me shall die!" replied the boy, but he got the wood.

He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafayette Street was.

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley, in a hoarse voice, and holding his arm out straight.

"I say, you! where is Lafayette Street?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

The man drove him into the house. Then his mother sent him to the grocer's after potatoes.

"I go, most noble duchess," he said, as he took up

the basket, "but my good sword shall some day avenge these insults!"

He knew that the grocer favored theatricals, and when he got there he said:

"Art thou provided with a store of that vegetable known as the 'tater, most excellent duke?"

"What in the name of common sense do you want, boy?" growled the grocer, as he cleaned the cheese knife on a piece of paper.

"Thy plebeian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and Hamlet had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long?" asked his mother, as he returned.

"Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he haughtily answered.

When his father came home at noon Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what had occurred.

"I see what ails him," mused the father; "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much."

At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the illustrious count; and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy, he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense!"

When the meal was over the father went out to his favorite shade tree, cut a sprout, and the boy was asked to step out into the woodshed and see if the penstock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble lord, I had supposed thee far away!"

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten-cent tragedies. Come up here!"

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms, and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your highness, dost want any more?"

"Oh, no, dad; not a bit," wailed the young "manager;" and while the father started for down-town he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cancel her engagement until the fall season.

A SPRING MAIDEN.

SAID little Miss Nancy,
"I've taken a fancy
To go to the wood for some flowers;
I really am pining
Green leaves to be twining,
While sitting in wild woodland bowers."

So she donned her sunbonnet
With white frills upon it,

And took up her basket and spade,
And off she went skipping,
A wood-nymph a-tripping,
The dear little, sweet little maid!

Red berries she found
On the soft mossy ground,
Arbutus 'neath sweet-scented pines.
Her basket o'erflowed,
Her cheeks how they glowed!
As she gazed on her rootlets and vines.

Then she heard the birds sing
About "Spring, Gentle Spring,"
As she rested under the trees;
But the truth must be told,
She contracted a cold,
And has done nothing since but just sneeze,
A-kee-choo!

E. Louise Liddell.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW, in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors, up and down,
And offered twelve—for eighteen pence,
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,

That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave,
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
Just like a hedger, cutting furze;
'Twas a vile razor; then the rest he tried;
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,
"I wish my eighteen pence was in my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut and dug, and whined, and stamped, and swore;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.
His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direct vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

"Razors! a vile, confounded dog!—
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue! to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave,
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave?" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made," quoth the fellow, with a smile, "to sell."

PINDAR.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

MANY a time amid the roar of battle has sounded the "Marseillaise." Many a time have the strains of that glorious anthem led on the soldiers of France "to victory or death," and struck terror to the hearts of her bravest foes.

It was the spring of 1862. Fitz-John Porter's division of the army of the Potomac was advancing upon Yorktown. On the morning of the fifth of April the troops were marching through a heavy belt of timber, bordered on either side by swamp lands. The rain was pouring down in torrents. The narrow wagon-road was one river of mud. Men and horses sank to their knees, and the slowly moving guns trailed their muzzles in the mire.

At twelve o'clock, when the troops were well in the timber, and not a breath of air could reach the toiling columns, the clouds broke away, and the sun shone down with all the warmth of the Southern noon. Burdened with knapsacks and cartridge-boxes, the men toiled on. Up came the deadly breath of the swamp. The ranks began to lag. Laughter and jest were no longer heard, and grim, dogged silence settled down upon the weary troops.

Boom! ahead of them one of the rebel guns has spoken; soon another, then another gave forth their angry defiance. Away went knapsack and blanket; sullenly and silently the living stream flowed on to the open country beyond.

Half a mile further and the current slackened. Officers commanded and threatened, but the men were weary to the death. At that moment an officer struck up "John Brown's Body." The tune was new and the words strange. As the air became familiar, voice after voice took up the strain. The struggling ranks grew straight, and soon the cease-

less tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet marked the quick-measured cadence of the inspiring chorus.

They neared the edge of the timber. Through the trees above hissed the solid shot and screamed the rebel shell. With deafening roar the Union cannon answered back. But above the noise of falling timber, above the crash of bursting shell and the roar of battle, swelled high and clear the grand old song of "John Brown's Body." The Army of the Potomac had found its "Marseillaise."

J. D. SHERMAN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Wave at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung a smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film in mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes
"You're wounded!"—"Nay," the soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
  Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 3

Adoon the Lane. Scotch humor.
American Flag, The. Patriotic.
Bardell and Pickwick, by Charles Dickens. The famous trial scene.
Baron's Last Banquet, The. Dramatic.
Battle of Beal an' Duine, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A strong war poem.
Charlie Machree. Exciting.
Claudius and Cynthia. Very thrilling.
Closing Year, The. Lofty and impressive.
Dutchman's Serenade, The. Humorous.
Eagle's Rock, The. Dramatic.
Florentine Jullet, A; From Exile; The Gladiator. All strongly dramatic.
Good-night, Papa. A touching temperance piece.
Haunted House, The. A stirring ghost story.
If I Should Die To-night. A Sunday-school piece.
Inquiry, The. Popular.
Jack and Gill. Humorous.
Kit Carson's Ride, by Joaquin Miller. A stirring incident of prairie life.
Kitchen Clock, The. Humorous and very popular.
Laughin' In Meetin', by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Humorous, suited to church occasions.
Licensed to Sell; or, Little Blossom. Temperance.
Lines to Bary Jade. Humorous.
Maud Muller, by John G. Whittier. Always popular.
National Monument to Washington. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Old Forsaken Schoolhouse, The. Reminiscent.
Painter of Seville, The. Very popular.
Parrhasius and the Captive, by N. P. Willis. Highly dramatic.
Poor Little Jim. A pathetic story of the mines.
Power of Habit, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Promise, The. Religious.
Reaching the Early Train. Humorous.
Reply to Mr. Corry. A masterpiece of oratory.
Reverie in Church. Humorous. For church entertainment.
Rock of Ages. Contains singing parts.
Senator's Dilemma, The. Amusing.
Three Fishers, The. Pathetic.
Tom Sawyer's Love Affair, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Vagabonds, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Very popular.
Waiting for the Children. For thanksgiving.
Wax Work. Humorous.
Woman, by Alfred Tennyson. A graceful tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 4

Angels of Buena Vista, The, by John G. Whittier. Very dramatic.
Annuity, The. Scotch humor.
Baggage Smasher, The. Humorous.
Battle of Bunker Hill, The. Patriotic.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, by George H. Boker. Thrilling description.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. Religious.
Black Horse and His Rider, The. A stirring patriotic declamation.
Burning Prairie, The, by Alice Carey. Dramatic.
Cause of Temperance, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Centennial Oration. Eloquent.
Christmas Sheaf, The. A Norwegian Christmas story.
Clarence's Dream. Intensely dramatic.
Contentment. Religious, trustful.
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night. Thrilling.
Deacon Munroe's Story. Humorous characterization.
Dora, by Alfred Tennyson. A powerful story.
Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf Got. German dialect.
Faith and Reason. Moral.
Fire, The. Dramatic.
Gambler's Wife, The. Pathetic and tragic.
Ghost, The. Quaint Yankee humor.
Grandmother's Story. Her account of Bunker Hill.
Great Beef Contract, The, by Mark Twain. Intensely humorous.
Judge Pitman on Various Kinds of Weather, by Max Adeler. Humorous.
Kentucky Belle. A pleasing incident of the Civil War.
Leap Year Wooing, A. Humorous.
Love Your Neighbor as Yourself. Amusing.
Maiden's Last Farewell, The. Humorous.
Man's a Man for a' That, A, by Robert Burns. Scotch dialect.
Mark Antony Scene. Always popular.
Modest Wit, A. Humorous.
Negro Prayer, A. Dialect.
Ode to the Legislature, by John G. Saxe. A fine satirical poem.
Our Own. Moral and pathetic.
Rationalistic Chicken, The. Philosophic humor.
Raven, The. Always popular.
Rest, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual.
Rienzi's Address. Soul-stirring.
Tommy Tuft, by Henry Ward Beecher. A deeply pathetic religious story.
Tribute to Washington. For Washington's Birthday.
Union, The. A patriotic poem.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 5

Ager, The. A humorous parody on the "ague."
Archie Dean. A vivacious, coquettish selection.
Betty Lea. A pleasing old-time courtship.
Brave at Home, The. A tribute to woman.
Bride of the Greek Isle, by Mrs. Hemans. Lofty and dramatic.
Budge's Version of the Flood. Child characterization. Very amusing.
Catiline's Defiance. Strongly emotional.
Centennial Hymn, by John G. Whittier. Religious and patriotic.
Course of Love Too Smooth. A humorous courtship.
Dedication of Gettysburg, by Abraham Lincoln. A patriotic gem.
Flood of Years, The, by William Cullen Bryant. A lofty oratorical poem.
Good Reading. A tribute to true elocution.
Hans and Fritz. Humorous.
How We Hunted a Mouse. Humorous.
John and Tibbie's Dispute. Scotch humor.
Last Hymn, The. Exciting. Suited for church reading. Parts to be sung.
Leak in the Dyke, The. Stirring story of Holland.
Lost and Found. A pathetic story of the Welsh mines.
Magdalena; or, The Spanish Duel. Spirited, mock-heroic, humorous.
Maiden Martyr, The. A touching incident. A fine church selection.
Membranous Croup, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Only a Baby. For mothers' meeting.
Over the Hills and Far Away, by Miss Mulock. A beautiful bit of pathos.
Prisoner of Chillon, The, by Lord Byron. Intensely emotional and dramatic.
Ready For a Kiss. Child characterization.
Samantha Smith Becomes Josiah Allen's Wife. Humorous.
Schoolmaster's Guests, The, by Will Carleton. Humorous.
Swallowing a Fly, by T. De Witt Talmage. Humorous.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, by J. G. Holland. Temperance.
Uncle Daniel's Introduction to a Mississippi Steamer. One of the best negro dialect selections ever written.
Vaudois Missionary, The. For church entertainment.
Where Is Papa To-night? Tender, pathetic, patriotic, and religious.
Why Biddy and Pat Married. Irish humor.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 6

Artemus Ward's London Lecture. Intensely humorous.
Asleep at the Switch. Thrilling experience of a switchman.
Battle of Ivry, The, by T. B. Macaulay. A strong dramatic, historic poem.
Bridge of Sighs, The, by Thomas Hood. A pathetic and popular poem.
Cane-Bottomed Chair, The, by William M. Thackeray. Reminiscent.
Children's Hour, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A pretty picture of home life.
Day at Niagara, A, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Doctor Marigold, by Charles Dickens. Sometimes known as "Cheap Jack." Good for characterization.
Dukite Snake, The. An intensely dramatic story.
Easter Morning. A fervid Easter selection.
Extract from "The Last Days of Herculaneum." Fine dramatic description.
Father Phil's Collection. One of the best Irish pieces ever written.
Getting Under Way, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Green Mountain Justice, The. A bit of rustic humor.
Jane Conquest A dramatic story of great power.
Little Allie, by Fannie Fern. A touching story.
Little Hatchet Story, The, by R. J. Burdette. Humorous characterization.
Malibran and the Young Musician. Intensely interesting and pathetic.
Miss Edith Helps Things Along. A smart child's pert remarks.
Nae Luck Aboot the House. Scotch dialect.
Old Sergeant, The. A touching story of the Civil War.
Oratory, by Henry Ward Beecher. A plea for its culture.
Ride of Jennie McNeal, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story of early days.
Robert of Lincoln, by William Cullen Bryant. Introducing bird songs.
Satan and the Grog-Seller. A strong temperance selection.
Songs in the Night. A humorous sleeping-car incident.
St. John the Aged. Spiritually impressive.
Thanksgiving, A. Suited to the day.
Tom. A dramatic story of a dog.
Tribute to East Tennessee. Intensely eloquent.
Valley Forge. Good for teaching.
Zekle, by James Russell Lowell. An old-time Yankee courtship.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 7

Auld Lang Syne, by Robert Burns. Never grows old.
Builders, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A choice gem.
Crescent and the Cross, The, by T. B. Aldrich. A good church selection.
Cuddie Doon. A pleasing Scotch home sketch.
Daisy's Faith. A popular child piece.
Death of the Old Year, The, by Alfred Tennyson. A good New Year piece.
Death of the Owd 'Squire, The. A stirring, dramatic poem.
Fair Play for Women, by George William Curtis. An eloquent plea.
Glove and the Lions, The, by Leigh Hunt. Dramatic.
Gray Honors the Blue, The. Patriotic. For Decoration Day.
Hannah Binding Shoes, by Lucy Larcom. A sad but pleasing story.
How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed his Fence, by Mark Twain. Funny.
Leper, The, by N. P. Willis. Strongly dramatic.
Lighthouse May. A tale of heroism.
Masters of the Situation, by James T. Field. Excellent for teaching.
Master's Touch, The. Lofty, spiritual.
Milking Time. Rustic humor.
Mine Katrine. Dialect. Funny.
Mont Blanc Before Sunrise, by S. T. Coleridge. Sublime description.
Night Before Christmas, The. A lively Christmas selection.
Night After Christmas, The. A humorous sequel to the foregoing piece.
Old Grimes. Mock-serious.
Old Robin, by J. T. Trowbridge. An intensely interesting story.
Our Traveled Parson, by Will Carleton. Humorous and pathetic.
Owl Critic, The, by James T. Fields. Fine humor.
Paradise. A good selection for encore.
Royal Princess, A. A fine dramatic poem.
Saving Mission of Infancy, The. Interesting and uplifting.
Sheriff Thorne, by J. T. Trowbridge. An interesting story, showing the influence of woman.
Ship of Faith, The. Excellent negro dialect.
Sister and I. Passion and pathos.
Surly Tim's Trouble. Lancashire dialect. Very pathetic and touching.
That Hired Girl. Humorous.
Tom's Little Star. Experiences of a stage-struck woman. Humorous.
Voice in the Twilight, The. Suited to church or Sunday-school.
Wounded Soldier, The. Pathetic incident of a dying soldier.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 8

After Death, by Edwin Arnold. Spiritual. For church or Sunday-school.
American Specimen, An, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Arrow and the Song, The. A choice gem.
Bald-headed Man, The. Laughable.
Bay Billy. Suited to Decoration Day.
Beecher on Eggs. Humorous.
Better in the Morning. Touching.
Bessie Kendrick's Journey. Very pathetic story of a bereaved child.
Carl. A spirited escape from wolves.
Christmas Carol, A. For Christmas. Part to be chanted.
Coney Island Down der Pay. Very funny.
Defence of Lucknow, The. Stirring.
Emigrant's Story, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Thrilling incident of a prairie storm.
Fire-Bell's Story, The. A tale of heroism.
First Quarrel, The, by Tennyson. A dramatic and pathetic story.
Gran'ma Al'as Does. Child dialect.
Her Letter, by Bret Harte. Story of early California.
How Ruby Played. A humorous rustic description of Rubenstein's playing.
International Episode, An. A good encore.
King's Missive, The, by John G. Whittier. A story of early New England.
Little Feet. Very pathetic.
Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Nations and Humanity, by George William Curtis. Oratorical.
Nebuchadnezzar. Negro dialect.
Order for a Picture, An, by Alice Carey. A popular pathetic selection.
Over the Hill from the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton. A sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."
Practical Young Woman, A. Humorous.
Reckoning with the Old Year. A good New Year selection.
Reply to Hayne, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical. Good for teaching.
Rest, by George MacDonald. Suited to religious entertainments.
Scene from "Leah the Forsaken." Strongly dramatic.
Setting a Hen. Rich German dialect.
Sioux Chief's Daughter, by Joaquin Miller. Very dramatic and popular.
Tale of the Yorkshire Coast. Dialect. Pathetic.
Temperance Question, The, by Wendell Phillips. A vigorous argument.
Vashti, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Very popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 9

Aged Stranger, The. By Bret Harte. Humorous.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy. Characterization of a gushing girl.
Baby's Kiss. An incident of the Civil War.
Bertha in the Lane. Pleasing pathos.
Brier Rose. A thrilling Norwegian story.
Child on the Judgment Seat, The. Moral and spiritual.
Christmas Ballad, A. Pathetic and stimulating.
Connor. A strong, pathetic, popular story.
Fisherman's Wife, The. A sad story with a happy ending.
First Party, The. Humorous and musical.
Horatius at the Bridge, by T. B. Macaulay. Heroic.
Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots. Regretful yet hopeful.
Lookout Mountain. German dialect. A pathetic incident of the civil war.
Master Johnny's Next-door Neighbor. By Bret Harte. Boy character.
Mrs. Walker's Betsey. A graphic story of humble life.
Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince. Yankee dialect. Humorous.
Palace o' the King, The. Scotch dialect.
Rover's Petition. By James T. Fields. A good child's piece.
Sailing of King Olaf, The. Dramatic, elevating, strong.
Sam's Letter. Characterization. Very funny.
School Begins To-day. Good boy's piece.
Selling the Farm. Pathetic.
Song of the Camp, The. May be accompanied with music or song.
Saint George and the Dragon. Dramatic.
Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters. Plantation fun.
Then and Now. Humorous.
Thoughts for a New Year. Eloquent.
Tribute to Washington. Patriotic. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Truth of Truths, The. By Ruskin. Good for teaching.
Unnoticed and Unhonored Heroes, By Channing. Oratorical.
White Squall, The. By W. M. Thackeray. Vigorous and humorons.
Widow and her Son, The. By Washington Irving. Pathetic and beautiful.
William Goetz. Humorous story of a goat.
Words of Strength. By Schiller. Encore.
Yorkshire Cobbler, The. Dialect. Temperance piece.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 10

Armageddon. By Edwin Arnold. Religious.
Balaklava. A dramatic battle piece.
Blind Lamb, The. By Celia Thaxter. A pleasing child's story with a moral.
Caught in the Quicksand. By Victor Hugo. Dramatic.
Chickamauga. For Decoration Day.
Death of Roland, The. Historic, strong.
Despair. By Tennyson. A dramatic story of great power.
Dick Johnson's Picture. Temperance.
Drifting. By T. Buchanan Read. Musical, pleasing, popular.
Eulogy on Garfield. By James G. Blaine. An eloquent tribute.
Herve Riel. By Robert Browning. A strong dramatic poem.
Irrepressible Boy, The. Inquisitiveness not always conducive to comfort.
Jamie. Dramatic and strongly pathetic.
Larrie O'Dee. Irish humor.
Law of Death, The. By Edwin Arnold. Pathetic.
Little Dora's Soliloquy. Child talk.
Little Rocket's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Lost Found, The. By H. W. Longfellow. From "Evangeline."
Mick Tandy's Revenge. An interesting and pathetic Irish story.
Nay, i'll Stay with the Lad. A touching tale of the mines.
Old Year and the New, The. A New Year's selection.
Phantom Ship, The. By Celia Thaxter. A terrible tale of a slave ship.
Railway Matinee, A. The perplexities of the fat deaf man.
Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks. Negro sermon with a good moral.
Rizpah. Pathetic. Parts to be sung.
Schoolmaster Beaten, The. By Charles Dickens. Dramatic characterization.
Shriving of Guinevere, The. By S. Weir Mitchell. Dramatic and pleasing.
Sky, The. By Ruskin. Beautiful description.
Sympathy. Humorous.
Tammy's Prize. A pathetic Scotch story.
Theology in the Quarters. Negro dialect.
Tilghman's Ride. Patriotic and dramatic.
To the Survivors of Bunker Hill. By Daniel Webster. Patriotic.
Tragedy, The. A picture of life.
True Story of Little Boy Blue. A pleasing child's selection.
Wayside Inn, The. By Adelaide A. Proctor. A pleasing, pathetic story.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 11

Apostrophe to the Ocean, by Byron. Superior for vocal training.
Bobolink, The. Lively and humorous. Good for bird-tones.
Catching the Colt. For young folks.
Child Martyr, The. A story of Scotch persecution.
Clown's Baby, The. A pleasing frontier story.
Convict's Soliloquy, The. Intensely dramatic.
Death of Little Dombey. Pathetic.
Dutchman's Snake, The. Amusing.
Echo and the Ferry, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful descriptive poem.
Flash.—The Fireman's Story, by Will Carleton. A humorous story.
Foxes' Tails, The; also known as **Sandy MacDonald's Signal.** Scotch. Very amusing. Exceedingly popular.
Freckled-faced Girl, The. A humorous characterization of a pert young girl.
Front Gate, The. A humorous story as told by the gate.
Froward Duster, The, by R. J. Burdette. Very funny.
Grandmother's Apology, The, by Tennyson. Old lady characterization.
Jerry. A spirited story of an Irish newsboy.
Lisping Lover, The. Humorous. Encore.
Little Gottlieb's Christmas, by Phœbe Cary. A German Christmas story.
Mice at Play. A very amusing story.
Mona's Waters. Dramatic and pathetic.
Nicodemus Dodge, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
No Kiss. Retaliation. Encore.
Old Year and the New, The, by Josephine Pollard. For New Year.
One Flower for Nelly. A touching Easter story.
Queen Vashti's Lament. Pathetic passion.
Rock Me to Sleep. Musical, tender.
Romance of a Hammock. Clever humor.
Shadow of Doom, The. Dramatic.
Song of the Mystic, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual and of rare beauty.
Sunday Fishin'. Dialect, amusing.
Supposed Speech of John Adams. Patriotic, standard.
Telephonic Conversation, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Thora. A Norwegian love-story.
Ticket-o'-Leave, by George R. Sims. A stirring story.
Wedding of Shon Maclean. A stirring story of a Scotch wedding.
Where's Annette? Dramatic, thrilling.
Wonders of Genealogy, The. Things are somewhat mixed.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 12

Aunty Doleful's Visit. Mock consolation.
Aux Italiens, by Lord Lytton. Singing parts. Very popular.
Ballad of Cassandra Brown, The. An elocutionary travesty.
Battle Flag at Shenandoah, The. A tale of heroism.
Bells, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Excellent for vocal drill.
Bells Across the Snow. A short Christmas poem.
Bishop's Visit, The. A boy's piece.
Blind Poet's Wife, The. Intensely interesting.
Book Canvasser, The. Humorous.
Brother's Tribute, A. Lofty patriotism. Dramatic.
Country School, The. A lively school scene.
Duelist's Victory, The. A noble revenge.
Engineer's Making Love, The, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
Fall of Pemberton Mill, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
Felon's Cell, A. Very dramatic.
Fly's Cogitations, A. Amusing.
Good-bye. A feminine good-bye.
How Girls Study. Impersonation.
How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks. A tale of Christmas in a mining camp.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair. Very amusing.
Lasca. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
Legend of the Beautiful, by H. W. Longfellow. Strongly spiritual.
Lincoln's Last Dream. Pathetic.
Malster and the Bairns, The. Scotch. Spiritual.
Newsboy's Debt, The. Pathetic and touching.
Old Letters. Sad memories they recall.
Over the Orchard Fence. The old farmer's story.
Poor-House Nan. A strong temperance piece.
Popular Science Catechism. Humorous. Explanation of the opera.
Receiving Calls. Trying experience of a minister's wife. Humorous.
Santa Claus in the Mines. A touching Christmas story.
Serenade, The. Encore.
She Cut His Hair. Funny.
Skeleton's Story, The. Very dramatic.
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn. Irish. Very amusing.
Ter'ble 'Sperience, A. Negro dialect.
Total Annihilation. Encore.
Wendell Phillips. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxe. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Rohesia, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.
Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darlint, To-night." Irish, humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Children. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthagenians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-s-e, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zarafi. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudder Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.
Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Rood-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School Boy on Corns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring.
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Reclaimed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature.
Fall In! 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
In the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.
Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. An instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid With Lovers Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock.** An incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsman's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watchdog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An æsthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She Wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Æsthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G. A. R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calls. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Chariot Race, The, by Lew Wallace. From "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cicely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Ginevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Hoy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.
Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourgee. A thrilling Ku-Klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John G. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by H. W. Grady. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim; An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. An exceedingly touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murder.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissy on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's First Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Boat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Science. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofty description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.
Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dundreary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witchhazel and Mr. Thistlepad, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent Back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John B. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively bootblack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets Dhere, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Imph-m. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.
Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday-schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cold, Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sieg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Lost Lesson, The. A touching school scene.
Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gaslight.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesey's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elfings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's program not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
He Worried About it, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
Hullo. Cheering. Very popular.
I Will Not Leave You Comforless. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Josiar. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.
Little Busy Bees. How they gather honey at a church fair.
Me and Jim. Rustic characterization: pathetic, strong.
Millais's "Huguenots." A pathetic love story of the eve of St. Bartholomew.
Naughty Kitty Clover. For little girls.
Not in the Programme. An affecting incident in the life of an actress.
Obstructive Hat in the Pit. Very amusing.
Perfect Wife, The. A valuable lesson. Suited for church fairs.
Poor Rule, A. Encore.
Rajput Nurse, A, by Edwin Arnold. A thrilling Eastern story.
Riding on a Rail. Amusing incidents on a train.
Skimpsey. A thrilling and pathetic story of a horse jockey.
Song of the Market Place. A powerful picture of poverty, pity, music, and charity.
Tale of Sweethearts, A, by George R Sims. A thrilling heart story. Dialect.
Their First Spat. A young couple's first quarrel. Humorous.
Uncle Noah's Ghost. How he searched for and found it. Amusing.
Wedding, The, by Southey. The dark side of the picture.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 21

Babies, by Jerome K. Jerome. Humorous.
Because. Encore.
Benediction, The, by Francois Coppée. A strong poem introducing a chant.
Betrothed, The, by Rudyard Kipling. Difficulty of choosing. Humorous.
Bridal of Malahide, The. Heroic and pathetic.
Clive, by Robert Browning. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Contentment. Reflections of a lazy man.
Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson. One of his latest and most beautiful poems.
Cry in the Darkness, The—The Sentinel's Alarm. A story of Indian treachery.
Deacon's Downfall, The. How he was converted by a sweet soprano.
Dreamin' o' Home. Pathetic.
Emergency, An. A kind heart often found under a coarse coat.
Flag at Shenandoah, The, by Joaquin Miller. Faithful unto death.
H'anthem, The. Encore.
Herod. Highly dramatic.
Her Perfect Lover. Encore.
Italian's Views of the Labor Question. Dialect. Humorous.
Lydia's Ride. An incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia.
Men at Gloucester. Dramatic rescue of men at sea.
Napoleon's Advice to an Actor. A hint to readers and actors.
Old Canteen, The. A mother's story of her two sons who took opposite sides in the war.
Old Vote for "Young Marster," An. A good story. Negro dialect.
Overboard. Pathetic description of a man washed overboard at sea.
Papa Was Stumped. He couldn't do fractions.
Puzzle, A. Encore.
Revenge, The, by Tennyson. An heroic sea-fight.
Seaweed. A beautiful fanciful poem.
Sir Hugo's Choice. A strong story of love and duty.
Sisterly Scheme, A. How a young girl supplanted her older sister. Very popular.
St. Patrick's Day. Irish dialect.
Stranded Bugle, The. A pleasing, fanciful poem.
Thar Was Jim. Pathetic.
That Sugar-Plum Tree. For children.
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky. Fine negro characterization.
Uncertain Pledge, An. Encore.
Unregistered Record, An. A negro jockey's story of a mad race.
What Else Could He Do? Encore.
Winnie's Welcome. A jolly Irish piece.
Woman's Career. Clever humor.
Worse than Marriage. Encore.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 22

Ah Yet's Christmas. A pathetic story of a little Chinese boy.
Big Enough Family, A. A little boy's opinion of babies.
By the Alma. A story of Scotch heroism.
Deacon's Week, The. Good for Missionary occasions.
Easter with Parepa, An. A powerfully pathetic Easter story.
Fall In. For G. A. R. occasions.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The. A pathetic poem of Arctic adventure.
Gowk's Errant and What Cam'O't, A. A very amusing story done in Scotch.
Hagar. A dramatic picture of the departure of Hagar from Abraham's tent.
Hilda. A strong story of the power of a woman's love.
Hilda's Little Hood, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. A pleasing poem.
His Sister. Encore.
Hunt, The. A spirited description.
Joan of Arc's Farewell. Lofty and pathetic.
Jock Johnston, the Tinkler. A story of love and chivalry.
Leap-year Mishaps. As told by an old maid.
Little Black Phil. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Lost Puppy, The. A humorous poem.
Marguerite. For Decoration Day. Pathetic and tender.
Mr. Kris Kringle, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. A touching Christmas story.
Mr. Potts' Story, by Max Adeler. Mrs. Potts curbs her husband's tendency to exaggeration.
My Double and How He Undid Me, by Edward Everett Hale. Humorous.
Mysterious Portrait, The. Amusing.
My Vesper Song. Parts to be sung.
Not Ashamed of Ridicule. An excellent boy's story.
Old Wife, The. Pathetic.
On the Other Train. Very pathetic and popular.
Rural Infelicity. Amusing.
Scallywag. Teaches a good lesson.
Soul of the Violin. A strong, pathetic story of an old musician.
Teacher's Diadem, The. Appropriate for Sabbath-schools.
Teaching a Sunday-school Class. A young lawyer's first experience. Humorous.
Them Oxen. Great-grandmother's story of how the oxen drew two hearts together.
Wind and the Moon, The, by George MacDonald. For Children.
Work, Work Away. Instructive and stimulating.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 23

Bells of Brookline, The. How they announced the end of the Civil War.
Benefits of the Constitution, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical and patriotic.
Busy. A bad spell and its results.
Chickadee, The. For children. Opportunity for bird notes.
Close of the Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo. Full of dramatic power.
Count Gismond, by Robert Browning. Dramatic and chivalric.
Dance of Death, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A weird battle description.
Dead Pussy Cat, The. Child characterization.
Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve. A spirited Norse Christmas story.
Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab. A thrilling and dramatic Easter tale.
Execution of Andre. Vivid description.
Execution of Sydney Carton, by Charles Dickens. An intensely dramatic story of the French Revolution.
How We Kept the Day, by Will Carleton. For 4th of July. Humorous, rollicking.
Influence of Great Actions, The, by Daniel Webster. Instructive, eloquent.
Jimmy Brown's Attempt to Produce Freckles. Very amusing.
Literary Nightmare, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny and very popular.
My Fountain Pen, by Robert J. Burdette. Most amusing.
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. A beautiful paraphrase.
Owyhee Joe's Story. A tale of the Wild West.
Phœbe's Exploit. How a little girl saved a train.
Saunders McGlashan's Courtship. A very popular piece of Scotch humor.
Saved by a Boy. Teaches a lesson of honesty. For little folks.
Tommy's Dead. Pathetic.
True Eloquence. A fine definition.
Used-to-be, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint and fanciful poem.
Warwick, the King Maker, by Lord Lytton. Historic and dramatic.
When de Darkey am a-Whistlin' in de Co'n. A plantation song.
What Miss Edith Saw from Her Window. Humorous.
When I Was a Boy, by Eugene Field. Pleasing memories of boyhood.
When the Light Goes Out. Wholesome advice in pleasing doses.
Whirling Wheel, The. Cheer to the heavy laden.
Wreck of "The Northern Belle," by Edwin Arnold. A tale of the treacherous sea. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 24

Art of Bookkeeping, The, by Thomas Hood. A humorous and exceedingly ingenious play upon words.
Ballad of Beau Brocade, The. Ancient tale of highwaymen of the last century.
Battle of Bannockburn, The. Vivid description.
Battle of Zaraila, by Ouida. A thrilling picture.
Black Zeph's Pard. A miner's tale. Pathetic.
Change of Heart, A. Encore.
Colored Philosophy. Negro dialect. Humorous.
Constantius and the Lion, by George Croly. Dramatic and thrilling.
Courting of T'nowhead's Bell, The. An amusing Scotch prose piece.
Crime Revealed by Conscience, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical.
Death of Carver Doon, The, by R. D. Blackmore. Very dramatic.
Execution of Lady De Winter, by Alexander Dumas. A gruesome tale.
Foreign Views of the Statue. Thoughts suggested to the immigrants on first seeing Bartholdi's statue. Amusing and very popular.
Getting the Right Start, by J. G. Holland. Excellent advice to young men.
How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost. A touching and thrilling story of the rescue of a child from under the horses' feet
Incident of the French Camp, An. Pathetic and dramatic.
John Brown's Body. An incident of the Civil War.
Mammy Gets the Boy to Sleep. Negro dialect. Amusing.
Miss Eva's Visit to the Ogre. A very pleasing story for children.
Murder of Nancy Sykes, The, by Charles Dickens. Highly dramatic.
One-legged Goose, The. A plantation story. Exceedingly funny.
Organ-tempest of Lucerne, The. A beautiful description.
Point Sublime, Colorado Cañon. Lofty and impressive description.
Rock-a-by Lady, The, Eugene Field. A pleasing song for little folks.
School-boys' Strike, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Seein' Things, by Eugene Field. Bedtime experiences.
Spelling Bee at Angel's, by Bret Harte. Incidents attending a frontier spelling bee.
Strike at Colchester, The. How the women went on a strike—and how they returned. Amusing.
Tribute to Our Honored Dead, A, by H. W. Beecher. Oratorical.
Washington's Address to His Troops. Patriotic and inspiring.
When Summer Says Good-by. Rollicking humor. Negro dialect.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 25

Ape and the Thinker, The. Humorous.
Back in War Days. An inspiring story for Decoration Day.
Calf Path, The. Amusing and suggestive.
Chrysanthemum, The. Clever humor.
Cuba Libre, by Joaquin Miller. Spain's cruelty and injustice set forth.
Death of Robespierre, by George Lippard. Dramatic and realistic.
Delayed in Transmission. How an unruly tongue blocked an important message.
Dr. Lanyon's Narrative. Dramatic extract from Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.
Execution, The. An exciting story of My Lord Tomnoddy. Humorous.
Extending Credit. Encore.
Fiddle Told, The. A touching story of a convict's liberation.
Fight with the Aurochs, The. A thrilling tale of cruelty, heroism, and love, from "Quo Vadis."
Finnigin to Flannigan. An exceedingly clever bit of Irish humor.
From the Valley o' the Shadder. Affection for a kitten and its consequences.
Grand Advance, The. Heroic incident of the Civil War.
He Understood. Encore.
How June Found Massa Linkum. A very pathetic piece.
I Go Fishin'. Humorous.
King's Decree, The. Norseland chivalry. A fine poem.
Little Bugler's Alarm, The. A touching story of the Kaffir War.
Little Visitor, A. For young folks.
My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning. A strong narrative poem.
Night, by Jerome K. Jerome. Beautiful description.
Offering for Cuba, An. A tale of Spanish cruelty.
Napoleon Bonaparte and Toulssant L'Ouverture. A strong prose selection.
'Ostler Joe, by George R. Sims. A story of unfaltering love.
Practical Regeneration. An excellent church selection.
Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling. A beautiful spiritual poem.
Rizpah, by Tennyson. Strongly dramatic.
Settin' up with Peggy McKeag. From "The Latimers." Clever Scotch humor for church occasions.
Stop Yer Kickin'. Full of cheer.
What's the Difference? Encore.
Widow Mysie, The, by Robert Buchanan. A fine piece of humor.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 26

After the Fourth of July. Young America's appreciation of Independence Day.
Avalanche of Drugs, An. Very humorous.
Battle of Dundee, The. A humorous incident of the Boer War.
Battle of Manila. A vivid poetic description.
Billy, He's in Trouble. Droll humor.
Black Death of Bergen, The, by Lord Dufferin. A wierd Norse tale.
Bull of Bashan, A. Dramatic story of a Mexican rancher.
Cavalry Charge, The. A stirring martial poem.
Corporal Dick's Promotion, by Conan Doyle. Intensely dramatic and pathetic.
Dave Flint's Temptation. A strong temperance story. Scotch dialect.
Emir's Game of Chess, The. A strong oriental tale.
Every-day Case, An. A pathetic story of real life.
Happy Farmer, The. Droll humor.
How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute. Heroic and pathetic story of a newsboy.
How the Captain Saved the Day. Patriotic and pathetic.
How they Stopped the Run, by Anthony Hope. Exciting run on a bank.
His Finish. A good golf story.
Indian Attack, The. A thrilling rescue.
I Vunder Vy? German humor.
Lucky Jim. A convict's sad experience.
Lullaby, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Sleep song, Negro dialect.
Mission of a Song, The. Descriptive, religious, tender.
My Sweetheart. Pleasing.
Ole Mistis. A pathetic and thrilling story of the race track.
Organist, The. Impressive and touching.
Reasonable Doubt, A. In which a juryman discovers that a long-lost son is being tried for his life.
Ride by Night, The. A thrilling story of the Civil War.
Rock and the Sea, The. Eloquent description.
Story the Doctor Told, The. A strong tale of a mother's self-sacrifice.
Sunset, by Shelley. A sublime description.
Thanksgiving Guest, The. A strong, pathetic Thanksgiving story.
That "Fellow" Who Came on Sundays. Humorous. Encore.
When de Co'n Pone's Hot. Bright and cheery. Dialect.
When Pa Begins to Shave. Humorous.